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THE NEW YORKER

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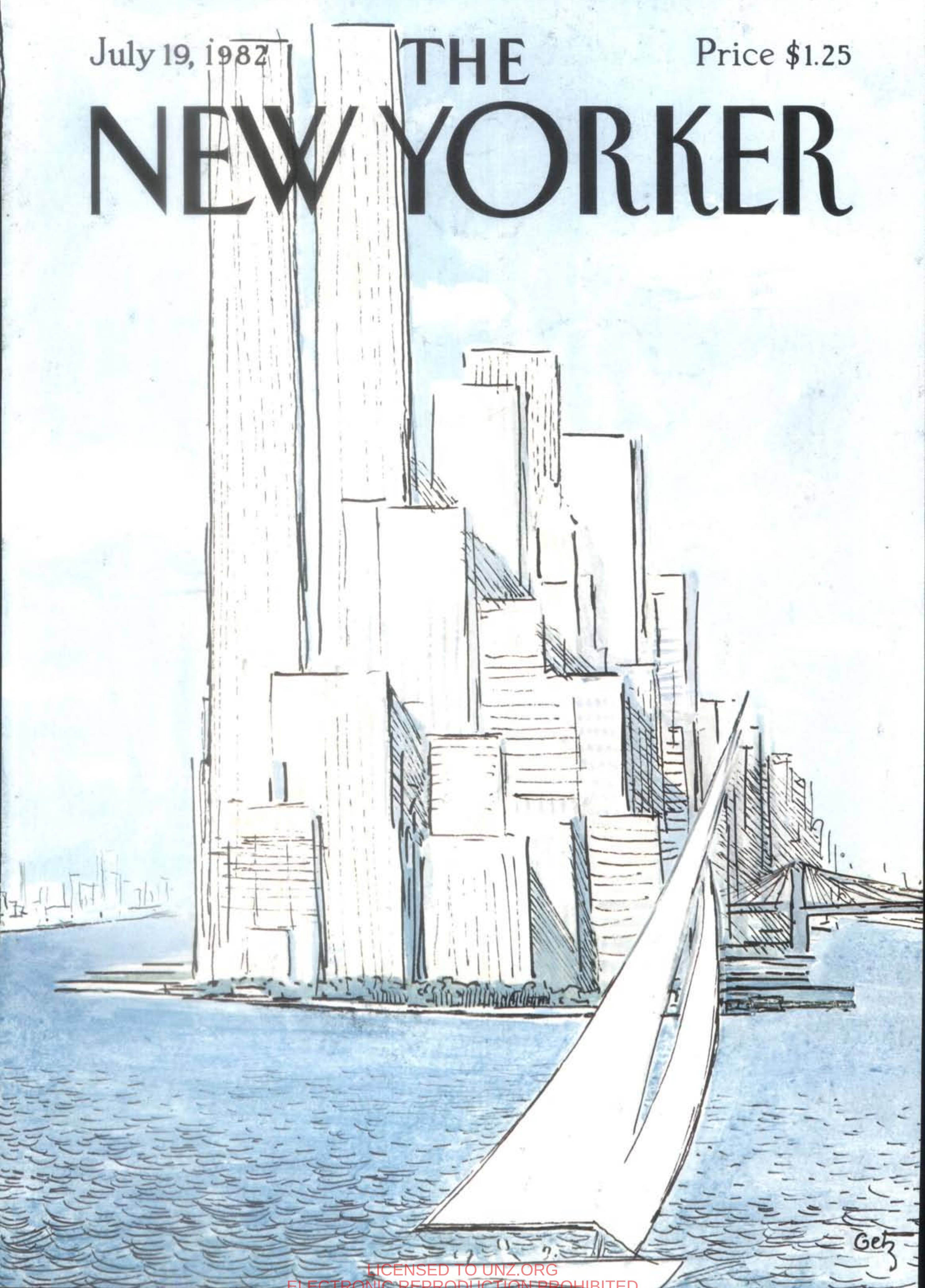

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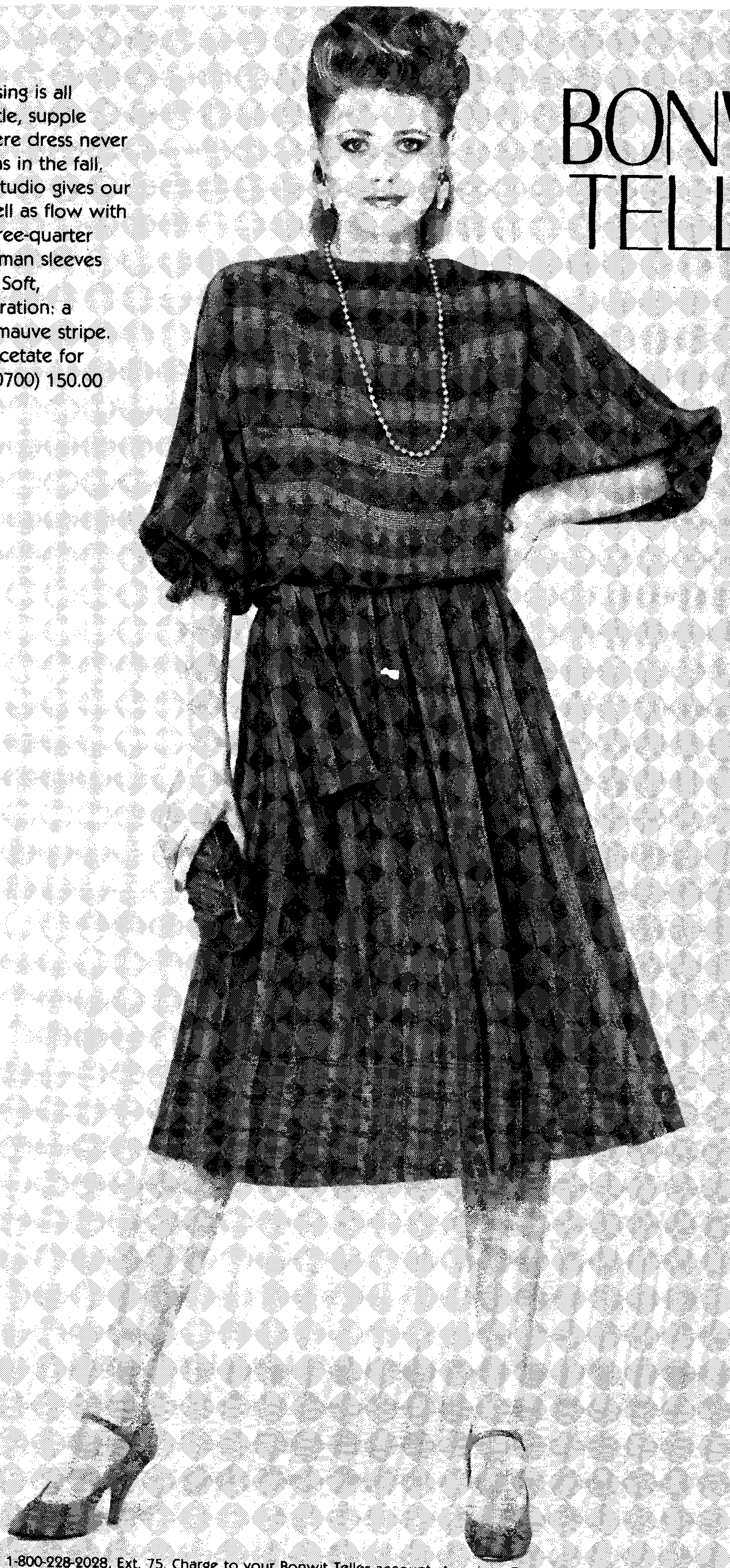

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blues in the Night—The singing of a couple of dozen golden oldies doesn't add up to a musical, though a skeletal "book" about the harsh sadness of life has been provided. (6/14/82) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 18.)

Broken Toys!—A musical conceived by, and starring, Keith Berger. Previews through Thursday, July 15. Opens officially on Friday, July 16. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy *"The Twelve Pound Look,"* which serves as a curtain raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Guangdong Yue Opera Troupe—Final performances of traditional Cantonese opera by this Chinese company, appearing here for the first time. Thursday, July 15, at 7:30: "Searching the School." . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 7:30: "The Willful Princess," "Encounter in the Temple," and "Reunion at Xihe." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 7:30: "The Story of Burning Incense." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2: "Companions at Arms." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 7: "The Magic Lotus Lantern." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. For information about tickets, call 227-6056.)

Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jane Avril—A comedy centered on the nineteenth-century dance-hall star and model immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author is Jane Marla Robbins, and Kevin O'Connor, Miss Robbins, and Richard Council are the entire cast. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

Jazz Set—A play by Ron Milner, with music by Max Roach. Opens Thursday, July 15, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 1. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Learned Ladies—Philip Bosco, Rosemary Murphy, and Richard Kavanaugh star in a new translation, by Richard Wilbur, of the Molière play. Opens Wednesday, July 14. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 563-1555. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 25: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PENZANCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. Opens Wednesday, July 14. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **ABERCROMBIE APOCALYPSE,** a play by Paul Carter Harrison. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 757-2410. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, July 17.)

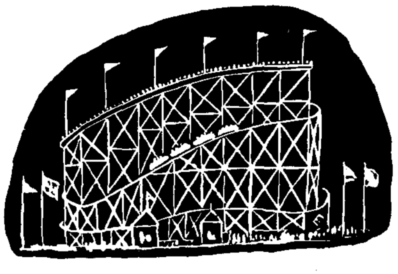
Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy directed by, and starring, George C. Scott. Previews Wednesday, July 14. Opens officially on Thursday, July 15. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, had added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction. Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** The musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Jackie Teamer head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,240 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gary Sandy, Kaye Ballard, Patrick Cassidy, George Rose, and Tony Azito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch (who has replaced Lauren Bacall) heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes mull the efficacy of sea clams as bait for striped bass. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays and Friday, July 23, at 2:30 and 8; on Friday, July 23, at 11 and 2:30.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

Mother and the Fool—Final performances by Holland's Jozef van den Berg of his improvisational one-man show. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Sunday, July 14-18, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

DANCE

Netherlands Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement. Wednesday evening, July 14, Saturday evening, July 17, and Monday evening, July 19: "Songs of a Wayfarer," "November Steps," and "Svadebka." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 15-16, and Saturday evening, July 24: "Symphony of Psalms," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 17, and Thurs-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day evening, July 22: "Children's Games," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 20-21; Friday evening, July 23; and Saturday matinée, July 24: "Say Bye Bye," "Dream Dances," and "The House of Bernarda Alba." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

BART STUYF DANCE COMPANY—Eight performances of "Spiegels." (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesday through Friday, July 20-23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, July 24-25, at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will head a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will direct a threesome. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and a quintet, featuring **HANK JONES** on piano, perform through Sunday, July 18; on Monday, July 19, Dick Joseph and Denise Roberts will appear; and on Tuesday, July 20, **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will move in to sing here. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. The varied schedule: Thursday, July 15, the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, led by Buddy Morrow; Friday, July 16, **CHUBBY CHECKER** and Blotto; Saturday, July 17, rock singer Beaver Brown; and Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24, Gary U.S. Bonds. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile all-star music. Pianist Lee Ann Ledgerwood and bassist Dennis Erwin are the current musicians (they're on hand through Saturday, July 17); **LARRY WILLIS** will play piano with bass accompaniment on Sunday, July 18. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic. She and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** play Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

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CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired player if there ever was one, has taken over the keyboard. His hours are Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visting performers: Wednesday, July 14, the Kind, Last Tango, the Executives, and Historic Doubts; Thursday, July 15, the Rousers; Friday, July 16, Velveteen, the Reducers, and the Flicks; and Saturday, July 17, the Swinging Madisons, the Prisoners of Beat, and Dancette Major. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The current resident is singer **SYLVIA SYMS.** Her shows are Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Saturday, July 17, the Neon Valley Boys, and Saturday, July 24, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE.** Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at eight-fifteen.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two; Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, July 18, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead his **JAZZ SULTANS** from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The singing and instrumental group known as the Four Freshmen will be here through Sunday, July 18; trumpeter **CHARLES TOLLIVER** will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, July 20. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
BOWLING
50 LANES

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, July 14, Liberal Arts; Thursday, July 15, Catch; Friday, July 16, Paul Geremia; Saturday, July 17, **GEORGE GERDES;** Sunday, July 18, **FIDDLE FEVER;** Tuesday, July 20, the Will and Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Wednesday, July 21, Jody Stecher and Mac Benford; Thursday, July 22, Frankie Armstrong; and Saturday, July 24, the Floor Models. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, July 14, singer Carmen Lundy; Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, saxophonists **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and **HANK CRAWFORD** and their quartet; Sunday, July 18, pianist **JORGE DALTO'S** band; Monday, July 19, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with singer Ebony Jo-Ann and dancer Lonnetta Gaines; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20-21, singer Miles Jaye; and Thursday through Saturday, July 22-24, singer Tina Fabrik. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT,** pianist **BEN ARONOV,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** are present. Both these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when Graham Forbes fills in at the keyboard.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern. Pianist Esther Blue and her trio are here through Saturday, July 17; on Tuesday, July 20, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in with pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

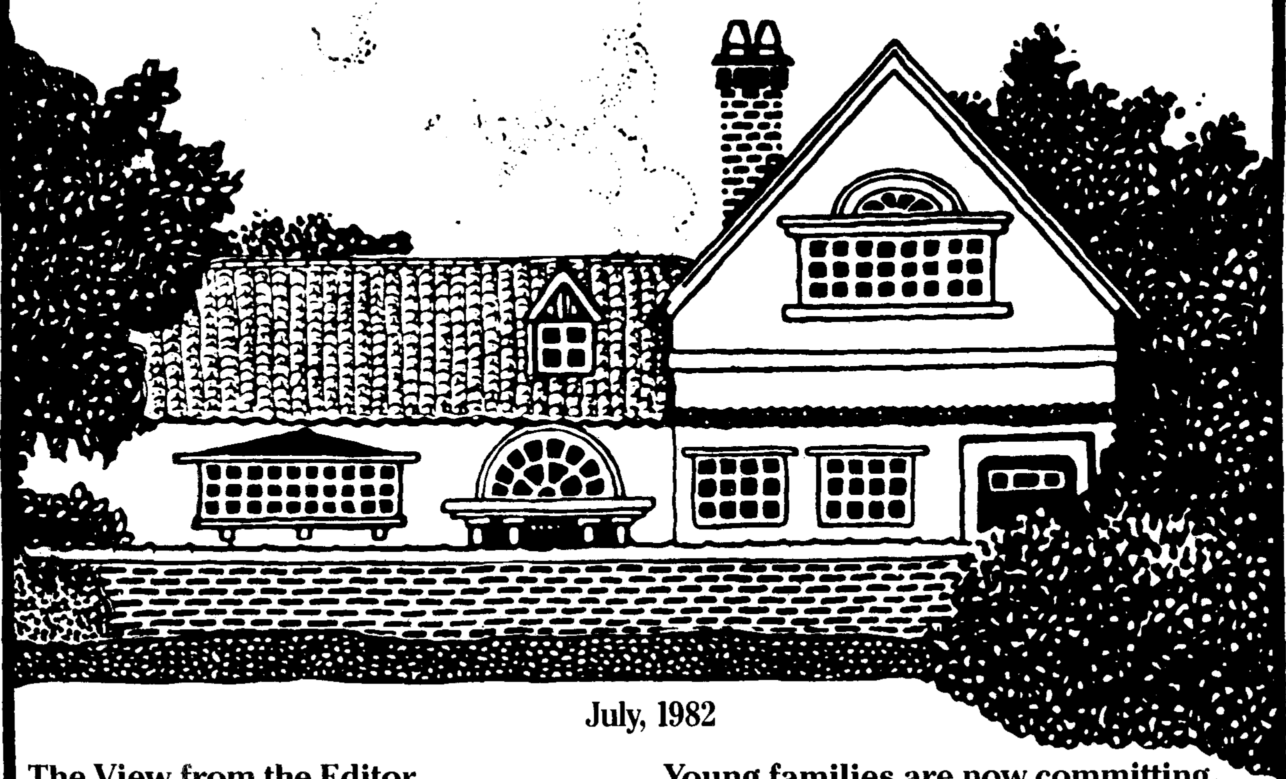
HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** has settled in at the dining-room grand to perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Fridays and Saturdays, tenor saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** heads a combo from about nine. On Thursday, July 22, **HERMAN ANGEL** and his big band, with alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA,** will prevail.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAK KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** works with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, July 17; beginning Tuesday, July 20, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will team up with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER.** The Sunday-and-

The View From HOUSE BEAUTIFUL:



July, 1982

The View from the Editor

From its beginning, the view from HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has been clear: we are here to make American homes better places to live. We set the highest standards and provide sound advice on architecture, decorating and the comforts of home.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has always had the confidence to innovate. We brought Japanese esthetics into our homes, introduced Country Chic, created the island kitchen, nurtured the concept of the family room, demonstrated that the bathroom can be decorative and opened architecture to the outdoors.

As the women who read HOUSE BEAUTIFUL have sought new horizons, exercised new options and discovered new areas of fulfillment, we've listened carefully. We know that even in widening their goals, their homes remain the centers of their lives and the essence of their self-expression.

We have responded, and made today's HOUSE BEAUTIFUL a strongly directed special-interest service magazine for the woman whose deepest concern is the enrichment of her life at home.

We intend to lead this generation of women toward a clearer vision of what the future can hold within the circle of home and family. It is our responsibility and our oppportunity to define that vision.

We believe that being successful at home is being successful at life.

—**JoAnn Barwick, Editor**

Young families are now committing more than half of everything they earn to expenditures on and in their homes.

—**D. Claeys Bahrenburg, Publisher**

And that's just the financial aspect. Recent surveys by Lou Harris and on-going findings by the Yankelovich Monitor underline and emphasize the even stronger emotional commitment women are making to their homes.

As more and more women have achieved an identity of their own outside their homes, their interests have refocused inside their homes. Why? Because they no longer feel they have to choose between a successful home and a successful career. They can choose both.

They are looking for ideas—and ideals. They want guidance on the fast moving changes in materials and technology. They not only want advice, but a determined point of view about esthetics.

We publish HOUSE BEAUTIFUL to influence women's attitudes and to shape information into ideas and inspiration. And we've been rewarded year after year with a readership of women who have high incomes, who are well-educated and who live in expensive homes. They are women whose preferences and demands are for quality. And while home is not their entire universe, it is the indispensable center.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL is for the woman who wants to be successful at home. And for the advertiser who wants to share that success.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday piano-bass duties are carried out by **Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, **Doug Sahm's Sir Douglas Quintet** will play an uplifting mishmash of rock and roll, Tex-Mex border music, and country, blues, and Cajun music; on Sunday, July 18, folksinger and wag **Steve Goodman** will be present; Monday, July 19, will belong to Cajun fiddler **Doug Kershaw;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20-21, blues guitarist **Albert King** will be here. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**Woody Herman** and his **Young Thundering Herd** will perform through Friday, July 16; tenor saxophonist **Dewey Redman** will bring in his quartet on Saturday, July 17; the Jim Pepper quartet will work Monday and Tuesday, July 19-20; and Wednesday through Saturday, July 21-24, saxophonist **Dave Liebman,** pianist **Richie Beirach,** drummer **Al Foster,** and bassist **George Mraz** will join forces. Sundays, alto saxophonist **Paquito D'Rivera's** quartet occupies the bandstand. Sets begin at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) presents **Johnny Desmond** through Saturday, July 17. On Monday, July 19, Freda Payne will arrive with her soul-flavored backing crew. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The wonderful duo **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** are doing a program of Stephen Sondheim material Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not known for its cheesecake and raspberries; it is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The schedule: Wednesday, July 14, saxophonist **Denny Morouse,** with guitarist **David Spinozza,** drummer **Bernard Purdie,** bassist **Will Lee,** and pianist **Onaje Allan Gumbs;** Thursday, July 15, Neil Getz & the Mumbos and Sandi Rose; Friday, July 16, guitarist **Arlen Roth;** Saturday, July 17, the Strangers; Tuesday, July 20, Grover Kemble & Za Zu Zaz; and Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, R. & B. singer Ben E. King. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **Bobby Rosengarden** and his band play for listening and dancing through Sunday, July 18; the **Grover Mitchell** orchestra takes over the podium on Tuesday, July 20. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Saturday, July 17, Comsat Angels; Tuesday, July 20, Haircut One Hundred; Thursday, July 22, **Eric Burdon;** and Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, Fashion. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

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Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, July 14, Chuck Loeb; Thursday, July 15, pianist Eliane Elias; Sunday, July 18, Nitesprite; Monday, July 19, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, July 20, the Craig Peyton Project; Wednesday, July 21, guitarist **Jack Wilkins;** Thursday, July 22, **Deuce,** a funk-jazz septet co-led by trumpeter **Ellen Seeling** and tenor saxophonist **Jean Fineberg;** and Fridays and Saturdays, electric violinist Noel Pointer.

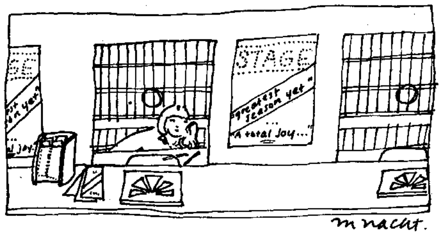
Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, pianist **Junior Mance** and bassist **Marty Rivera** will play; and Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, the Dave Hopkins-Lillias White duo will perform. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Pianist **Roland Hanna,** drummer **Grady Tate,** flutist and saxophonist **Frank Wess,** and bassist **George Mraz** make up the **New York Jazz Quartet,** and they'll be here through Saturday, July 17; Sunday and Monday, July 18-19, are reserved for singer **Yolande Bavan;** and Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24, trombonist **Slide Hampton** and tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath** will head a foursome. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, with the Buster Benton Blues Band, and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22, with Lefty Dizz & Shock Treatment. Shows begin after nine-thirty. **Big Joe Turner,** a real live history of Kansas City blues and a festival all by himself, sings here on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays, from five to midnight, are the property of Irish fiddler Willie Byrne and his Irish Ceili Band.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Wednesday, July 14, Skywire and Screen Test; Thursday, July 15, Daryl Canada and Single Strings; Friday, July 16, Waves and Startoon; Saturday, July 17, Jon Paris and Rhythm Method; Tuesday, July 20, Armed Forces and Sighs Five; Wednesday, July 21, the André Morgan band and Staff; Thursday, July 22, **Elliott Murphy** and the P6-dant-iks; Friday, July 23, Cookie Watkins and Hardbeats; and Saturday, July 24, the **Uptown Horns.** Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—



Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine. On July 19, percussion wizard **Mongo Santamaria** and the **Orquesta Broadway** will share the stage with saxophonist **Sonny Fortune.** On Friday, July 16, the downstairs music will be **James Jabbo Ware's** band, which will start playing at about ten-thirty. In the Top of the Gate, David Frye is doing impressions and telling one-liners Fridays at ten and Saturdays at midnight. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Guitarist **Jim Hall** pilots a trio through Sunday, July 18; on Monday, July 19, drummer **Charli Persip** will direct his nineteen-piece band; and on Tuesday, July 20, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** will arrive with his nonet. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Guitarist **Laurindo Almeida's** duo is sequestered here through Sunday, July 18; on Tuesday, July 20, pianist **Eddie Heywood** and a bass player will begin a two-week visit. Music from about nine. Dining.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, bebopping pianist Kuni Mikami has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is, a room full of mostly swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams guides his Swing Four through Tuesday, July 20; tenor saxophonist **George Kelly** will arrive with his band on Wednesday, July 21. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist **Mike Longo** and bassist **Paul West** perform in the connecting music passageway of this sleek bar and restaurant through Saturday, July 17, and on Monday, July 19, pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Harvie Swartz** will settle in for six days. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays from six-thirty to eleven, guitarist **Joe Puma** provides the music.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Air Supply—With Livingston Taylor. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 22, at 7:30.)

George Benson—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, July 23, at 8 and midnight.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8: Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Renée Adrienne. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: David Schnitter quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 10 and midnight: Suzanne Klewan. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Chin Suzuki. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Curtis Fuller quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Color paintings incorporating the phonetically spelled titles the artist has invented for his sculptures. Through Friday,

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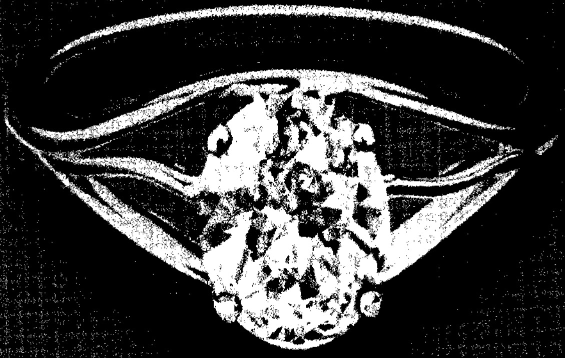
A carat or more.
A little extra weight she won't mind putting on.

The 1.57 carat diamond ring shown below is enlarged for detail.



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of a carat or more.

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A miracle among miracles. Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond solitaire. When a man's achievement becomes a woman's good fortune.

A diamond is forever.® De Beers

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July 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open 11:30 to 4:30.)

MYRNA BAEZ—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

MIRIAM BRUMER—Abstract paintings and drawings suggestive of plant and insect life. Through Saturday, July 17. (Hankook, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT DONLEY—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71) **AND EMILY MASON**—Abstract paintings by a mother and by her daughter. Through July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ED MAYER—A large circular structure with a tunnel that leads to another, smaller one; the whole piece is constructed solely of stacked wood laths. Through July 31. (Gallery Annex, formerly the Central Park Zoo Birdhouse, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

DIANE MAYO / SUSAN EDER—Oil paintings and colored-pencil drawings of still-life and narrative subjects. / Works using commercially printed color photographs. Through July 30. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Goodman Gallery, 25 W. 56th St., is also showing works by Eder. Through July 30.

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

ANNE RYAN (1889-1954)—Color woodcuts by the collagist. Through July 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EDWARD SCHMIDT—Allegorical paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

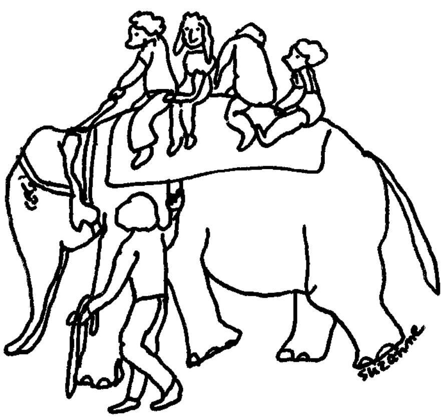
AL SOUZA / MARY STOPPERT—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OLD MASTER PRINTS—Including the complete set of Dürer's woodcuts, "Apocalypse;" the complete set of Callot's etchings, "Varie Figure;" and a Rembrandt etching, "Landscape with a Cottage and a Large Tree." Through Aug. 6. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) have been set in place on the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Bill and Mary Buchen, Grace Williams, and Steve Wood. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

SCULPTURE—A bronze model for a large outdoor piece, "Seated Woman," by Willem de Kooning; and another bronze, this one of two figures (*one in the round, one in relief*), by William Crozier. Others by Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, H. C. Westermann, Tony Berlant, and Tony Smith. Through Sept. 17. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Recent works on paper by gallery artists Maureen Connor, Edward Youkilis, Mark Schlesinger, and others. Through Sept. 10. . . . **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and others on the gallery roster showing new material. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through July 30. . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through July 30. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by nine artists in a summer invitational show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including Stella, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: Chinese-American artists showing traditional and nontraditional paintings; photographs of China and Tibet; and other works of art. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **THE DAIRY**, in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A wide variety of styles and techniques appears in the works of a dozen emerging artists selected for the current show—the center's eighteenth. Among them are Aura Rosenberg, who makes small paper cutouts representing animal pelts (buffalo, jaguar); Hilda O'Connell, who has large colored-pencil drawings, often of Irishmen in groups; and Joseph Schactman, who makes three-dimensional dog heads of painted cardboard. Through Aug. 11. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings in a medium of pigment and plaster by David James; elongated, painted-wood wall pieces by Otis Jones; and large drawings of highways and landscapes by Ursula Schneider. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A self-portrait by Jack Beal, a painting by Joan Brown, and additional new works by gallery associates. Through Aug. 13. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: Realist paintings of the forties and fifties by about sixty artists who are either identified with this mode or who experimented with it—Isabel Bishop, Robert Brackman, Philip Guston, Loren MacIver, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through July 28. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Sculptural works by two artists influenced by Surrealism. "Galaxy," by Frederick Kiesler, designed for the opera set of "Le Pauvre Matelot," and nine sculptures in metal and stone by David Hare. Through Aug. 13. (Open evenings until 7.) . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St.: Various works both by gallery regulars and by six artists here for the first time. William Crovello, Annemarie Bardon, Simon Harling, and Alan Falk are some of the names. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that the gallery terms "interpretations of life and death." Contributors are Alfredo Bustinza, Chris Deboschnek, Thomas Lawson, Margaret Wharton, and Daisy Youngblood. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscape paintings, some reduced to abstraction, by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 30. . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St.: Eighteen artists have paintings, drawings, and prints that as a body are described by the gallery as "urban and aggressive." Jane Dickson, Jonathan Borofsky, David Wojnarowicz, others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Eight artists showing works in various mediums in a summer invitational exhibit. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by six artists in a new-talent show. Through Friday, July 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: A selection of drawings by the sculptor Gaston Lachaise and a small painting each by a dozen or more artists (Motherwell, Olitski, Hughto). Through July 30. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures in painted paper, balsa wood, Plexiglas, and other materials by eight artists. Through Tuesday, July 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True, and others. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Among the items on view: a coffee table in pearl and papier-mâché by Arch Connelly, a painting by Mark Saltz of a tree whose leaves become snakes, and an all-black Styrofoam-and-canvas work by Cyrilla Mozenter. Through Friday, July 23. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions, including a generous supply of large and small bronzes by Henry Moore and also one or two works each by Degas, Ernst, Hepworth, and others. Through Aug. 27. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)



¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. . . . **COWLES**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EDOUARD BOUBAT—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through Friday, July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Early candid prints of statesmen and politicians by Dr. Erich Salomon, a photojournalist who caught his subjects unawares by concealing his camera—in a flowerpot at a 1932 banquet attended by Herbert Hoover, and in a bowler hat at a 1928 courtroom trial. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Seventy-five new color prints made from early Autochrome glass plates, a commercial color process developed by the Lumière brothers. Also, eight original Autochromes. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FLOATING FOUNDATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgemheim, Alfred Gescheidt, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through July 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825

Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifty photographs of plants and flowers. Through July 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A joint exhibit, divided chronologically, of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, held by the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A display of Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

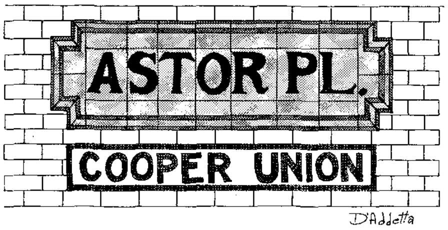
Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions workshop. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . ¶ A complementary exhibit of U.L.A.E. prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the representation of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. Complementary shows are at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery (prints), 24 W. 57th St., and at Castelli (drawings), 4 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—There are permanent exhibitions throughout the museum. The Hall of the Sun, in the Planetarium, includes an eight-foot model of the sun and films of the sun made both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 4:45; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 4:45.)



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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints depicting foreigners, the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Starts Thursday, July 15. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through Sunday, July 18. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty theatre drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for the Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of recently acquired paintings, works on paper, graphics, and photographs by more than twenty-five artists, among them Romare Bearden, Vincent Smith, Edward Clark, Michael Kendall, and Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe. Through Friday, July 23. (Open daily except Saturdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—The opening of the museum's new six-story building is marked by no less than three exhibitions: A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ A show of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 14: James Galway conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15: Mr. Galway, the Cleveland Quartet, and Philip Moll, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Dylana Jenson, violin. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 19, and Wednesday, July 21: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 20: The Tokyo String Quartet, with the Messrs. Ax and Ma. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22: Gerard Schwarz conducting members of the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano, and Elly Ameling, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing two performances of a program of music by Bach, Handel, and Marcello. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 18, at 2:30, and at St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave., the same day at 8. For information about tickets to either concert, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: The Vermeer Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 7: Rafael Druian, violin, and Malcolm

Frager, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: A flute recital by Jean-Pierre Rampal. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 7: A piano recital by André-Michel Schub. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 9: Kurt Masur directing the Boston Symphony in a Cimarosa-Mozart-Liszt program, with Mr. Rampal, the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Hiroshi Wakasugi conducting a Stravinsky-Berlioz program, with Mr. Schub. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Kurt Masur directing a Stravinsky-Haydn program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 15, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Brahms-Roussel-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Rudolph Jansen, piano; Naoko Tanaka, violin; and Louise Schulman, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Italian music of the late Renaissance. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Schütz-Stravinsky-Schubert program, with the Princeton Royal School of Church Music Men's and Boys' Choir, and Stephanie Brown, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: James Conlon conducting the orchestra in a Schubert-Mendelssohn-Mozart program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 5:30: A piano recital by Elisabeth Leonskaja. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet. **REPERTORY.** Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Creation of the World," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Donizetti Variations," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:15: "Creation of the World," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Gershwin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Creation of the World," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:15: "Gershwin Concerto," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . [**NOTE:** On Sunday, July 18, at 8:15, Neville Marriner will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in a Britten-Dvořák-Berlioz program, with Lynn Harrell, cello.] . . . **STRAVINSKY FESTIVAL.** Tuesday, July 20, at 8:15: "Circus Polka," "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works," and "Rubies." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 2: "Circus Polka," "Apollo," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Rubies." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "Circus Polka," "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works," and "Rubies." (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '82—A four-week festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 8. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 14-15, AT 8:** The Habimah National Theatre production of Euripides' "Medea." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 16, AT 8:30:** Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka, a dance trio from Japan. . . . **AT 9 AND 10:** Teddy Wilson. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 17, AT 3:** Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka. . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, keyboard, with trumpeters Edward Carroll and Lee Soper. . . . **AT 8:** "Medea." . . . **AT 8:30:** Dai Rakuda Kan, a Tokyo-based dance-theatre troupe; and Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 18, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Medea." . . . **AT 8:** Dai Rakuda Kan; and Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka. . . . **AT 8:30 AND 10:** The Big Cheat. . . . **WEDNESDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, JULY 21-23, AT 8:** Estelle Parsons appearing in "Female Parts," the umbrella title for three one-act plays by the Italian comedy team of Dario Fo and Franca Rame. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 23, AT 8:30, AND SATURDAY, JULY 24, AT 3 AND 8:30:** The José Limón Dance Company. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 23, AT 11:** Fourteen Karat Soul, an a-cappella doo-wopp group. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 24, AT 6:** "Sister Suzie Cinema," a doo-wopp program devised by Lee Breuer and Bob Telson. . . . **AT 8:** "Female Parts." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Fourteen Karat Soul. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 25, AT 3:** "Female Parts" and "Sister Suzie Cinema." . . . **AT 6:** "Sister Suzie Cinema." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Female Parts." . . . **AT 8:** The José Limón Dance Company. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15: Three contemporary dance companies from Japan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Members of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, the Ballet Rambert, the Martha Graham Dance Company, and the Royal Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. (Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JAZZ CONCERT:** Sunday, July 18, at 3: The Gary Burton quartet. Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Oakland, Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, at 8, and Sunday, July 18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Monday through Wednesday, July 19-21, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Thursday, July 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 8.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Brooklyn Handicap, Sunday, July 18; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 21; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 17 (for this day only, post time will be 5:30).

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Montreal, Wednesday, July 14, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Portland, Sunday, July 18, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 17, through Saturday, July 24.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.—Thursday, July 15, at 2, and Friday, July 16, at 10:15 and 2: Silver and decorative works of art. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, July 14, from 9:30 to 3).

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **DON JUAN.** A beautiful and enthralling production of Molière's play, as subjected to the idiosyncratic style and wit and invention of its director, Richard Foreman. John Seitz's sinister, powerful Don has more than a touch of Richard III and is the embodiment of evil; Roy Brocksmith is a Sganarelle of comic desperation; and, among the supporting players, Clarence Felder, Pamela Payton-Wright, Frank Maraden, and Christopher McCann are very good indeed. The handsome scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Mr. Foreman, Patricia Zipprodt, and Spencer Mosse, respectively. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **JAZZ:** Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, at 8: Valerie Capers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 8: the Robert Ross Band. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 22, at 8, Mac Benford's Old-Time Band. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

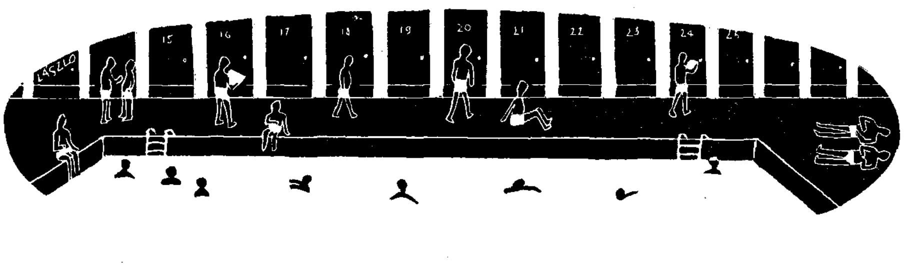
DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 17, at 8, a program entitled "Best of Broadway;" and Saturday, July 24, at 8, an all-Sondheim program.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's "Aida," with Janet Sessna, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and Edward Perretti, tenor. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, July 15, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, July 14: Gang of Four. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16: A tribute to Harry Chapin, with Tom Chapin, Steve Chapin, the Strangers, Pete Seeger, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: Miles Davis. . . . ¶ Monday, July 19: Weather Report. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: Angela Bofill. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

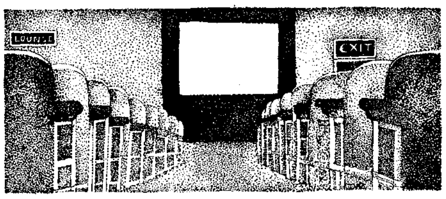
WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Johannes Somary directing the Festival Orchestra and the Horace Mann Chorus in a performance of Mozart's "Coronation Mass." The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 20, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **GREASE,** with Mark Martino and Laurie Stevenson, is the first of two productions to be presented this summer. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 18: "Space Firebird 2772" (1980; directed by Osamu Tezuka and Taku Sugiyama; in Japanese).
From July 20: "The Man Who Stole the Sun" (1979; Kazuhiko Hasegawa; in Japanese), with Kenji Sawada.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 15: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
From July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 15: "Cat People" (†) and "Dracula" (†).
From July 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 15: "Bambi" (†).
July 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†).
From July 23: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 22: "Blade Runner" (†).
From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 15: "Rocky III" (†).
From July 16: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 22: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
From July 23: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 22: "Blade Runner" (†).
From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 15: "Atlantic City" (†).
From July 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Poltergeist" (†). From July 16: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Dr. Strangelove" (†). From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French and English), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. July 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†).
From July 23: "The Secret of Nimh" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 15: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
From July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Witness" (1967; Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian), with Ferenc Kallai.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 15: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
From July 16: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 15: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
From July 16: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 16: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 20: "Kings of the Road" (1976; directed by Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler. July 21-24: "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern.
Theatre 2: July 14: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. July 15-17: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. July 18-19: "Ninotchka" (†) and "The Shop Around the Corner" (†). July 20-21: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini. July 22-24: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Woman of the Year" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†). From July 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Smash Palace" (†). From July 23: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From July 16: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Bambi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 15: "Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.
From July 16: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 15: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
From July 16: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: July 14: "Sleeper" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). July 15: "Manhattan" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). July 16-17: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Love and Death" (†). July 18-19: "Stardust Memories" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 20: "Manhattan" (†) and "Sleeper" (†). July 21: "Bananas" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). July 22: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). July 23-24: "Manhattan" (†) and "Bananas" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May. From July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From July 16: "Chan Is Missing."

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 20: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From July 21: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Bambi" (†). From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 16: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through July 15: "Poltergeist" (†). From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 15: "Rocky III" (†). From July 16: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blade Runner" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Quest for Fire" (†); and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton. July 16-18: "From Russia with Love" (†) and "Dr. No" (†). July 19-22: "Goldfinger" (†) and "Thunderball" (†). From July 23: "You Only Live Twice" (†) and "The Man with the Golden Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Chariots of Fire" (†); and "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From July 16: "Smash Palace" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 15: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 16: "The Thing;" and "Cat People" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 15: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "Airplane!" (†). July 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From July 23: "Shoot the Moon" (†) and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Blade Runner" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 22: "Author! Author!" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon. From July 23: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 3: Through July 15: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.
Theatre 4: Through July 22: "Raw Force." From July 23: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 5: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 6: Through July 22: "Porky's." From July 23: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Apocalypse Now" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 15: "Blacula" (1972; William Crain), with William Marshall and Denise Nicholas; and "Love at First Bite" (†). From July 16: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 23: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "The Thing." July 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). From July 23: "The Secret of Nimh" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick. From July 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 20: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; directed by Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen.
From July 21: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 14: "Apocalypse Now" (†).
July 15: "Daughters of Darkness" (1971; Harry Kümel), with Delphine Seyrig and John Karen; and "Start the Revolution Without Me" (1970; Bud Yorkin), with Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland.
July 16: "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack; and "Escape from New York" (1981; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
July 17: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Wild in the Streets" (1968; Barry Shear), with Shelley Winters and Christopher Jones.
July 18-19: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 20: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Presidential Gambling" (in Japanese).
July 21: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
July 22: "Night of the Living Dead" (†) and "Knightriders" (†).
July 23-24: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock; and "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 14: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; "The Curse of the Cat People" (1944; Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Ann Carter; "Mademoiselle Fifi" (1945; Robert Wise), with Simone Simon and John Emery; and "Youth Runs Wild" (1944; Mark Robson), with Bonita Granville and Kent Smith.
July 15: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (1949; John Ford), with John Wayne, Joanne Dru, and John Agar; "Fort Apache" (1948; John Ford), with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Ward Bond; and "The Painted Desert" (Howard Hibbin), with Clark Gable, Bill Boyd, and Helen Twelvetrees.
July 16-18: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
July 19: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand.
July 20: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
July 21: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "Image Before My Eyes" (1981; Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.

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July 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Morgan!" (1966; Karel Reisz), with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens.
July 23-24: "Stolen Kisses" (†) and "The Man Who Loved Women" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 15: "The Haunting" (1963; Robert Wise), with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.
July 16-17: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, and John Cleese.
July 18-20: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
July 21-22: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; and "Minnie and Moskowitz" (†).
July 23-24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 22: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
From July 23: A program of rock films.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 17: Two Buster Crabbe films—"Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon."
July 18-20: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
July 21-24: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, and Griffin Dunne; and "Halloween II" (1981; Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.
July 18-20: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "The Man with the Golden Gun" (†).
July 21-24: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 14: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (1963; Roger Corman), with Ray Milland; and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter.
July 15-17: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970; Vincente Minnelli), with Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand; and "Brigadoon" (1954; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse.
July 18-19: "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (†).
July 20-21: "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Frankenstein" (†).
July 22-24: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison; and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 14: "The Pajama Game" (1957; George Abbott and Stanley Donen), with Doris

Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy; and "Damn Yankees" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter.

July 15: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971; Mervyn Nelson); and "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson.

July 16-17: "To an Unknown God" (1977; Jaime Chavarri; in Spanish), with Hector Arterio; and "Cría!" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.

July 18: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "A Time of Indifference" (1966; Francesco Maselli), with Rod Steiger and Shelley Winters.

July 19: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

July 20: A program of cartoons.

July 21: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Li'l Abner" (1959; Melvin Frank), with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, and Stubby Kaye.

July 22: Three films made for BBC-TV by Ken Russell—"Isadora Duncan" (1966), with Vivian Pickles; "Song of Summer" (1968), with Max Adrian and Christopher Gable; and "Dante's Inferno" (1967), with Oliver Reed.

July 23-24: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Elvira Madigan" (†).

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July 14: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

July 15: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

July 16-17: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

July 18: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

July 19: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

July 20: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

July 21: "Marked Woman" (†) and "It's Love I'm After" (†).

July 22: "Lovers and Other Strangers" (†) and "A Guide for the Married Man" (†).

July 23-24: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Olympia Quad; through July 15.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski, music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (5/31/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 16-17 and July 22.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 14.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Waverly; through July 15.)

Atlantic City (1981)—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Gotham Cinema; through July 15.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (Guild, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 15.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Lincoln Plaza; July 21 and July 23-24.)

Blade Runner—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Sutton; through July 22.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white

(Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Waverly; through July 15.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting July 23.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 15. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; through July 15.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Olympia Quad; July 16-18.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Baronet; through July 15.)

Dracula (1979)—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in the 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 15.)

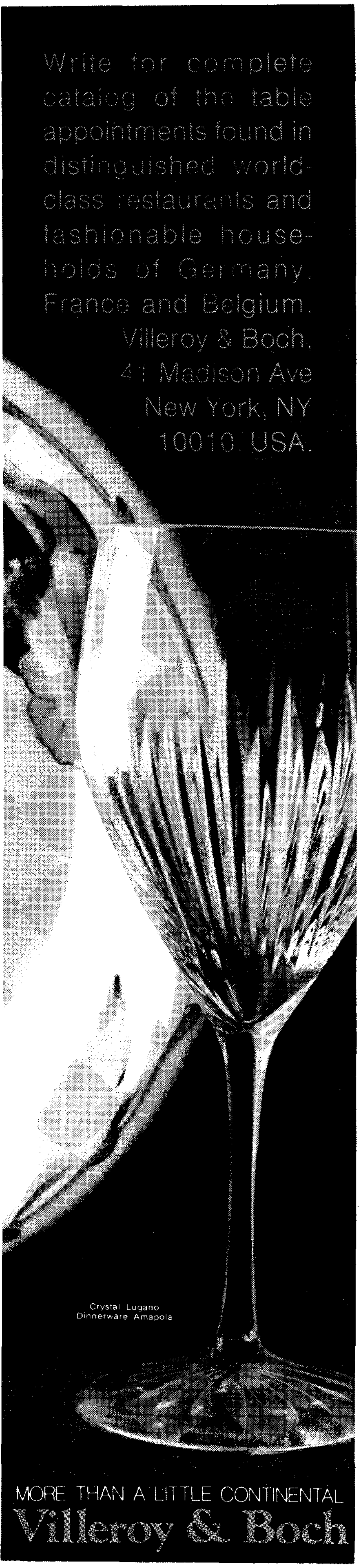
Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity, set in the late nineteenth century. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. Based on an actual double suicide; Widerberg wrote the script, directed, and also edited. Cinematography by Jorgen Persson; the music is Mozart's "Piano Concerto No. 21," played by Geza Anda. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 23-24.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; July 14-15 and July 21.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the monster's first victim. (Regency; July 20-21.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep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gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in the movie version of Fowles' book. There are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes. Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") (10/12/81) (Olympia Quad; starting July 23.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The second in the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Directed by Terence Young. (Olympia Quad; July 16-18.)

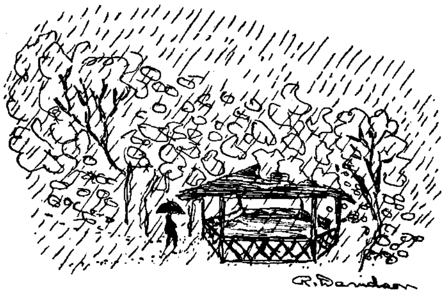
Goldfinger (1964)—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Olympia Quad; July 19-22.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—An inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Gramercy, Gemini, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; July 16-22.)

A Guide for the Married Man (1967)—A series of dumb skits on how to cheat on your wife. It's hard to know what's more tiresome about this picture: the camera's fixation on bottoms (and on bosoms that look like bottoms), or the this-movie-is-moral-after-all finish, with the common man at the higher income level (Walter Matthau) deciding he loves his wife too much to be unfaithful after all. There are a few pleasant pantomime bits by Art Carney and Ben Blue. Directed by Gene Kelly, from a script by Frank Tarloff. The cast includes Robert Morse, Lucille Ball, Phil Silvers, Carl Reiner, Jack Benny, Inger Stevens, Sid Caesar, Terry-Thomas, Wally Cox, Jayne Mansfield, Sue Anne Langdon, and many others; what they do is no more memorable than the plugs for brand-name products that are scattered throughout the movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—In this scatter-brained fantasy, the soul of Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), a contender for the heavyweight championship, arrives in the hereafter fifty years before the appointed time through the overzealousness of a Heavenly Messenger (Edward Everett Horton) who has snatched Pendleton from an airplane crash that he was supposed to survive. The problem of getting Joe back into mortal flesh so that he can win the championship is so acute that it's taken over by Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), a high executive on the Other Side. The slickly hammy Rains gives Mr. Jordan a sinister gloss, as if he were involved in some heavenly racket, like smuggling Chinese; James Gleason has the contrastingly gruff-voiced role of the fighter's manager. With Evelyn Keyes, Rita Johnson, John Emery, Donald MacBride, Halliwell Hobbes, and Benny Rubin. Alexander Hall directed; Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller adapted Harry Segall's play "Heaven Can Wait." (Remade as "Heaven Can Wait" by Warren Beatty in 1978.) (Regency; July 22-24.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. People who watch this movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; July 18-19.)



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It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), the valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and the silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script (from a story written for the screen by Maurice Hanline) is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

Knightriders (1981)—George A. Romero wrote and directed this Arthurian wheeler: the motorcyclists wear medieval-looking helmets with plumes, and they joust on their bikes at the Renaissance tournaments that they stage. They're a travelling Camelot, with a king, Billy (Ed Harris), who administers a code that is supposed to keep them safe from the hucksterism of the outside world. Possibly, Romero had in mind both the big M-G-M "Ivanhoe" (1953) and Tom Laughlin's "Billy Jack" (1971), with its mystical man-of-action hero. The picture isn't offensive; it's simple-minded, though, inept, and long (2 hours and 26 minutes). Romero keeps his stunt men whirring by, crashing, flying through the air, but there's no kinetic drama in the hurtling bodies. Most of the time, we don't even see the weapons hit the riders and unseat them, and the way that the contests are photographed there's no physical grace in the bikers' athleticism. With Tom Savini as Morgan, Brother Blue as Merlin, Ken Hixon as Steve the lawyer, Warner Shook as Pippin, Amy Ingersoll as the queen, Gary Lahti as Alan (the Lancelot figure), Christine Forrest as the grease monkey, Patricia Tallman as the teen-age groupie, and the horror novelist Stephen King as a beer-swilling rube. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 22.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Lincoln Plaza; July 16-17.)

Love at First Bite (1979)—A rowdy burlesque of the Dracula movies, set in Manhattan, with dilapidated stuffed bats and a large assortment of gags; some of them are funny in a low-grade, moldy way, and some are even stupidly racist, but many are weirdly hip, with a true flaky wit. The scriptwriter, Robert Kaufman, will never be called a man of fine discrimination: he takes equal—almost obscene—relish in them all. Yet it's this relish—which the director Stan Dragoti seems to share—that fuels the movie, and, except for a wearying chase sequence toward the end, it bumps along entertainingly. As Count Dracula, George Hamilton uses the self-parody he first demonstrated in "Once Is Not Enough;" his Dracula is a swooningly romantic, ingenuously prurient gigolo with an indeterminate Transylvanian accent—his declaration of love sounds like "I lob you." His lady is a famous model, played by Susan Saint James; she isn't well photographed, but she has such great inflections that she hits her lines for every nuance of wacked-out comedy that's in them. And in the Van Helsing role, Richard Benjamin has some good silly moments as the model's whiny-voiced psychiatrist. With Dick Shawn as a cop, Arte Johnson as Renfield, and Ronnie Schell in a bit. Score by Charles Bernstein. (Embassy; through July 15.)

Lovers and Other Strangers (1970)—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renee Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 15, July 20, and July 23-24.)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—This version of H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most touching and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. It's also one of the few that have any real point. With Roland Young as the mild, bewildered miracle-maker; Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares; Ernest Thesiger (who never disappoints); Ivan Gardner; and, in a tiny part as a god, young George Sanders. Alexander Korda produced; Wells did the script, with Lajos Biro; Lothar Mendes directed. (Regency; July 18-19.)

The Man Who Loved Women (1977)—The dedicated skirt-chaser of François Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; music by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23-24.)

The Man with the Golden Gun (1974)—One of the more dispirited of the James Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, and Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize, Richard Loo, Clifton James, and Marc Lawrence. Written by Richard Maibaum and Tom Mankiewicz. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 18-20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 23.)

Marked Woman (1937)—As the smart, lively young clip-joint hostess who turns police informer, Bette Davis is the embodiment of the sensational side of thirties movies. The closest modern equivalent is Jeanne Moreau in "Bay of the Angels," but Moreau is different, more purely conceptual; she's never as vibrantly, coarsely *there* as Davis, swinging her hips in her beaded-fringe dress. This racketeering melodrama is based on the career of Lucky Luciano, who lived high at the Waldorf-Astoria on the proceeds of a thousand prostitutes. In the film, Eduardo Ciannelli plays the role, with Humphrey Bogart (never at his best when cast on the side of officialdom—but then, who is?) taking over Thomas E. Dewey's function as prosecutor. One of the prostitutes Dewey persuaded to testify was branded—"marked"—as Davis is here. The film has the tawdry simplicities of many of the thirties movies that were built out of headline stories, but it also has more impact than most of the melodramas played out in more elevated surroundings, and when Davis tells Luciano-Ciannelli, "I'll get you if I have to come back from the grave to do it," you believe it. The presence of Allen Jenkins in the cast certifies the film as Warners contemporary. Talented young Jane Bryan plays the heroine's sister, and there are the whores of the Club Intime—Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis—who negate the euphemism "hostesses." Lloyd Bacon directed; Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel wrote the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

Mephisto—Istvan Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema Village; July 21-22.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, crude realism. Even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add somehow to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the United States but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 22.)

Ninotchka (1939)—"Garbo Laughs," said the original ads, but there is by now a widespread story that when the time came for her laughing scene she pantomimed laughter beautifully, but no sound emerged; it was later provided by someone anonymous in the lab. The rest of her performance is her own, and she brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. Screenplay by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, from a screen story by Melchior Lengyel. (The material is no more than a musical-comedy turn, which it became in the stage musical "Silk Stockings," filmed in 1957.) (Film Forum; July 18-19.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Film Forum; July 22-24.)

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Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who come to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 15.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 15.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the

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Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Ziegfeld; starting July 16.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; *with Carl Weathers, whose* physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 15.)

Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures, and because her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the *theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller* dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books either. Their emotions are raw and rawness is what makes this film get to you. It goes way past coolness. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it *makes her appear sodden. And both as a* character and as an actor, Finney seems startled and appalled by what has been let loose in him. He's an actor possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. Filmed on locations in northern California. (1/18/82) (Olympia Quad; starting July 23.)

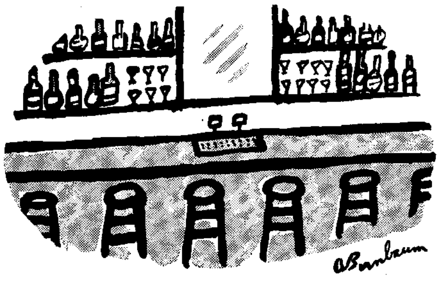
The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small *department store; Margaret Sullavan and* James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretensions believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney. (A 1949 musical remake starring Judy Garland and Van Johnson was called "In the Good Old Summertime.") (Film Forum; July 18-19.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; July 14 and July 20.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and *growing bald; she's French-born and fine-*boned and fastidious. He runs the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing their daughter Georgie, he goes a little crazy. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documen*tary surface and the fact that the characters* are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Quad Cinema; through July 22. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a *comedian-writer-director who goes to the Ho*tel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Lincoln Plaza; July 18-19 and July 22.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful *dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits* just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The theme of this endlessly inventive movie is death and rebirth, with the prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner), who *has become stiff from sitting at his adminis*trative post, taking a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and waking up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones *more crisply funny than he used to be; his* performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually the director has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)



Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why *nobody likes him. In French. (Carnegie Hall* Cinema; July 23-24.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, playing the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. With Claudine Auger and Luciana Paluzzi, and, of course, Bernard Lee and Lois Maxwell. The script was written by Richard Maibaum and John Hopkins. (Olympia Quad; July 19-22.)

Victor / Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce *centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an En*glish singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated ver*sions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's* a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting July 16.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William *Bendix. (Film Forum; July 22-24.)*

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery–James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Olympia Quad; starting July 23.)

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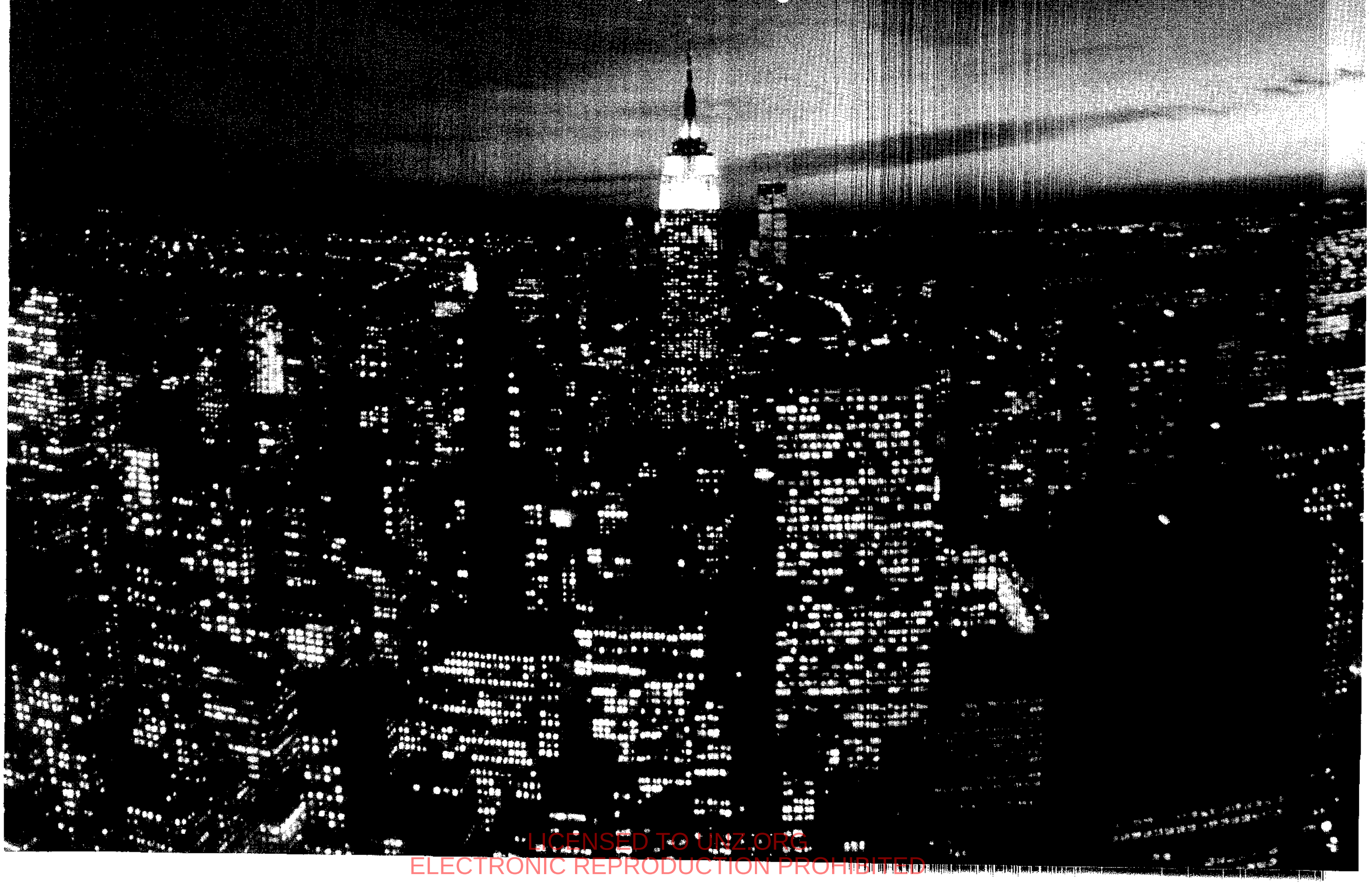

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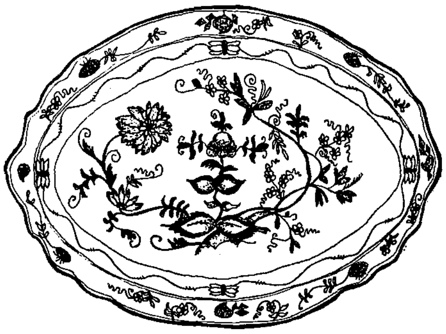
Notes and Comment

IN a recent speech to the Israeli Parliament, Shimon Peres, the leader of the opposition Labor Alignment, remarked, "War in our day is war that is photographed. In the battlefield are not only tanks but television cameras, the eyes of the entire world, and pictures are stronger than words." The coverage in the United States of Israel's invasion of Lebanon more than bears out Mr. Peres' observation. Thanks to the use of satellites, we now not only see pictures of the war but see them just a few hours after the events occur, or even as the events occur. The American television program that has perhaps made the fullest and most resourceful use of the new satellite coverage is ABC's excellent "Nightline," with Ted Koppel. On a given evening, Koppel may assemble live coverage and interviews from as many as three continents. Often, he will conduct intercontinental discussions, in which, say, an Argentine official in Buenos Aires, an English official in London, and an American journalist in New York will talk over the situation in the Falkland Islands. At such moments, geographical boundaries seem to collapse, and we feel not so much that we are people on one continent observing events on another, faraway continent as that we are people on the earth—an earth that has been turned by the satellites overhead into one huge amphitheatre—observing the events of the earth.

However, it is not only the coverage of the events which collapses the distance between us and them but the changed nature of the events themselves—in particular, the changed nature of war. For war—all war—has become as indivisibly global, and as nearly instantaneously so, as contemporary television coverage. At a certain moment, the fighting may be confined to Lebanon, or to the Falkland Islands (a place that at one time might have been considered the very definition of a "remote" part of the globe), or to Afghanistan, or to Iran, but in a few minutes, as everyone knows, it can be everywhere, obliterating everything. That is why the first thing that people want to know when they turn on the news is, in the recent words of a television executive, "whether World War III has started." If anyone doubted that the Israeli invasion of Lebanon was one of those events which push the world in the direction of the brink, a letter written by President Reagan to Prime Minister Begin, of Israel, and read aloud to the Israeli Parliament by Begin spelled out the danger. "Today," Reagan wrote, on the fifth day of the invasion, "I received a message from President Brezhnev, which expressed serious concern that a most serious situation has been created which contains the possibility of broader hostilities." Using the muted phrases of diplomacy ("serious situation," "broader hostilities"), Reagan was telling Begin that if the Israeli invasion went too far it could trigger events that would drag the whole world into the abyss of nuclear destruction. In these circumstances, which are clear to everybody, whether they are spelled out in announcements by statesmen or not, every wounded or dead person in Lebanon who appears on our screens is not only an object for our pity but also a warning to us that our own cities are at all times only a few steps away from a fate that is incomparably more horrible even than that of Sidon, Tyre, and Beirut. For in our day every army that crosses an international border at the same time breaches the less tangible but more crucial boundaries that separate us all from nuclear destruction—the various "thresholds" of voluntary military restraint that keep intact the precarious international political balance on which everyone's life depends. In that sense, every invading army threatens to bring actual war into the living rooms into which satellite television now carries only the images of war. Wherever the soldiers on our screens may be intending to go, they are always advancing toward us.



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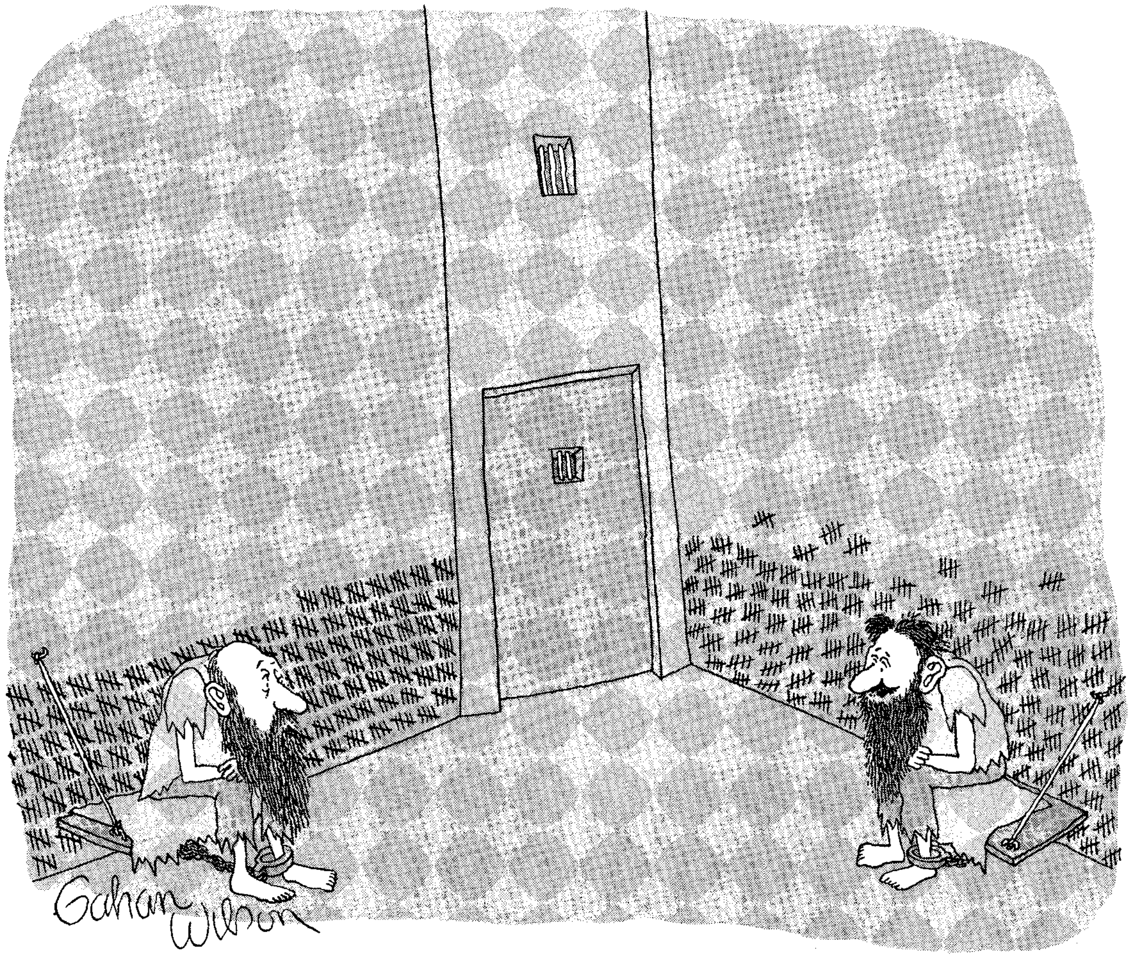
Campaign

THE New York City Clean Air Campaign is portable. Every few years, it moves to new headquarters. At the moment, it shares an office on Nassau Street, near City Hall, with the staff of a publication called *Credit Union News*. The Clean Air Campaign does not take up more than its fair allotment of space; the entire paid staff is Marcy Benstock, and she is slender and not very tall. She has long brown hair with bangs, a decorous manner, and a rhetorical style that seems part grad student, part apprentice litigator. For the past eight years, she has devoted practically all her working hours to fighting the construction of Westway, the superhighway that has been proposed for the West Side of Manhattan from the Battery to Forty-second Street. During much of that time, she labored—seemingly in vain—to counteract the widely held impression that Westway was a fait accompli. The highway project has been supported by President Reagan, Governor Carey, Mayor Koch, the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post*, some real-estate developers, and most construction-trade unions. It has been opposed by a lot of citizens who would rather trade the highway funds—two billion dollars is Westway's "official" cost—for money to make the subway system once again fit for human beings.

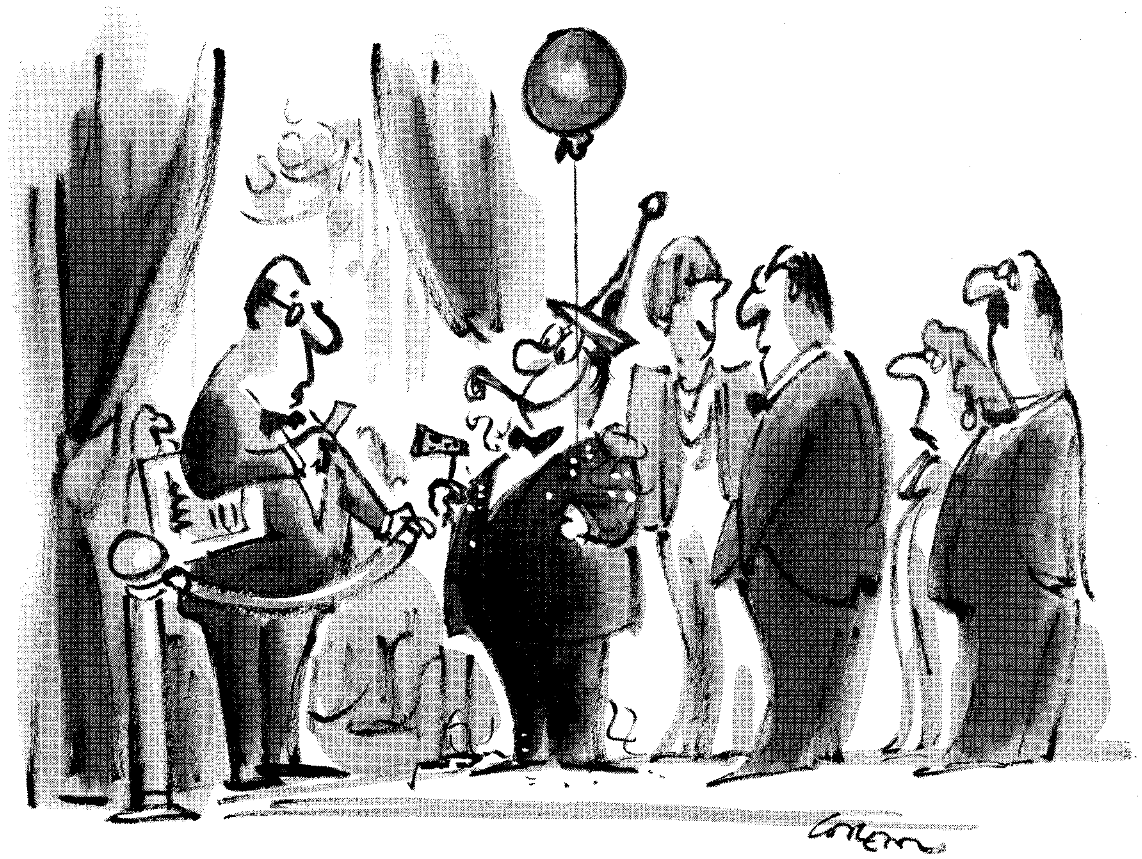
Suddenly, the prospect that Westway will never be built has become much brighter. Several days ago, in a federal court case, Judge Thomas P. Griesa announced a decision that essentially nullifies the state and federal governments' approval of Westway. The plaintiffs in the case were the Clean Air Campaign, the City Club of New York, the Sierra Club, the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, and a number of community groups and individuals. The defendants were the United States Army Corps of Engineers, the Federal Highway Administration, the United States Department of Transportation, and the New York State Department of Transportation, individual decision-makers within all those agencies, and the City of New York. Last March, Judge Griesa held that the permit for a two-hundred-acre landfill project along the lower-Manhattan shore of the Hudson River had been issued in violation of federal law. In April, he forbade the Federal Highway Administration to spend federal money to acquire land for the Westway right-of-way. The recent decision makes the effects of his April injunction final. Among other things, the plaintiffs had accused the federal and state governments of ignoring the consequences that the landfill would have for aquatic life in the Hudson. They argued, and Judge Griesa agreed, that the landfill area coincided with a significant habitat for striped bass who migrate down the Hudson to the Atlantic Ocean. According to the suit, the defendants were aware of this fact and tried to conceal it. Judge Griesa was especially critical of the lawyers who represented the state Department of Transportation. And he described the behavior of the Federal Highway Administration in one instance as "simply fraudulent." The opponents of Westway have argued all along that Westway was fundamentally ill-conceived, but few of them ever mustered the temerity to pronounce the enterprise corrupt. Now a federal judge has, in effect, done that for them.

There have been dozens of groups involved in the battle against Westway—among them the Friends of the Earth, Business for Mass Transit, the New York Public Interest Research Group, the Village Green Recycling Team, the Ad-Hoc Committee Against Westway, and Manhattan Community Board No. 2—but Marcy Benstock is the only full-time, paid staff person whose energies have been focussed solely upon Westway. She is the opposition's chief lobbyist, strategist, political analyst, economist, budget planner, executive director, staff writer, office manager, receptionist, secretary, typing pool, file clerk, and messenger service. She has clearly done an effective job, although her skills as a file clerk could use some sharpening. Her office is a mess. A few days before Judge Griesa issued his decision, we happened to visit Marcy Benstock in her office, and while we were there we studied the clutter. She sat at an I.B.M. typewriter and worked on the final draft of a Clean Air Campaign fact sheet, one of hundreds of letters and memorandums that she has sent out since 1974. Around the room we saw a metal desk that was piled with manila file folders; a painted pine cabinet, supported by two casters and two telephone books, that was piled with folders; a metal-and-Formica desk piled with folders; a tall black filing cabinet (ditto); three short black filing cabinets (ditto); and a dozen folding chairs and two tables with racks of upright file folders resting on them. The files con-



"It's interesting, you know? You're left-handed and I'm right-handed, and so you make the little cross strokes slant down to the right, whereas I make them slant down to the left."

tained hefty documents with titles like "United States Department of Transportation/Federal Highway Administration: 1981 Federal Highway Legislation: Program and Revenue Options, Discussion Paper #1." Marcy Benstock has an intimate understanding of the literature of her chosen field. Bureaucrats, she says, enjoy talking to her.



"Mr. Rutherford. Party of one."

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When she had finished drafting her fact sheet, she typed four copies of a covering letter. The letters were addressed to three leaders of the State Legislature and to another state-government official. The main argument of her fact sheet was that the official cost of Westway—two billion dollars—underestimated the probable eventual cost by two billion dollars, and that it was unrealistic to expect the federal government to appropriate funds to fill the gap. The fact sheet contained eye-glazing numbers and footnotes. As she proofread, she said, "The kind of material that's on this fact sheet is the kind that the legislative leaders, who have large staffs, could and should be compiling themselves. I rely heavily both upon official documents that I obtain from government agencies and upon conversations with officials in those agencies. There is a vast network of covert Westway opponents working in those agencies. At nearly every turn, the Westway supporters and sponsors bank on the chance that I will not have the information that I've been turning up."

Having sealed the letters in envelopes, Marcy Benstock shifted roles—from lobbyist/analyst to messenger. She rode an elevator downstairs and headed for 270 Broadway, a state office building at the corner of Chambers Street, where, it turned out, she is well known: receptionists say "Hi, Marcy" when she walks through doorways. At one point, she enumerated the ways in which she thought Westway could be stopped. "I can think of at least five," she said. "First, the governor's race: if Koch becomes governor, Carol Bellamy will become mayor, and she has opposed Westway from the beginning. Second, the Legislature, as we're urging it to do, can spend highway funds for upstate road projects rather than for this dubious highway in New York City. Third, the city Board of Estimate can vote to deny critical city approvals for Westway. Fourth, Congress can restructure interstate-highway funds in a way that would reduce or eliminate federal support for Westway. And, finally, we're waiting to hear from the federal court."

A few days after Judge Griesa's decision was made public, we went back to Marcy Benstock's office on Nassau Street. It was midafternoon. Unsurprisingly, her mood was sanguine, but she seemed busier than ever. We asked her how she had spent her day thus far, and she recounted her activities for us: first thing that morning, she had gone to a photocopying shop uptown to make sixty copies of a two-page memorandum she planned to send to a group of sixty congressmen, City Council members, state legislators, and members of the Board of Estimate (the memorandum pointed out that the Corps of Engineers had invited public comments on a new Westway environmental-impact statement, which the Corps was under court order to prepare); then, after making the trip downtown, she had gone to a post office on Church Street to buy five hundred prestamped envelopes; she had gone to a bank on Chambers Street to deposit money to cover the cost of the envelopes and the photocopying; she had gone to another photocopying shop, on Warren Street, to make fifteen extra copies of a much longer memorandum—seventeen pages—which she was going to send to interested parties who would not be satisfied with mere two-page memorandums; she had gone to her office to compose a letter to go with the longer memorandum; she had phoned several volunteers in a search for someone who was able and willing to come and stuff envelopes. One volunteer, a retired printer named Ben Miller, had managed to come in for a few hours to collate and stuff, but he wasn't feeling well and had gone home early. On one corner of Marcy Benstock's desk, amid the usual clutter, was a high stack of documents. When we asked her about it, she said, "I have some reading to do today. I want to submit my own comments to the Corps of Engineers, so I'm going through its original environmental-impact statement, from 1977, which was misleading; a 1980 update prepared by the state and federal Departments of Transportation, which was equally misleading; an order from Judge Griesa that spells out some of what should go into the new impact statement; and the regulations that apply to permit decisions. You know, the real purpose of Westway has not been to build a new highway. The purpose has been to create hundreds of acres of real estate in the Hudson River. To do that, you have to get a landfill permit from the Army Corps of Engineers. And Judge Griesa says that the landfill permit has to be based upon honest and accurate information. The potentially devastating impact on the Atlantic Coast fishing industry makes it highly questionable that a permit will ever be granted. Urging the Corps of Engineers to deny the permit has now become the most important thing for Westway opponents to do. What the Corps of Engineers did the first time around was to look at the Hudson River the same way the Westway proponents have looked at the subway system and at those warehouses on the lower West Side, where people are working. They said, 'That looks ugly. There can't be anything living there. Let's get rid of that.' "

Fancy

WHAT a privileged life our man Stanley leads! In from Montauk the other day, at the cocktail hour he dropped in on the Twenty-eighth Annual National Fancy Food and Confection Show at the Coliseum, where, he told us, four hundred and fifty exhibitors, all tagged and identified, offered him samples of this and samples of that, along with cheerful smiles and an atmosphere of happy detachment from downbeat activities outside. Here are Stanley's notes:

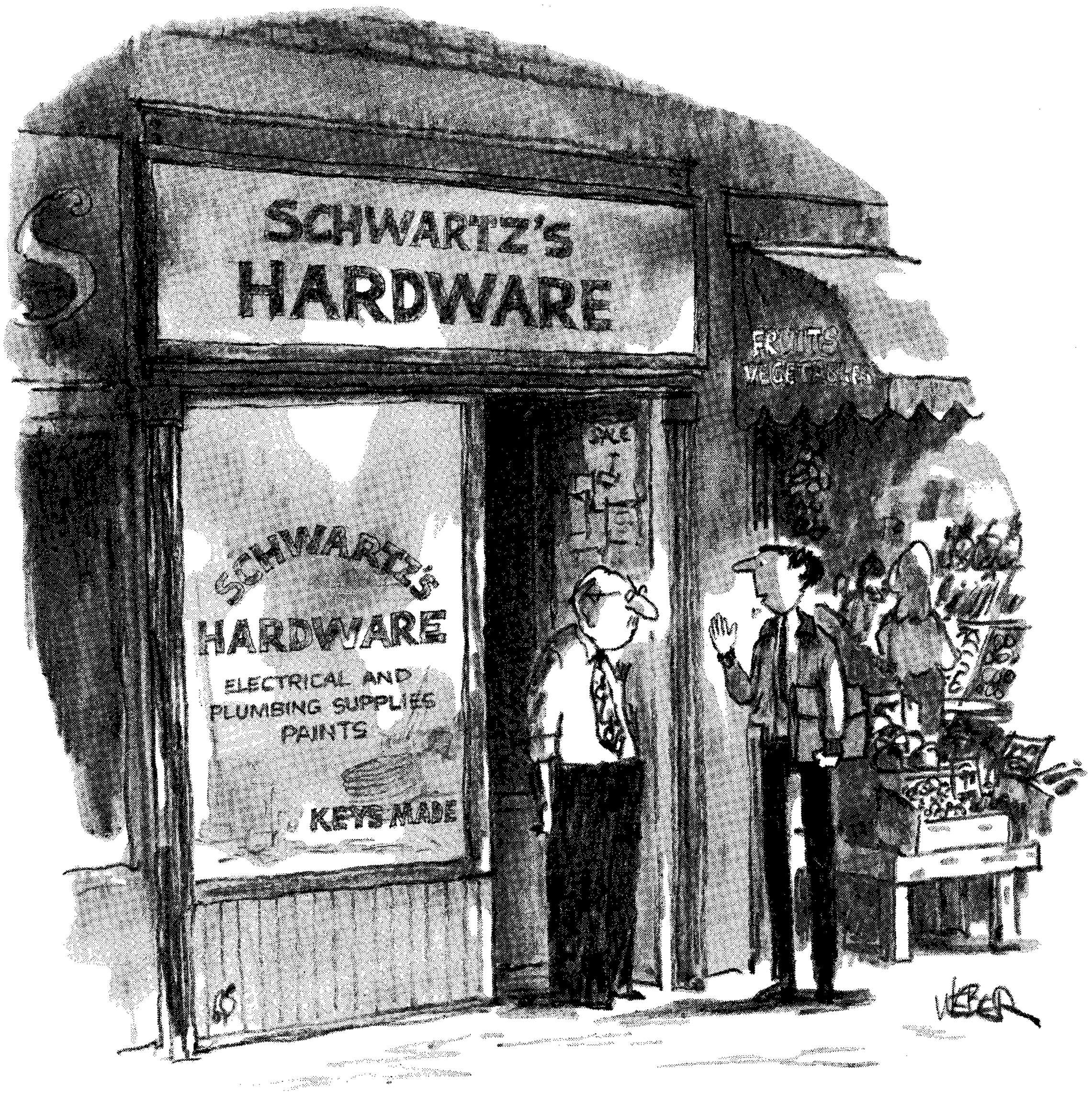
Lots of peppy exhibitors pushing no sugar, no salt, no preservatives, no fat. Easy to forget grapefruit-protein-toast-black-coffee slavery. Start with Cruscana seafood butters from France. Not just another seafood spread, says Cruscana tag wearer. Nothing like it on U.S. market yet we know of. Natural. No preservatives. Shelf life of three years if not opened. Shrimp butter shrimpy. Norway-lobster butter lobstery. Crab butter, anchovy butter, crayfish butter. Heavy protein. Need some carbohydrate. Take few bites of Les Baguettines de Paris bread. Baked in Lindenhurst, New York. No matter. Les Baguettines tag wearer very well informed. Says, "Bread was at the root of the French Revolution of 1789." Good bread. Crusty. "Our bread is natural, without preservatives," tag wearer says. "No fat. No sugar. In the great tradition."

Salami time. Redlefsen's. From Satrup, West Germany. Very nineteen-eighties. "*Nach guter alter Art*" its motto. Classy quote on Redlefsen salami brochure: "It is much better to be a master in one trade than a jack in all (Pliny the Younger)." Up-to-minute Redlefsen tag wearer says, "Our salami has one of the lowest nitrite levels of any salami—point oh oh five." Keeps handing out little packages of hot-dog-size salamis called Big Red. Next: Smoked salmon. From Farne Salmon & Trout, Ltd., Station Road, Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland. Fantastic. Delicious. Paper-thin slices. Hang around sampling with another guy, who keeps saying he's trying to determine which smoked salmon *better*, with or without whiskey cures. Farne man says Farne uses combinations of salt, sugar, herbs, whiskey prior to smoking. Farne man very gracious, very generous with smoked salmon. Other guy keeps saying he still can't *tell* which smoked salmon better, keeps on sampling. Farne man gives me sample every time he gives other guy sample. Very considerate. Farne man, after sixteenth sample, asks guy, Can he tell yet? Guy says no—also trying to find out whether you call it "Scotch" or "Scottish" smoked salmon. Farne man hands him sample wrapping with words "Scotch Smoked Salmon Sliced by Hand, Scottish Salmon, Caught and Oak Smoked in Scotland by Scots."

Move along to caviar. Elegant-looking fellow tagged "Petrossian, Paris, France" very eager to give out extensive info on caviar. Says caviar appeared in France after Russian Revolution, when exiled princes arrived with it in their luggage. Two Armenian emigrants, Melkoum and Mouchegh Petrossian, marketed it in France. Listen politely to much history about Melkoum and Mouchegh. Seems Melkoum and Mouchegh had tough time getting going with caviar in France but hung in there, finally made it big. Petrossian man says Melkoum and Mouchegh taught everybody how to eat caviar. No sprinkling with lemon. Spoils taste. Serve with lightly buttered toast. About fifty grams per person. Farne-salmon-eating guy arrives, asks straight out, How about caviar sample? Petrossian man says no samples of caviar. Too expensive. Says Petrossian also imports smoked salmon from Norway. Petrossian smoke-curing method big secret. Melkoum and Mouchegh held secret close to chests. No Petrossian smoked-salmon samples, either, for Farne-salmon-eating guy.

Change of pace. Lifespice—Salt-Free Specialty Foods Devoted to Good Taste. Nice mother-daughter business called SanSel. Mother Ruth Baum. Daughter Hilary Baum. Hilary, pretty, dark-haired, calm, says Baum family in food business for three generations. Dad Joe Baum started dreaming up food innovations as kid, then started Restaurant Associates. "My mother is a friend of Craig Claiborne," Hilary says. "At a party at his house one night, she tasted some salt-free dishes and said she could do better than that, so here we are trying to give spice to people on salt-free diets. We've concocted Lemon Sesame Mustard Sauce, Green Peppercorn Grill Sauce, Hot-Shot Barbecue Sauce, Tomato Velvet, and Sweet-Heat, a fruity hot sauce, all for flavor-deprived people." Next, eat some O.K. pâtés from Les Trois Petits Cochons. "Our pâtés are made from pure, fresh ingredients," says spokesman. "No chemical preservatives. No additives. No fillers. They're made from recipes handed down through three generations of French chefs and charcutiers. The pâtés are available in five-pound loaves and need only to be sliced. Pâté is in the vanguard of gourmet-food popularity. Here. Eat some with our cornichons." Cornichons French pickles. Delish. Try several pâtés—pâté de campagne (coarse-ground, spicy), pâté au poivre vert (fine-ground, with green peppercorns and cognac), pâté forestier (pork meat and chicken livers marinated in Madeira), pâté d'épinards (creamy spinach mousse), pâté de légumes (tasty layers of broccoli, carrots, cauliflower, surrounded by seaweed).

After this, nuts here, there. Spanish peanuts. Giant whole cashews. Giant red pistachios. Sunflower seeds. Sesame sticks. Yogurt-coated English walnuts. Then some banana chips. Then head for something to drink. "Beaujolais," says man tagged "Claude Bastin, Food & Wines from France," handing me plastic glass containing wine. Says, "You're Number Two Thousand



"So long, Mr. Schwartz. I'm leaving. Nowadays, software's where it's at."

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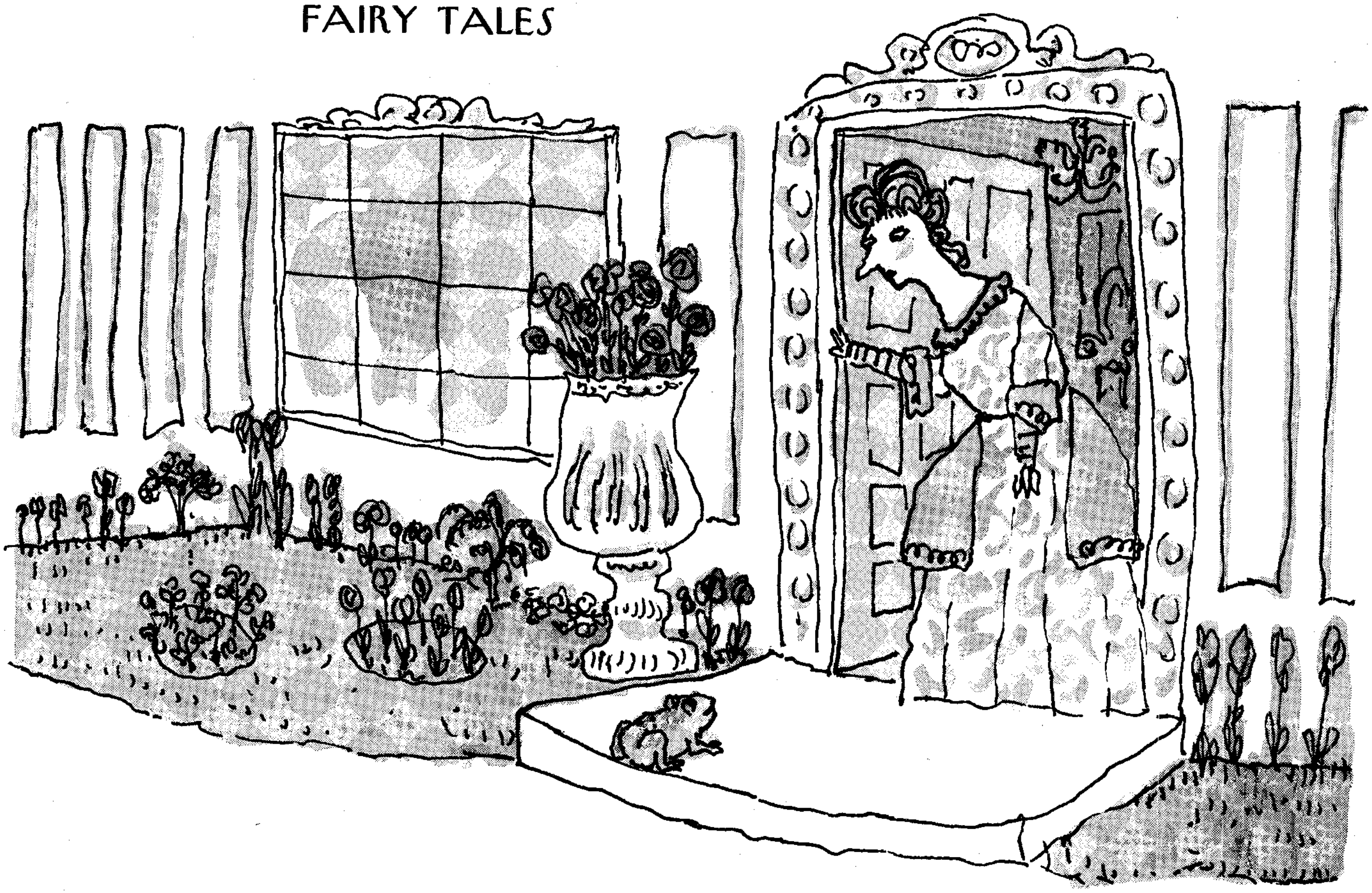
Four Hundred and Sixty-two today. Yesterday, I gave out three thousand three hundred and seventy-five—five-ounce glasses, each with a three-ounce drink. There's been an *explosion* for Beaujolais, the red wine that's right with anything—red snapper, salad, lemon chicken, duck à l'orange, veal cordon bleu as well as red meat. Very light. Very fruity. Have another." Drink three. Then some Evian, pure, non-carbonated mineral water. In 1981, nine hundred million bottles of Evian sold. Try some cheeses. Brie. Stilton. Fontina, from valley of Aosta, prepared same way as many centuries ago, with unskimmed, unpasteurized milk. Some cheese spreads from Bellmore Cheese Co., N.Y. Cheddar with cashew. Gruyère with pecan. Gruyère with pink champagne. Wash them down with Pompadour Herb Tea.

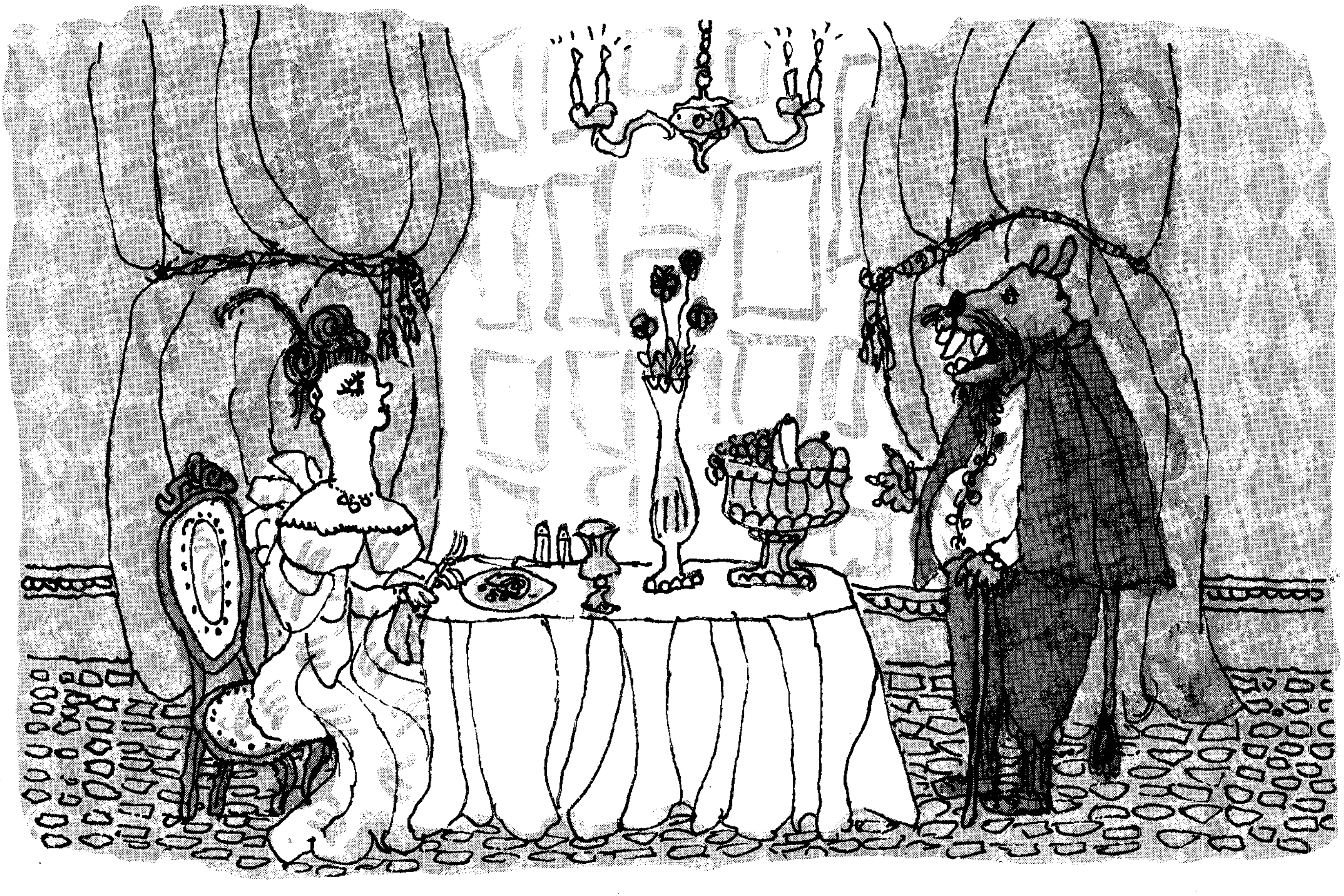
Sweets. Some Blätter-Krokant, some Bittere Sahne Schokolade, some Toggenburger chocolate-covered wafers, all imported by Kurt Rosenberg, whose son Michael gives me cookies in shape of Annie, Sandy, Daddy Warbucks, etc. "I invented Annie cookies," Michael says. "I was in advertising, but I got the idea for this while the movie was being made. Columbia Pictures licensed me, and I sublicensed Interbake Foods, so I get a royalty on every box of cookies sold. We're marketing in thirty-four countries so far. We sold eight million boxes in two months in the United States. Annie cookies have razzle to them." Sample Inhale Herbal Cough Drop. Sample Bonbons Marloir. Sample Devonshire cream over strawberries. Sample Irish Fortune Cookies. Get Irishlike fortune inside: "Dear God: T'is true you will provide but bejabbers who will provide until you provide?" Long way from Confucius. Wind up in Grosvenor Marketing, Ltd., booth, where importers of Twinings, also Fortnum & Mason products, huddling. Have some High Dumpsie Dearie Jam on Digestive Wheatmeal biscuit. Have rhubarb jam with ginger on Wheatmeal. Some F & M Date & Walnut Cookies. Some iced Ceylon Breakfast tea. Jerry Santucci, broker, from Feasterville, Pa. (no kidding), says specialty-food business has been isolated from recession. Jerry Santucci is president of National Specialty Food and Confection Brokers. Says specialty foods used to be called gourmet foods; no longer geared to rich. Says people taking better care of their stomachs—not going to restaurants but buying good stuff. Says, "Thank God I don't sell cars."

On way out, catch up with Mr. & Mrs. Peter Simon, owners of Ellens, specialty-food shop on Madison at Eighty-sixth. "Biggest one ever!" they say about show. "Unlimited samples!" Simons completely oblivious of sugar, salt, fat, etc., etc. They've ordered Candy Flower Boutonnière, which is miniature edition of bridal bouquet made of foil-wrapped small chocolates, mocha beans, hard candies arranged with multicolored paper flowers; ultimate chocolate kiss, one foot tall and four pounds solid milk chocolate; chocolate sauce, bittersweet, with peppermint or orange flavor. Pièce de résistance: edible baby-grand piano, about two feet by three feet, made of slivered butter-almond crunch, with keys of marzipan and chocolate; sound-board sprinkled with tiny macaroons. Whole thing filled with Mozart Kugeln; all handmade in Germany by old-time artisans. Edible is right! Four to six weeks delivery on order. Cost: about two thousand dollars.

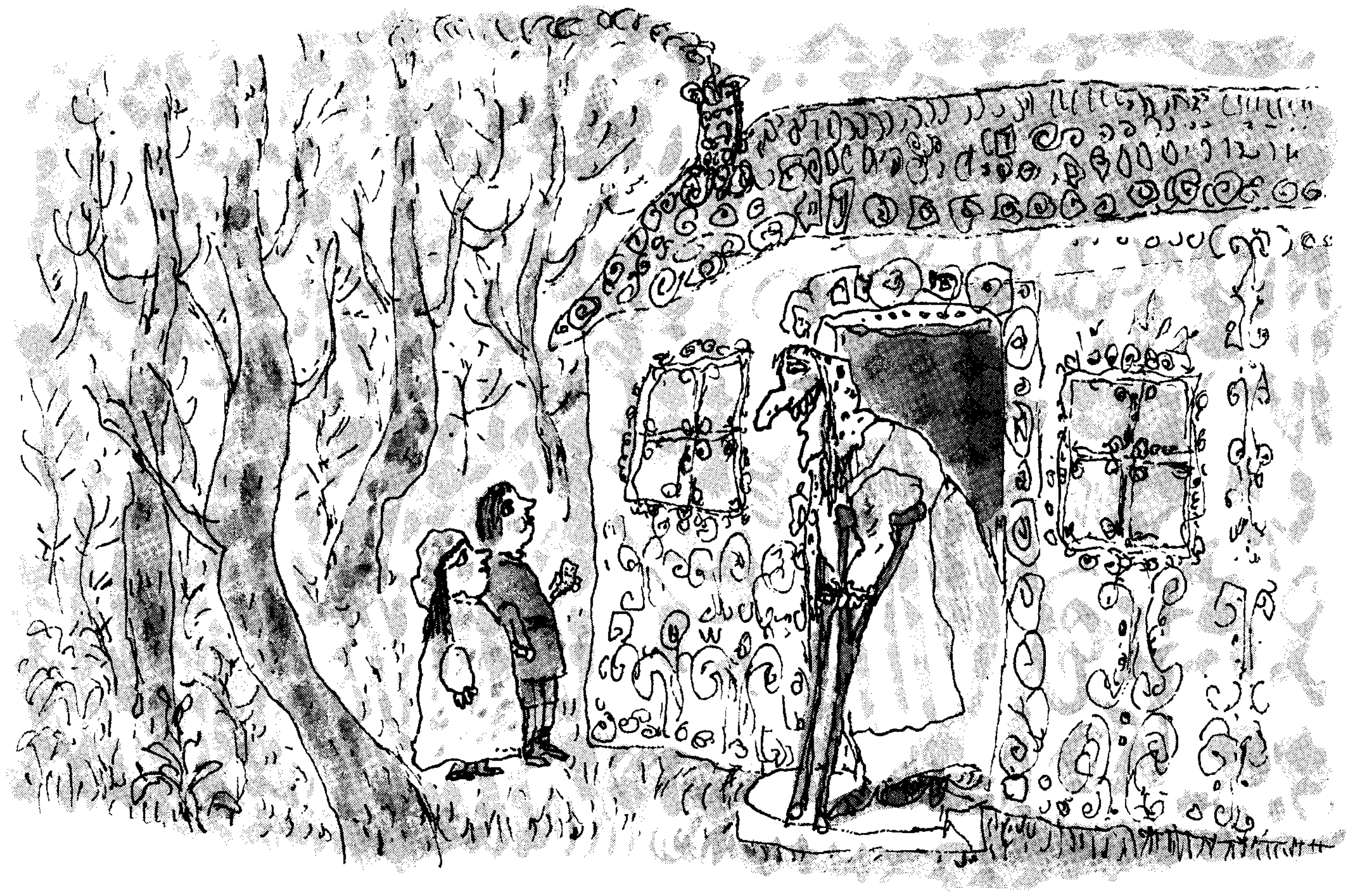
FAIRY TALES



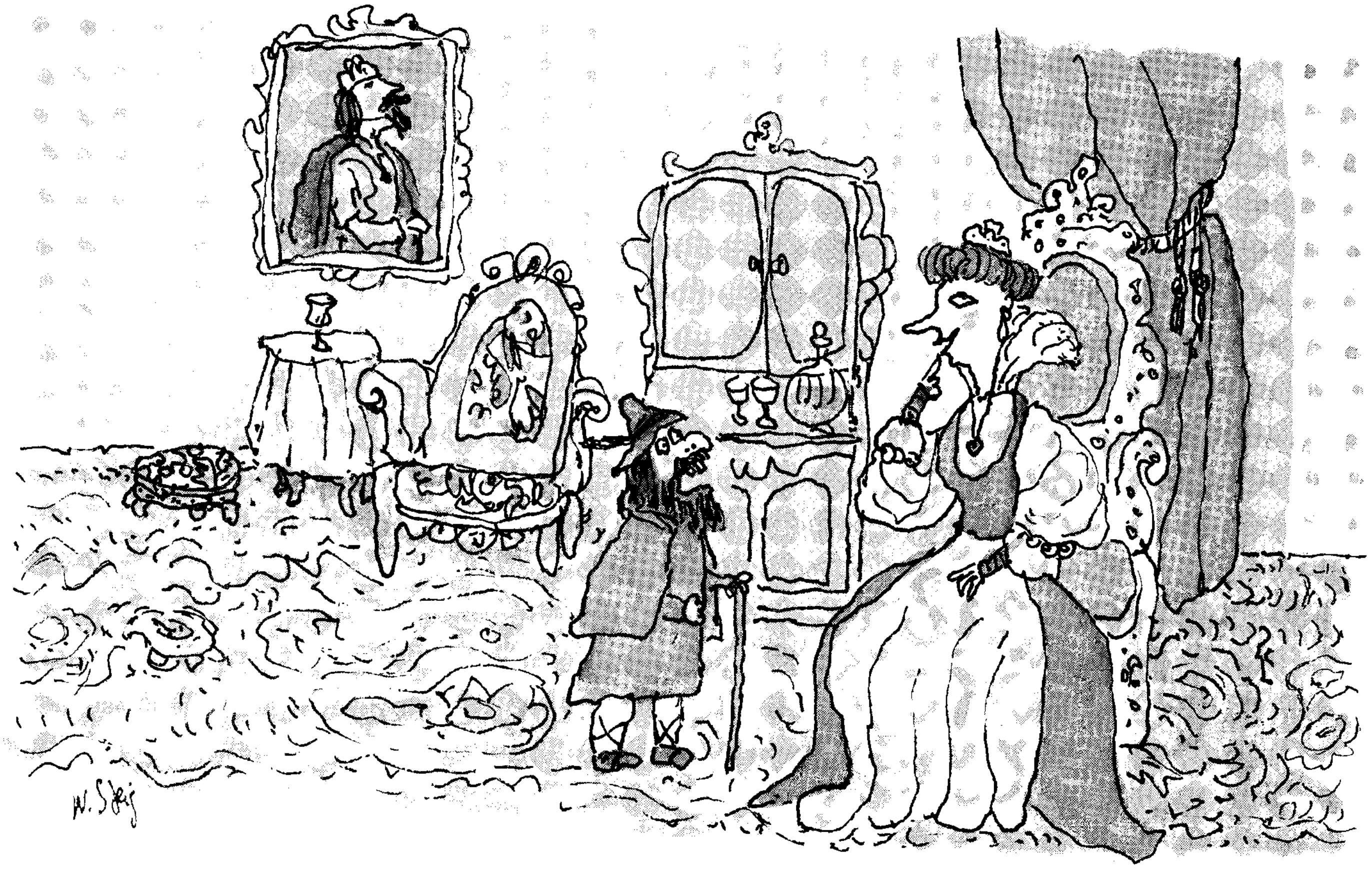
The Frog Prince calls on the Princess.



The Beast proposes to Beauty.



The Witch greets Hansel and Gretel.



The Queen "guesses" Rumpelstiltskin's name.

THE BRIDLE

THIS old station wagon with Minnesota plates pulls into a parking space in front of the window. There's a man and woman in the front seat, two boys in the back. It's July, temperature's one hundred degrees plus. The people in the station wagon look whipped. And who could blame them? There are clothes hanging inside; suitcases, boxes, and such piled in back. From what my husband, Harley, and I put together later, that's all they had left after the bank in Minnesota took their house, pickup truck, tractor, farm implements, and a few cows.

The people inside the station wagon sit for a minute, as if collecting themselves. The air-conditioner in our apartment is going full blast. Harley's around in back cutting grass. There's some discussion in the front seat, and then the couple get out and start for the front door. I pat my hair to make sure that it's in place and wait till they push the doorbell for the second time. Then I go to let them in. "You're looking for an apartment?" I say. "Come on in here where it's cool." I show them into the living room. The living room is where I do business. It's where I collect rents, write out receipts, and talk to interested parties. I also do hair. I call myself a "hair stylist." That's what my cards say. I don't like the word "beautician." It's an old-time word. I have the chair in a corner of the living room, and a dryer I can pull up to the back of the chair. And there's a sink that Harley put in a few years ago. Alongside the chair I have a table with some magazines. The magazines are old. The covers are gone from some of them. But people will look at anything while they're under the dryer.

The man says his name. "My name is Holits." He tells me she's his wife. But she won't look at me. She looks at her nails instead. She and Holits won't sit down, either. He says they're interested in one of the furnished two-bedroom units.

"How many of you?" But I'm just saying what I always say. I know how many. I saw the two boys in the back seat. Two and two is four.

"Me and her and the two boys. The boys are thirteen and fourteen, and they'll share a room, like always."

She has her arms crossed and is holding the sleeves of her blouse. She takes in the chair and the sink as if she's never seen their like before. Maybe she hasn't.

"I do hair," I say.

She nods. Then she gives my prayer plant the once-over. It has exactly five leaves to it.

"That needs watering," I say. I go over and touch one of its leaves. "Everything around here needs water. There's not enough moisture in the air. It rains three times a year, if we're lucky. But you'll get used to it. We had to get used to it. But everything here, and I mean everything, is air-conditioned."

"How much is the apartment?" Holits wants to know.

I tell him, and he turns to see what she thinks. But he may as well have been looking at the wall. She won't give him back his look. "I guess we'll have you show us," he says. So I move to get the key for 17, and we go outside.

I hear Harley before I see him. Then he comes into sight between the buildings. He's moving along behind the power mower in his Bermudas and T-shirt, wearing a straw hat he bought in Nogales. He spends his time cutting grass and doing the small maintenance work. We work for a corporation, Fulton Terrace, Inc. They own this place. If anything major goes wrong, like air-conditioning trouble or something serious in the plumbing department, we have a list of phone numbers. I wave. I have to. He takes a hand off the mower handle and signals. Then he pulls the hat down over his forehead and gives his attention back to what he's doing. He comes to the end of his cut, makes his turn, and starts back toward the street.

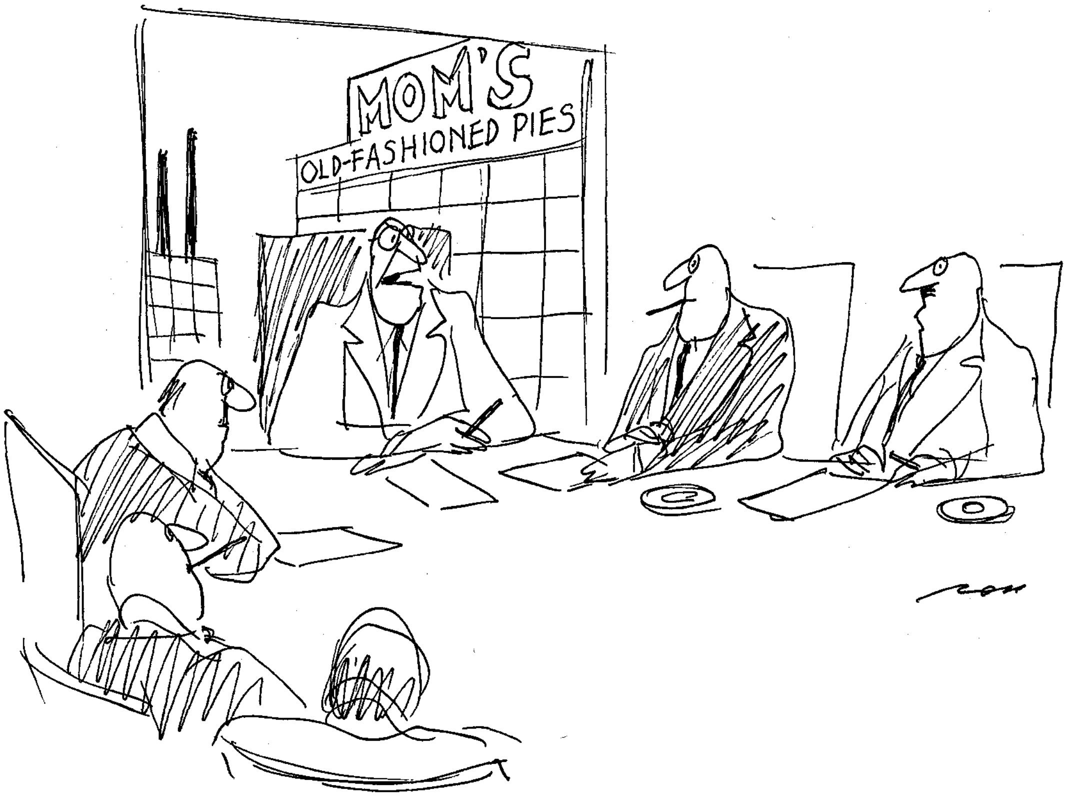
"That's Harley." I have to shout it. We go in at the side of the building and up some stairs. "What kind of work are you in, Mr. Holits?" I ask him.

"He's a farmer," she says.

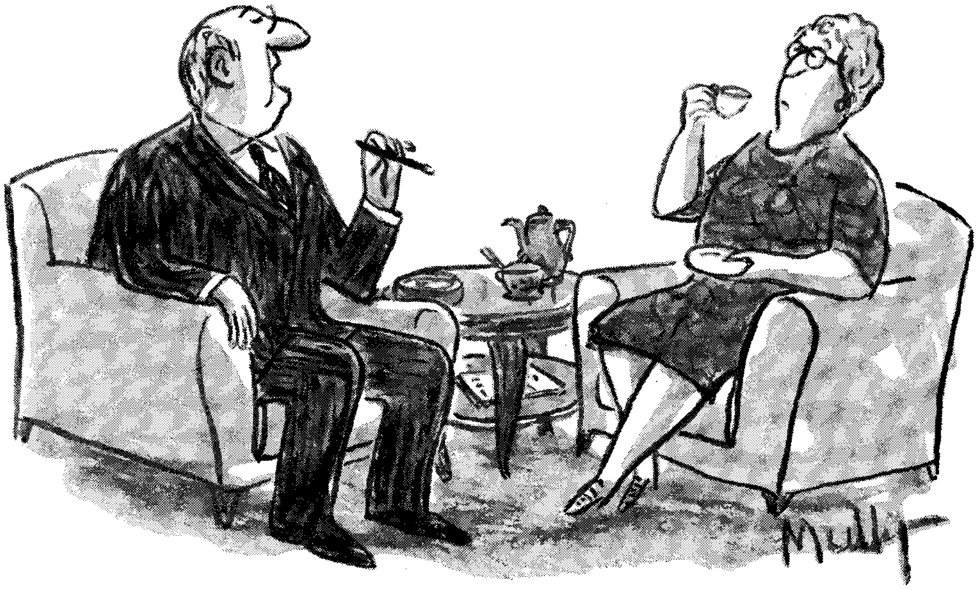
"No more."

"Not much to farm around here." I say it without thinking.

"We had us a farm in Minnesota. Raised wheat. A few cattle. And Holits knows horses. He knows everything there is about horses."



"Don't forget, everybody. Tomorrow is Mom's birthday."



"I apologize for that last remark, Edwina. I didn't mean to get cute."

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"That's all right, Betty."

I get a piece of the picture then. Holits is unemployed. It's not my affair, and I feel sorry if that's the case—it is, it turns out—but as we stop in front of the unit I have to say something. "If you decide, it's first month, last month, and a hundred and fifty security deposit." I look down at the pool as I say it. Some people are sitting in deck chairs, and there's somebody in the water.

Holits wipes his face with the back of his hand. Harley's mower is clacking away. Farther off, cars speed by on Calle Verde. The two boys have got out of the station wagon. One of them is standing at military attention, legs together, arms at his sides. But as I watch I see him begin to flap his arms up and down and jump, like he intends to take off and fly. The other one is squatting down on the driver's side of the station wagon doing knee bends. I turn to Holits.

"Let's have a look," he says.

I turn the key and the door opens. It's just a little two-bedroom furnished apartment. Everybody has seen dozens. Holits stops in the bathroom long enough to flush the toilet. He watches till the tank fills. Later he says, "This could be our room." He's talking about the bedroom that looks out over the pool. In the kitchen, the woman takes hold of the edge of the drainboard and stares out the window.

"That's the swimming pool," I say.

She nods. "We stayed in some motels that had swimming pools. But in one pool they had too much chlorine in the water."

I wait for her to go on. But that's all she says. I can't think of anything else, either.

"I guess we won't waste any more time. I guess we'll take it." Holits looks at her as he says it. This time she meets his eyes. She nods. He lets out breath through his teeth. Then she does something. She begins snapping her fingers. One hand is still holding the edge of the drainboard, but with her other hand she begins snapping her fingers. Snap, snap, snap, like she was calling her dog, or else trying to get somebody's attention. Then she stops and runs her nails across the counter.

I don't know what to make of it. Holits doesn't, either. He moves his feet.

"We'll walk back to the office and make things official," I say. "I'm glad." I *was* glad. For some reason we had a lot of empty units for this time of year. And these people seemed like dependable people. Down on their luck, that's all. No disgrace can be attached to that.

Holits pays in cash—first, last, and the hundred-and-fifty deposit. He counts out bills of fifty-dollar denomination while I watch. U. S. Grants, Harley calls them, though he's never seen that many himself. I write out Holits's receipt and give him two keys. "You're all set."

He looks at the keys. He hands her one. "So, we're in Arizona. Never thought you'd see this place, did you?"

She shakes her head. She's touching one of the leaves belonging to my prayer plant. "Needs water," I say. She lets go of the leaf and turns to the window. I go over next to her. Harley is still cutting grass. But he's around in front now. There's been this talk of farming, so for a minute I can imagine Harley moving along behind a plow, instead of his Black & Decker power mower.

I WATCH them unload their boxes, suitcases, and clothes. Holits carries in something that has straps dangling from it. It takes a minute, but then I figure out it's a bridle. I don't know what to do next. I don't feel like doing anything. So I take the Grants out of the cashbox. I just put them in there, but I take them out again. The bills have come from Minnesota. Who knows where they'll be this time next week? Las Vegas, maybe. All I know about Las Vegas is what I see on TV—about enough to put into a thimble. I can imagine one of the Grants finding its way out to Waikiki Beach, or else some other place. Miami or New York City. New Orleans. I think about one of those bills changing hands during Mardi Gras. They could go anyplace, and anything could happen because of them. I write my name in ink across Grant's broad old forehead: "MARGE." I print it. I do it on all the bills. Right over his thick brows. People will stop in the midst of their spending and wonder. Who's this Marge, they'll ask themselves.

Harley comes in from outside and washes his hands in my sink. He knows it's something I don't like him to do. But he goes ahead and does it anyway. "Those people from Minnesota," he says. "The Swedes. They're a long way from home." He dries his hands on a paper towel. He wants me to tell him what I know. But I don't know anything. They don't look like Swedes and they don't talk like Swedes.

"They're not Swedes," I tell him. But he acts like he doesn't hear me. Maybe he doesn't.

"So what's he do?"

"He's a farmer."

"What do you know about that?" He takes his hat off and puts it on my chair. He runs a hand through his hair. Then he looks at the hat and puts it on again. He may as well be glued to it. "There's not much to farm around here. Did you tell him that?" He gets a can of soda pop from the fridge and goes to sit in his recliner. He picks up the remote-control device, pushes something, and the TV sizzles on. He pushes other buttons until he finds the channel he's looking for. It's a hospital show. "What else does the Swede do? Besides farm?"

I don't know, so I don't say anything. But he's already taken up with his program. He's probably forgotten he asked me the question. A siren goes off. I hear the screech of tires. On the screen, an ambulance has come to a stop in front of an emergency-room entrance, its red lights flashing. A man in white jumps out on the driver's side and runs around to open the back door of the ambulance.

THE next afternoon the boys borrow the hose and wash the station wagon. They clean the outside and the inside. A little later, I notice her drive away. She's wearing high heels and a nice dress. Job hunting, I'd say. After a while, I see the boys messing around the pool in their bathing suits. One of them springs off the board and swims the length of the pool underwater. He comes up blowing water and shaking his head. The other boy, the one who'd been doing knee bends the day before, lies on his stomach on a towel at the far side of the pool. But this one boy keeps swimming back and forth from one end of the pool to the other, touching the wall and turning back with a little kick.

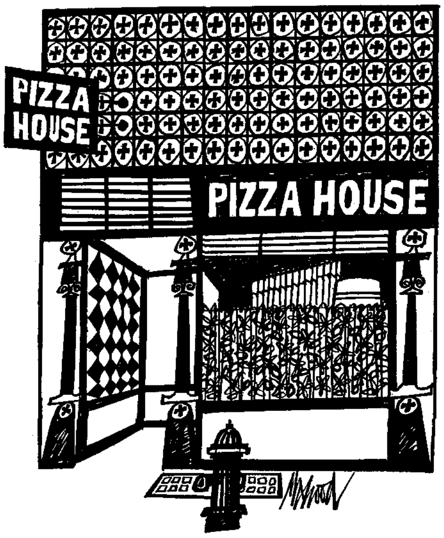
There are two other people in the pool area. They're in lounge chairs, one on either side of the pool. One of them is Irving Cobb, a cook at Denny's restaurant. He calls himself Chef. People have taken to calling him that, Chef, instead of Irv or some other nickname. Chef is fifty-five years old and bald. He already looks like beef jerky, but he wants more sun. Even the dome of his head is brown. Right now, his new wife, Linda Cobb, is at work at K Mart. Chef works nights. But he and Linda Cobb have it arranged so they take their Saturdays and their Sundays off. Connie Nova is in the other chair. As I watch, she sits up and leans forward to rub lotion over her bare legs. She's nearly naked —just a bikini covering her. Connie Nova is a cocktail waitress who moved in here six months ago with her so-called fiancé, an alcoholic lawyer. She got rid of him. Now she lives with a long-haired student from the college. The long-hair's name is Rick. I happen to know he's away right now, visiting his parents. Chef and Connie are wearing dark glasses. Connie's portable radio is going.

Chef was a recent widower when he moved in, a year or so back. But after a few months of bachelorhood he got married to Linda. She's a red-haired woman in her thirties. I don't know how they met. But one night a couple of months ago Chef and the new Mrs. Cobb had Harley and me over to a nice dinner that Chef fixed. After dinner, we sat in their living room drinking sweet drinks out of big glasses. Chef asked if we wanted to see home movies. We said sure. So Chef proceeded to set up his screen and his projector. Linda Cobb poured us more of that sweet drink. Where's the harm, I asked myself. Chef began to show films of a trip he and his first wife had made to Alaska. The film began with Chef's deceased wife boarding the plane in Seattle. Chef talked as he ran the projector. The deceased was in her fifties, good-looking, though maybe a little heavy. Her hair was nice.

"That's Chef's first wife," Linda Cobb said. "That's the first Mrs. Cobb."

"That's Evelyn," Chef said.

The first wife stayed on the screen for a long while. I was uncomfortable having to look at her and hear them talk about her like nothing was unusual. Harley passed me a look, so I



RUMOR AT TWILIGHT

Rumor at twilight of whisper, crepuscular
Agitation, from no quarter defined, or something
Like the enemy fleet below the horizon in
Its radio blackout, unobserved. In a dark cave
Back on your land, like dark fruit, bats hang. Droppings
Of generations, soft underfoot, would carpet the gravel—
That is, if you came there. As you never do. Have you ever
Felt, between thumb and forefinger, the texture
Of the bat's wing? Their hour soon comes.

You stand in the dark, under maples, digesting
Dinner. You have no particular
Financial worries, just nags. Your children
Seem to respect you. Your wife is kind. Fireflies
Punctuate the expensive blackness of shrubbery,
That prickling glow—here, there—like the phosphorescent
Moments of memory when, in darkness, your head
Dents the dark pillow, eyes wide, ceilingward.
Can you really reconstruct your mother's smile?

You stand in the dark, heart even now filling, and think of
A boy who, drunk with the perfume of hedge blossoms
And massive moonrise, stood
In a long lane and cried out,
In a rage of joy, to seize, and squeeze significance
From whatever life is—whatever. Above,
High over your maples, the moon now presides. The first bat
Mathematically zigzags the stars. You fling down
The cigarette butt. Set heel on it. It is time to go in.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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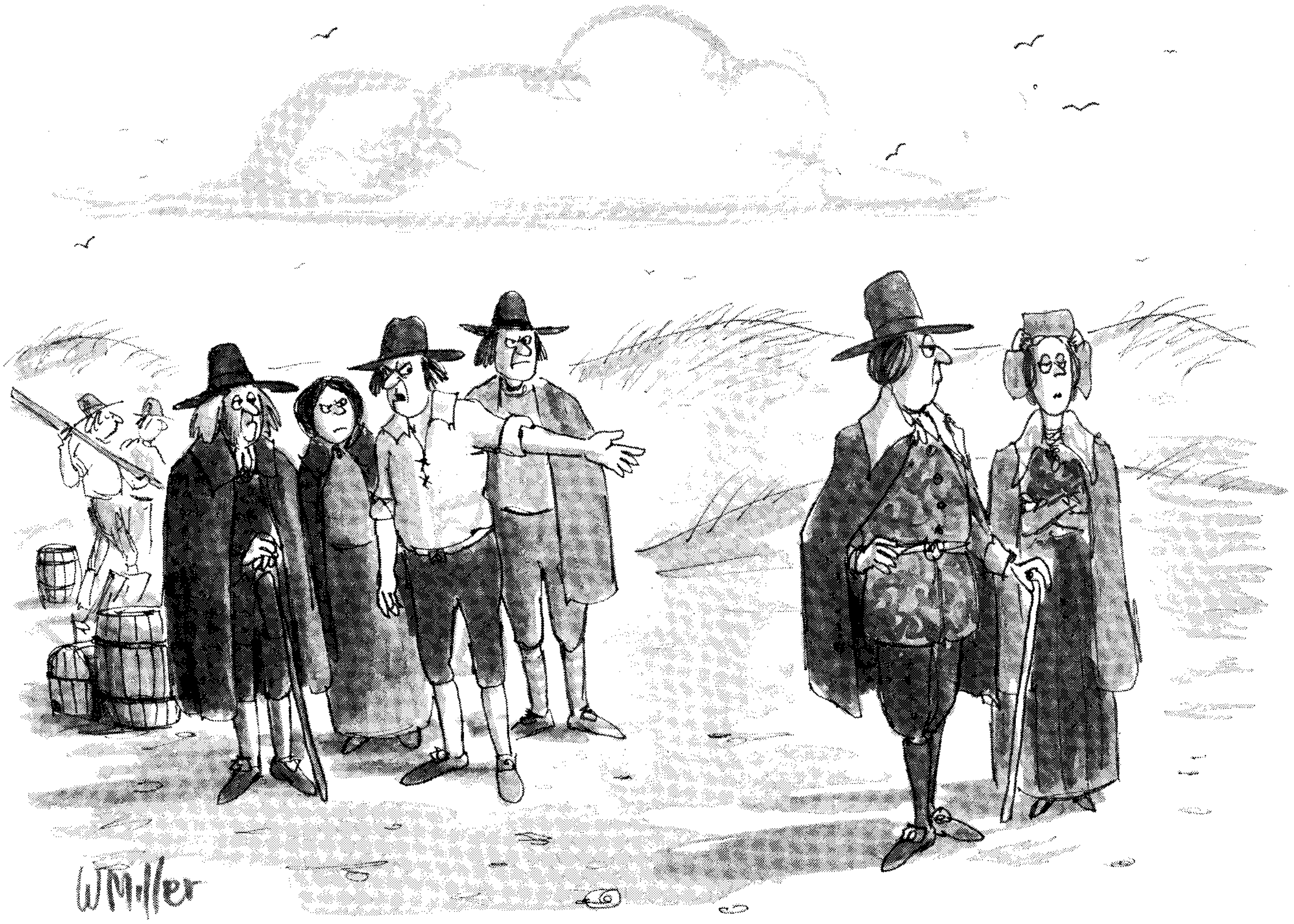


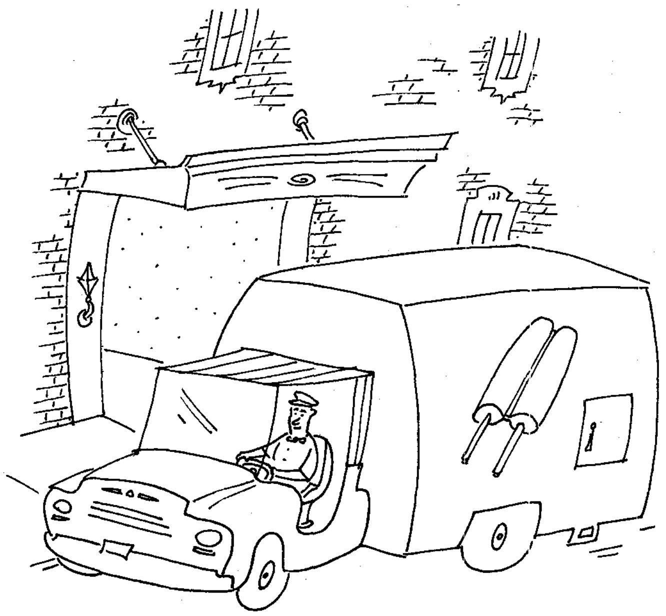
"We're for calling it 'Hampton,' but they want to call it 'the Hamptons.'"

• •

know he was feeling something, too. Linda Cobb asked if we wanted another drink, or a macaroon. We didn't. Chef was saying something about the first Mrs. Cobb again. She was still at the entrance to the plane, smiling and mouthing words as the film whirred through the projector behind my head. People had to go around her to board. She kept waving at the camera, waving at us there in Chef's living room. She waved and waved. "There's Evelyn again," the new Mrs. Cobb would say each time the first Mrs. Cobb appeared on the screen. Chef would have shown films all night, but we said we had to go. Harley made the excuse. I don't remember what he said.

Connie Nova is lying on her back in the chair, dark glasses covering half of her face. Her legs and stomach gleam with oil. One night, not long after she moved in, she had a party. This was before she kicked the lawyer out and took up with the long-haired student. She called her party a housewarming. Harley and I were invited, along with a bunch of other people. We went, but we didn't care for the company. We found a place to sit close to the door, and that's where we stayed till we left. It wasn't all that long, either. Connie's boyfriend was giving a grand door prize. It consisted of the offer of his legal services, without charge—specifically for the handling of a divorce. Anybody's divorce. Anybody who wanted to could draw a card out of the bowl of lawyer cards he passed around. When the bowl came in our direction, everybody began to laugh. Harley and I swapped glances. I didn't draw. Harley didn't draw, either. But I saw him look in the bowl at the pile of cards. Then he shook his head and handed the bowl to the person next to him. Even Chef and the new Mrs. Cobb drew cards. The winning card had something written across the back. "Entitles bearer to one free uncontested divorce," and the lawyer's signature and the date. The lawyer was a drunk, but this is no way to conduct your life. Everybody but us had put his hand into the bowl, like it was a fun thing to do. The woman who drew the winning card clapped. It was like one of those game shows. "God damn, this is the first time I ever won anything!" I was told she had a husband in the military. There's no way of knowing if she still has him, or if she got her divorce, because Connie Nova took up with a different set of friends after she and the lawyer went their separate ways. We left the party right after the drawing. It made such an impression we couldn't say much afterwards, except one of us said, "I don't believe I saw what I think I saw." Maybe I said it.

A WEEK later Harley asks if the Swede—he means Holits—has found work yet. We've just had lunch, and he's in his chair with his can of pop. But he hasn't turned his TV on. I say I don't know. And I don't. I wait to see what else he has to say. But he doesn't say anything else. He shakes



his head. He seems to think about something. Then he pushes a button and the TV comes to life.

She finds a job. She starts working as a waitress in an Italian restaurant a few blocks from the apartment. She works a split shift, doing lunches and then going home, then back to work again in time for the dinner shift. She's meeting herself coming and going. The boys swim all day, while Holits stays inside the apartment. I don't know what he does in there. Once, I did her hair and she told me a few things about herself. She told me she did waitressing when she was just out of high school and that's where she met Holits. She served him some pancakes in a café back in Minnesota.

She'd walked down that morning and asked if I could do her a big favor. She wanted me to fix her hair later, after her lunch shift, and have her out in time for her dinner shift. Could I do that? I told her I'd check the book. I asked her to step inside. It must have been a hundred degrees already.

"I know it's short notice," she said. "But when I came in from work last night I looked in the mirror and saw my roots starting to show. I said to myself, 'I need a treatment.' I don't know where else to go."

I find Friday, August 14th. There's nothing on the page. "I could work you in at two-thirty, or else at three o'clock."

"Three would be better. I have to run for it now before I'm late. I work for a real bastard. See you later."

At two-thirty I tell Harley I have a customer, so he'll have to take his baseball game into the bedroom. He grumps, but he winds up the cord and wheels the set into the bedroom. He closes the door. I make sure everything I need for the job is ready. I arrange the magazines so they're easy to get to. Then I sit next to the dryer and file my nails. I'm wearing the rose-colored uniform that I put on when I do hair. I go on filing my nails and look up at the window from time to time.

She walks by the window and then pushes the doorbell. "Come on in," I call. "It's unlocked."

She's wearing the black-and-white uniform from her job. It strikes me that we're both wearing uniforms. "Sit down, honey, and we'll get started." She looks at the nail file. "I give manicures, too," I say.

"No, that's all right." She settles into the chair and draws a breath.

"Put your head back. That's it. Close your eyes now, why don't you? Just relax. First I'll shampoo you and touch up these roots. Then we'll go from there. How much time do you have?"

"I have to be back there at five-thirty."

"We'll get you fixed up."

"I can eat at work. But I don't know what Holits and the boys will do for their supper."

"They'll get along fine without you." I start the warm water and then notice Harley's left me some dirt and grass. I wipe up his traces and start over. "If they want, they can just walk down the street to that hamburger place. It won't hurt them."

"They won't do that. Anyway, I don't want them to have to go there."

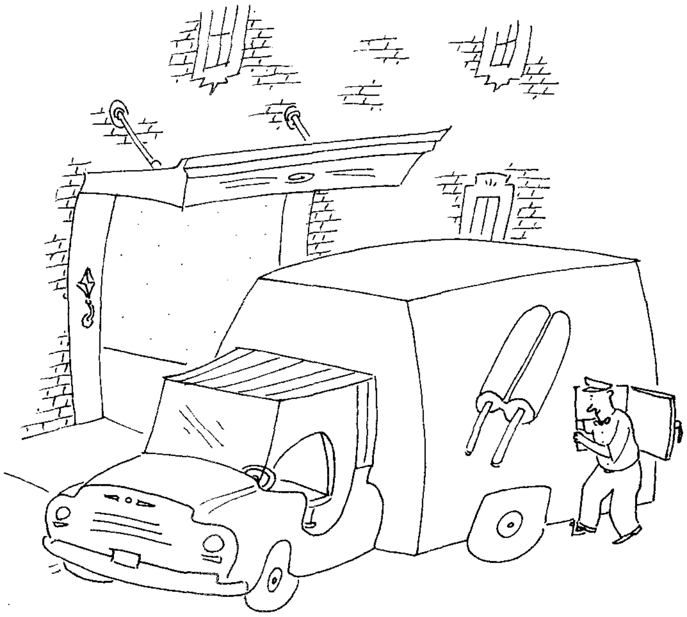
It's none of my business, so I don't say any more. I make up a nice lather and go to work. After I've done the shampoo, rinse, and set, I put her under the dryer. Her eyes have closed. I think she could be asleep. So I take one of her hands and begin.

"No manicure." She opens her eyes.

"It's all right, honey. The first manicure is always free of charge."

"In that case, thanks." She picks up one of the magazines. She flips the pages with her free hand and then lets it rest in her lap. "They're his boys. From his first marriage. He was divorced when we met. But I love them like they were my own. I couldn't love them any more if I tried. Even if I was their natural mother. Holits and I have been married for eight years, going on nine. We couldn't have any children. We tried. It must be my fault." I turn the dryer down a notch so that it's making a low, quiet sound. I keep on with her nails. Her hand starts to relax.

"But that's the way it goes. Those that want to can't. And, sometimes, them that can shouldn't. She lit out on them, on Holits and the boys, on New Year's Day ten years ago. They never heard from her again." I can see she wants to tell me about it. And that's fine with me. They like to talk when



they're in the chair. I go on using the file. "Holits got the divorce. Some time later, he and I started going out. Then we got married. For a long while we had us a life. It had its ups and downs. But we thought we were working toward something. That's a laugh." She shakes her head. "But something happened in there. Something happened to Holits, I mean. One thing that happened was he got interested in race horses. This one particular race horse. He bought it, you know—something down, something each month. He took it around to the tracks. At the time, it didn't seem like he was letting any of the other things go. He was still up before daylight, like always, to do chores and such. I thought everything was all right. But I don't know anything. If you want the truth, I'm not very good at waiting tables. I think those wops would fire me at the drop of a hat, if I gave them a reason. Or for no reason! That's the kind of security I have these days. What if I got fired? Then what'd happen to us?"

"Don't worry, honey. They're not going to fire you."

Pretty soon she picks up another magazine. But she doesn't open it. She holds it and just goes on talking. "Anyway, there's this horse of his. Betty Bliss. The Bliss part is a joke. But he says it can't help be a winner if he names it after me. A big winner, all right. The fact is, wherever it ran it was a long shot. Every race. Betty Longshot—that's what it should have been called. In the beginning, I went to a few races. But the horse always ran ninety-nine to one. Odds like that. Holits is stubborn, if he's anything. He wouldn't give up. He'd bet on the horse and bet on the horse. Twenty dollars to win. Fifty dollars to win. Plus all the other expenses for keeping a horse. I know it don't sound like a large amount. But it adds up. And when the odds were like that—ninety-nine to one, you know—sometimes he'd buy a combination ticket. He'd ask me if I realized how much money we'd make if the horse came in first. But it ran last, as always. I quit going."

I keep on with what I'm doing. I concentrate on her nails. "You have nice cuticles," I say. "Look here at your cuticles. See these little half-moons? Means your blood's good."

She brings her hand up close and looks. "What do you know about that?" She shrugs. She lets me take her hand again. She's still got things to tell. "Once, when I was in high school, a counsellor asked me to come to her office. She did it with all the girls, one of us at a time. 'What dreams do you have?' this woman asked me. 'What goals have you set for yourself? What do you see yourself doing in ten years? Twenty years?' I was sixteen or seventeen at the time. I was just a kid. I couldn't think what to answer. I sat there like a lump. Then I grinned. My life was just beginning. This counsellor was about the age I am now. I thought she was *old*. 'She's old,' I said to myself. 'Washed up, probably.' Maybe she was. Christ, who knows? Who knows anything? But I knew *her* life was half over. And I felt like I knew something she didn't. Something she'd never know. A secret. Something nobody's supposed to know, let alone talk about. So I stayed quiet. I just shook my head. She must've written me off as a retard. Come to think of it, maybe I was. Maybe I am! I think I may have started to grin some more. But I couldn't say anything. You know what I mean? I thought I knew things she couldn't guess at. Now, if anybody asked me that question again, about my dreams and all, I'd tell them."

"What would you tell them, honey?" I have her other hand now. But I'm not doing her nails. I'm just holding it, waiting to hear.

She moves forward in the chair. She tries to take her hand back.

"What would you tell them?"

She sighs and leans back. She lets me keep the hand. "I'd say, 'Dreams, you know, are what you wake up from.' That's what I'd say." She smooths the lap of her skirt. "If anybody asked, that's what I'd say. But they won't ask. As I said." She lets out her breath again. "So how much longer?"

"Not long," I say.

"You don't know what it's like."

"Yes, I do," I say. I pull the stool right up next to her legs. I'm starting to tell how it was before we moved here, and how it's still like that. But

Harley picks that minute to come out of the bedroom. He doesn't look at us. As far as he's concerned, we're not there. I hear the TV jabbering away in the bedroom. Harley goes to the sink and draws a glass of water. He tips his head back to drink. His Adam's apple moves up and down in his throat.

I move the dryer away and touch the hair at both sides of her head. I lift one of the curls just a little.

"You look brand-new, honey."

"Don't I wish."

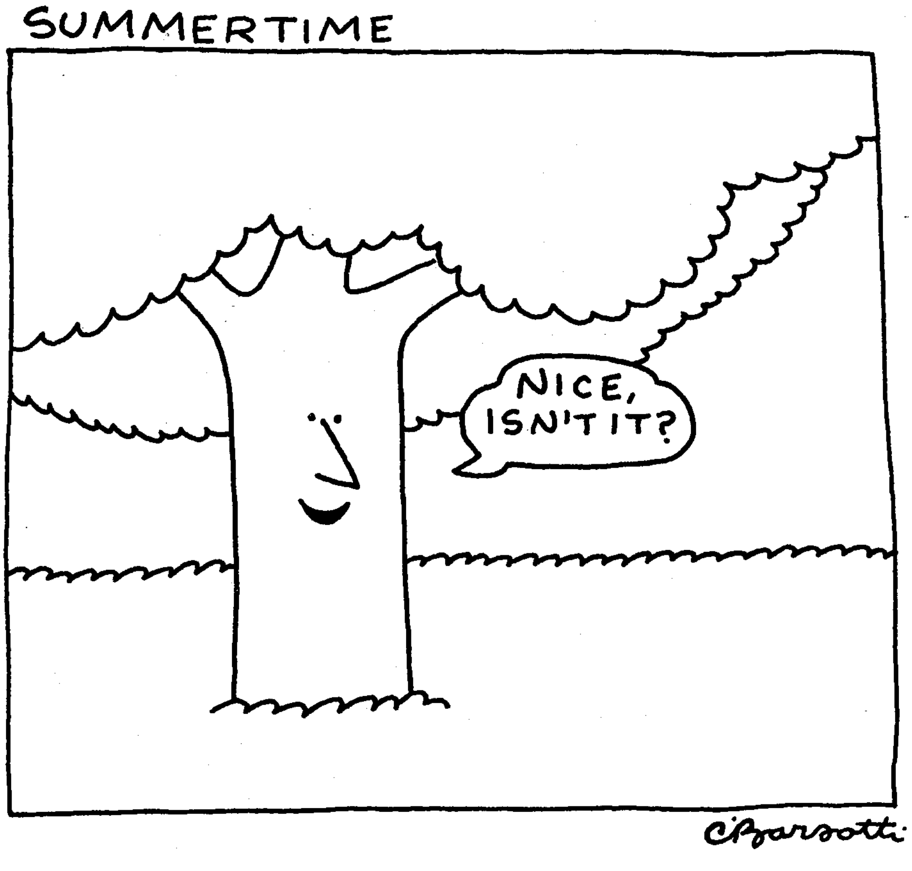
THE boys continue to swim all day, every day, till their school starts. Betty keeps her job, but for some reason she doesn't come back to get her hair done. I don't know why this is. Maybe she doesn't think I did a good job. But I think it's something else. Sometimes I lie awake, Harley sleeping like a grindstone beside me, and try to picture myself in her shoes. I wonder what I'd do then.

Holits sends one of his sons with the rent on the first of September, and on the first of October, too. He still pays in cash. I take the money from the boy, count the bills right there in front of him, and then write out the receipt. Holits has found work of some sort. I think so, anyway. In any case, he drives off every day with the station wagon. I see him leave early in the morning and drive back late in the afternoon. She goes past the window at ten-thirty and comes back at three. If she sees me, she gives me a little wave. But she's not smiling. Then I see her again at five, walking back to the restaurant. Holits drives in a little later. This goes on till mid-October.

Meanwhile, the Holits couple had acquainted themselves with Connie Nova and her long-haired boyfriend, Rick. And they'd also met up with Chef and the new Mrs. Cobb. Sometimes, on a Sunday afternoon, I'd see all of them sitting around the pool, drinks in their hands, listening to Connie's portable radio. On one such occasion, Harley saw them behind the building, in the barbecue area. They were in their bathing suits then, too. Harley remarked that the Swede had a chest like a bull. He said they were eating hot dogs and drinking whiskey. He said they were drunk.

IT was Saturday, and it was after eleven at night. Harley was asleep in his chair in front of the TV. Pretty soon I'd have to get up and turn off the set. When I did that, I knew he'd wake up. "Why'd you turn that off? I was watching that show." That's what he'd say. He always said that. That's one reason I hated to turn it off. Anyway, the TV was going. I had the curlers in, and a magazine on my lap. Now and then I'd glance at the TV. But I couldn't concentrate on the show or on anything else. For the last hour they'd all been in the pool area. They'd moved the party out there. Chef and Linda Cobb, Connie Nova and the long-haired boyfriend, Holits and Betty. We have a rule against anyone being out there after ten o'clock. But this night they didn't care about rules. If Harley woke up, he'd go out and say something. I felt it was all right for them to have their fun, but enough is enough. I wanted them to stop. I kept getting up and going over to the window. All of them except Betty had on bathing suits. She was still in her black-and-white uniform. But she had her shoes off, a glass in her hand, and she was drinking along with the rest of them. I kept postponing having to turn off the set. Then one of them shouted something, and another one took it up and began to laugh. I looked and saw Holits finish off his drink. He put the glass down on the deck. Then he walked over to the cabaña. He dragged up one of the tables and climbed onto that. Then—he seemed to do it without any effort at all—he lifted himself up onto the roof of the cabaña. It's true, I thought; he's built like a Tarzan. The long-hair, Rick, claps his hands, as if he's applauding Holits. The rest of them are hooting him on, too. I know I'm going to have to go out and put a stop to it.

Harley's slumped in his chair. The TV's still going. I ease the door open, step out, and then push it shut behind me. Holits is up on the roof of the cabaña. They're egging him on. They're saying, "Go on, you can do it." "Don't belly-flop now." "I double-dare you." Things like that. Then I hear Betty's voice. "Holits, think what you're doing." But Holits just stands there at the edge of the roof. He looks down at the water. He seems to be calculating how much of a run he's going to have to make to get out there. He backs up to the far side of the cabaña. He spits in his palm and rubs his hands together. Chef calls out, "That's it, boy! You'll do it now." And at that instant Holits breaks for it.



I see him hit the deck. I hear him,

too. "Holits!" Betty cries. They all hurry over to him. By the time I get there, he's sitting up. Rick is holding him by the shoulders and yelling into his face. "Holits! Hey, man!" Holits has this gash on his forehead, and his eyes are glassy. Chef and Rick help him into a deck chair. Somebody gives him a towel. But Holits holds the towel as if he doesn't know what he's supposed to do with it. Somebody else hands him a drink. But Holits doesn't know what to do with that, either. People keep saying things to him. Holits brings the towel up to his face. Then he takes it away and looks at the blood. But he just looks at it. He can't seem to understand anything.

"These are the Murchinsons. They're on standby."

"Let me see him." I get around in front of him. It's bad. "Holits, are you all right?" But Holits just looks at me, without registering, and then his eyes drift off. "I think he'd best go to the emergency room." Betty looks at me when I say this and begins to shake her head. She looks back at Holits. She gives him another towel. I think she's sober. But the rest of them are drunk. Drunk is the best that can be said for them.

Chef picks up what I said. "Let's take him to the emergency room." Rick says, "I'll go, too."

"We'll all go," Connie Nova says.

"We better stick together," Linda Cobb says.

"Holits." I say his name again.

"I can't go it," Holits says.

"What'd he say?" Connie Nova asks me.

"He said he can't go it," I tell her.

"Go what? What's he talking about?" Rick wants to know.

"Say again?" Chef says. "I didn't hear."

"He says he can't go it. I don't think he knows what he's talking about. He might have a concussion. You'd best take him to the hospital," I say. Then I remember Harley and the rules. "You shouldn't have been out here. Any of you. We have rules. Now go on and take him to the hospital. It might be serious."

"Let's take him to the hospital." Chef says this as if it's something he's just thought of. He might be farther gone than any of them. For one thing, he can't stand still. He weaves. And he keeps picking up his bare feet and putting them down again, as if the deck were burning hot. The hair on his chest is snow white under the overhead pool lights.

"I'll get the car." That's what the long-hair says. "Connie, let me have the keys."

"I can't go it," Holits says. The towel has moved down to his chin. But the cut is on his forehead.

"Get him that terry-cloth robe. He can't go to the hospital that way." Linda Cobb says that. "Holits! Holits, it's us." She waits and then she takes the glass of whiskey from Holits's fingers and drinks from it.

I can see people at some of the windows, looking down on the commotion. Lights are going on in some of the other windows. "Go to bed!" someone yells from an upstairs window.

Finally, the long-hair brings Connie's Datsun from behind the building and drives it up close to the pool. The headlights are on bright. He races the engine.

"For Christ's sake, go to bed!" the same person yells. More people come to their windows. I expect to see Harley come out any minute, wearing his hat, steaming. Then I think, No, he'll sleep through it. Just forget Harley.

Chef and Connie Nova get on either side of Holits. Holits can't walk straight. He's wobbly. Part of it's because he's drunk. But there's no question he's hurt himself. They get him into the car, and they all crowd inside, too. Betty is the last to get in. She has to sit on somebody's lap. Then they drive off. Whoever it was that has been yelling slams the window shut. I dim the pool lights and walk back to the apartment.

For the next week, Holits doesn't leave the place. And I think Betty must have quit her job, because I don't see her pass the window anymore. One morning during that week, as the boys walk by, I go outside. I ask them, point-blank, "How's your dad?"

"He hurt his head," the younger one says.

I wait in hopes they'll volunteer something else. But they don't. They shrug and go on to school with their lunch sacks and binders. Later I was sorry I hadn't asked after their stepmom.

When I see Holits outside, wearing a bandage and standing on his balcony, he doesn't even nod. He acts like I'm a stranger. It's as if he doesn't know me or doesn't want to know me. But the thing is, he does know me. Harley says he's getting the same treatment. He doesn't like it. "What's with him?" Harley wants to know. "Damn Swede. What happened to his head? Somebody belt him or what?" I don't tell him anything when he says that. I don't go into it.

Then that Sunday afternoon I see one of the Holits boys carry out a box and put it in the station wagon. He goes back upstairs to their apartment. But pretty soon he comes back down with another box, and he puts that in the station wagon. It's then I know they're making ready to leave. But I don't say what I know to Harley. He'll know everything soon enough.

The next morning Betty sends one of the boys down. In a note she says she's sorry but they have to move. She gives me her sister's address in Southern California, where she says we can send their deposit money. She points out they're leaving eight days before their rent is up. She hopes there might be something in the way of a refund there, even though they haven't given the required thirty days' notice. In the note she says, "Thanks for everything. Thanks for doing my hair that time." She signs the note, "Sincerely, Betty Holits."

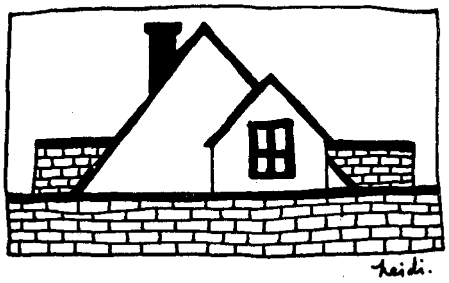
"What's your name?" I ask the boy.

"Billy."

"Billy, tell her I said I was sorry."

Harley reads what she's written and says it will be a cold day in Hell before they see any money back from Fulton Terrace. He says he can't understand these people. "People who sail through life like the world owes them a living." He asks me where they're going. But I don't have any idea where they're going. Maybe they're going back to Minnesota. How do I know where they're going? But I don't think they're going back to Minnesota. I think they're going someplace else to try their luck.

Connie Nova and Chef have their chairs in the usual places, one on either side of the pool. From time to time, they look over at the Holits boys carrying things out to the station wagon. Then Holits himself comes out with some clothes over his arm. Connie Nova and Chef holler and wave at him. At first, Holits looks at them like he doesn't know them, either. And maybe he doesn't. But then he raises his free hand. Just raises it, that's all. They wave. Then Holits is waving. He keeps waving at them, even after they've stopped. Betty comes downstairs and touches his arm. She doesn't wave. She won't even look at the people. She says something to Holits, and he goes on to the car. Connie Nova lies back in her chair and reaches over to turn up the radio. Chef holds his sunglasses in one hand and watches Holits and Betty for a while longer. Then he fixes the glasses over his ears. He settles himself in the lounge chair and goes back to tanning his leathery old self.



Finally, they're all loaded and ready to move on. The boys are in the back seat, Holits behind the wheel, Betty in the seat next to him. It's just like it was when they drove in here for the first time.

"What are you looking at?" Harley says. He's taking a break. He's in his chair, watching TV. But in a minute he turns off the TV. He gets up and comes over to the window. "Well, there they go. They don't know where

AN OLD WOMAN'S VISION

No better day to come,
The breath of a worm-soft wind
Lifts me above the hill
Above the narrow road through pine barrens;
I smell father's flower,
The long blue valerians, they stood
In a round of dark inkweed
And bird's-foot violets. The old skunk,
Midnight, sometimes sat
In that loft of the garden,
Invisible in the stripped light of the moon.

The visiting nurse said
My fever would spike after supper; the wind
Lifts and then drags fireflies
In white zigzags, in a child's chalk,
Through night air. There's no chance,
In crossing,
That love will fail. I buried the cat,

Then blood showed in the pail.
A spider sits in his milk plate.
My cat with his snowy neck
Died with a blood blister
On his pink shaved hip and now that the smell
Of dirt is on him,
Down in the yellowing underworld
Of bunchgrass, I fall back

And fly to where swamp gas
Rises to light the ditch to the old pond.
Here, all gooseflesh,
My husband waded through the reeds
Then to swim across to me;
The silk belly of a frog, he rose
From the bottom and broke the water
With a sound
Like a sucking stone going down . . .

—Norman Dubie

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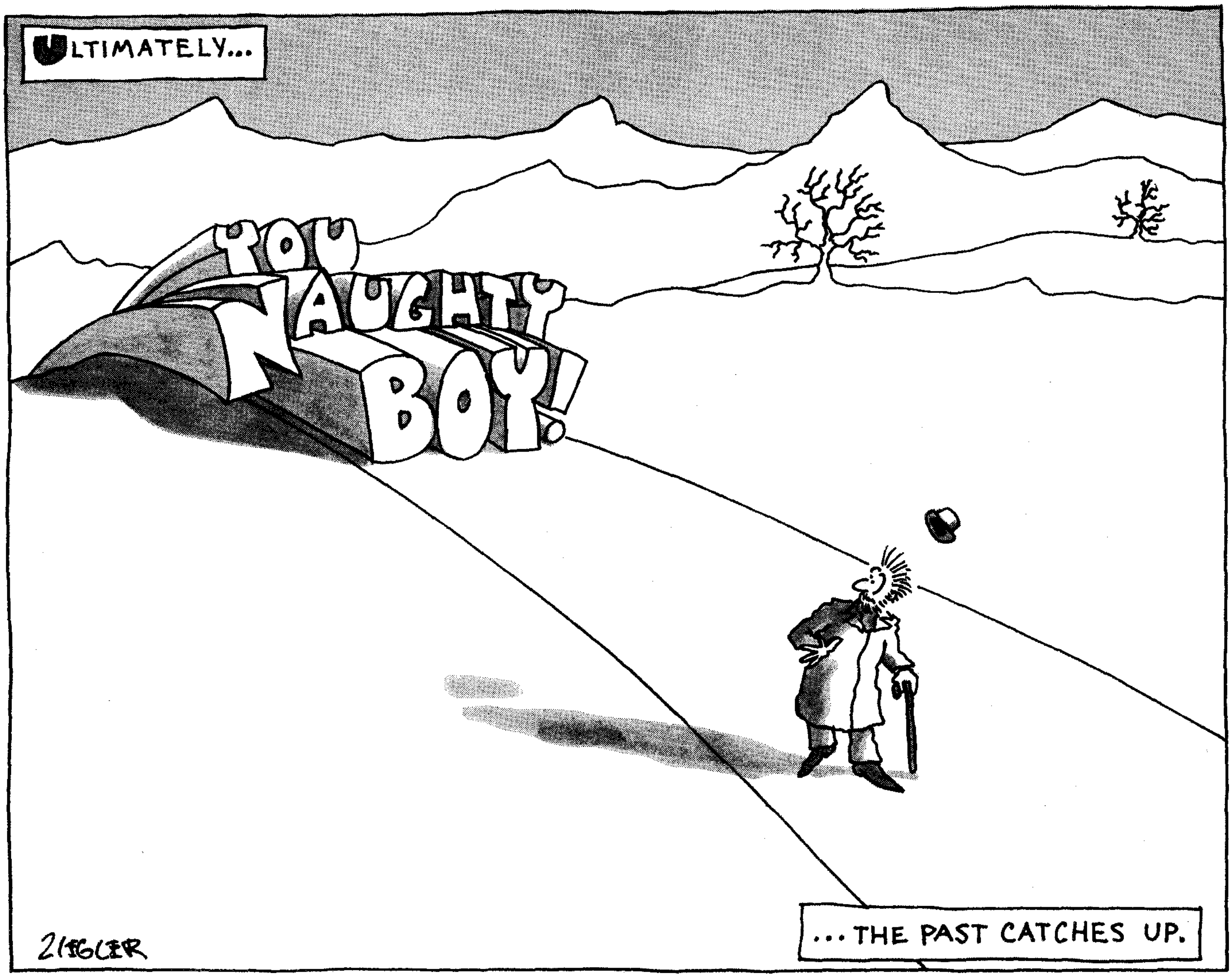
ULTIMATELY...
YOU NAUGHTY BOY!
...THE PAST CATCHES UP.
ZIEGLER

• •

they're going or what they're going to do. Crazy Swede."

I watch them drive out of the lot and turn onto the road that will take them to the freeway. Then I look at Harley again. He's settling into his chair. He has his can of pop, and he's wearing his straw hat. He acts like nothing has happened or ever will happen. He starts the TV.

"Harley?" But, of course, he can't hear me. I go over and stand in front of his chair. He's surprised. He doesn't know what to make of it. He leans back in the chair. Just sits there with the pop in his hand, looking at me.

The phone starts ringing.

"Get that, will you?" he says.

I don't answer him. Why should I?

"Let it ring, then," he says.

I go find the mop, some rags, S.O.S. pads, and a bucket. The phone stops ringing. He's still sitting there in his chair. But he's turned the TV off now. He's just sitting. I take the pass key, go outside and up the stairs to 17. I let myself in and walk through the living room to their kitchen—what used to be their kitchen.

The counters have been wiped down, the sink and cupboards are clean. It's not so bad. I leave the cleaning things on the stove and go take a look at the bathroom. Nothing there a little steel wool won't take care of. Then I open the door to the bedroom that overlooks the pool. The blinds are raised, and the bed is stripped. But the floor shines. "Thanks," I say out loud to Betty. Wherever she's going, I wish her luck. "Good luck, Betty." One of the bureau drawers is open and I move to close it. Back in a corner of the drawer I see the bridle he carried in that day. It must have been passed over in their hurry to pack. But maybe it wasn't. Maybe it was left on purpose.

"Bridle," I say. I hold it up to the window and look at it in the light. It's not fancy, it's just an old dark leather bridle. I don't know much about bridles. But I know that one part of the contraption fits into the mouth. That part's called the bit. It's made of steel. Reins go over the head and up to where they're held on the neck between the fingers. The rider pulls the reins this way and that, and the horse turns. It's simple. The bit's heavy and cold to the touch. If you had to wear this thing in between your teeth, you'd catch on in a hurry. When you felt it pull, you'd know it was time then. You'd know you were going somewhere. —Raymond Carver

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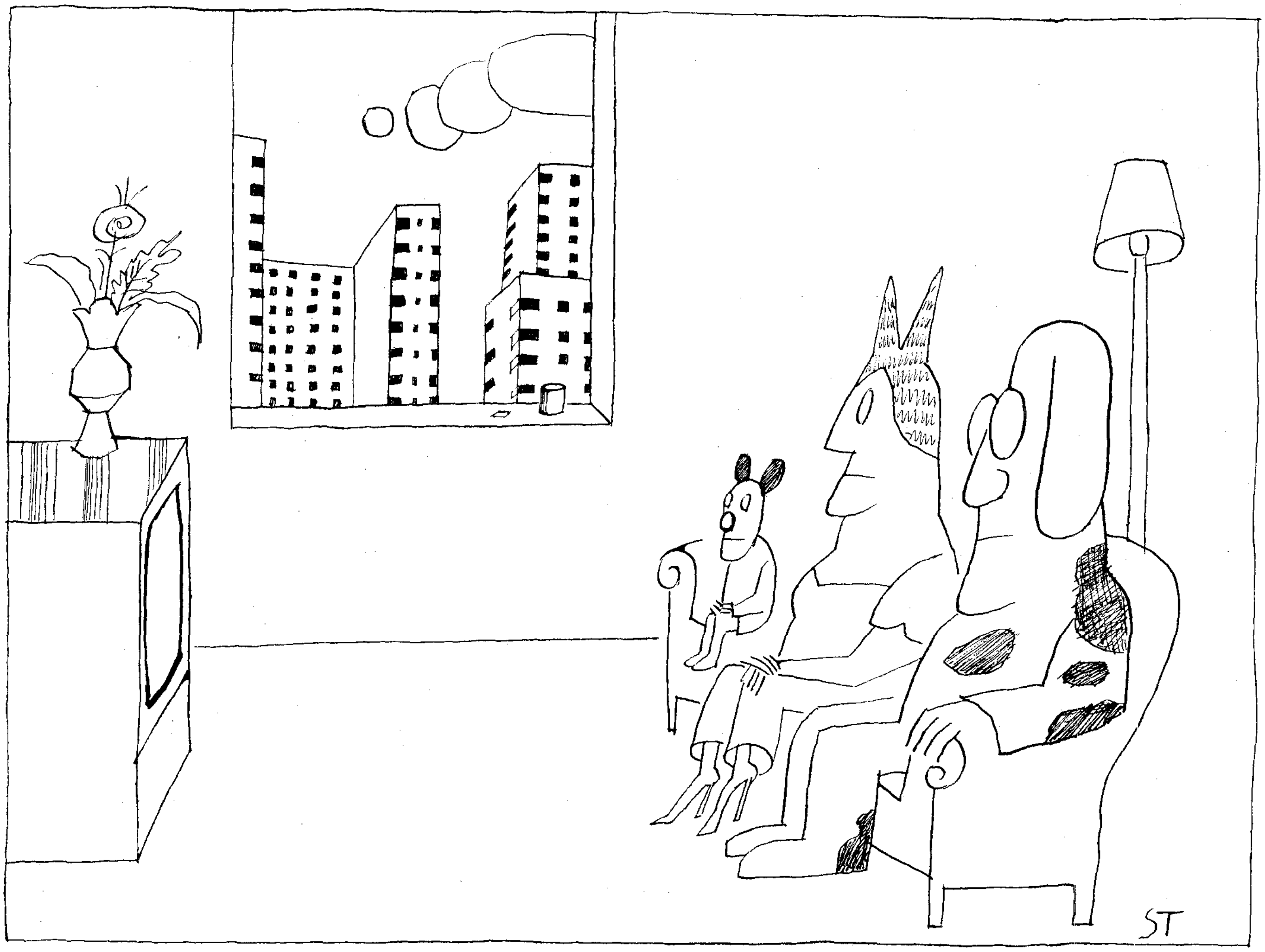
Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at $1.99 for all three and the fourth at the low members' price, plus postage and parking.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Never mind the fourth book. Just send us the three on the left.

PROFILES

THE CANDY FACTORY—I



Ed Sullivan, who in his heyday affected Americans' Sunday looking-and-listening habits almost as much as the Bible does, would scarcely have believed it. Sullivan—like Milton Berle, like Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca and other unchallengeable early claimants to niches in any television hall of fame—specialized in pure entertainment. So, with one notable exception, has every other ongoing television offering that has achieved conspicuous audience ratings of a size to make advertisers sit up and shell out. The exception is "60 Minutes," a fourteen-year-old phenomenon of the medium which since 1978, after establishing itself in CBS's Sunday 7-8 P.M. East Coast time slot, has been the only non-entertainment series consistently to attract a vast and seemingly unflagging following, not to mention some fairly sharp criticism and a number of lawsuits, including one that has come to the attention of the United States Supreme Court.

It is not hard to persuade people who have something to say or sell to appear on "60 Minutes"—an hour-long mélange of short documentaries, features, commentary, and sometimes even news, its varying-length episodes featuring Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, Harry Reasoner, and Ed Bradley, who this past season took the place of Dan Rather. Reasoner, who has been a star of the show, on and off, since its inception, has chatted with the Pope in the Vatican. Reasoner also once had an amiable chat with some folk who were afflicted with venereal herpes and were glad to talk on camera about it. (It was a moment held by some television buffs to be almost as touching as the time Mike Wallace, a permanent fixture, appeared with a woman and her twelve-year-old daughter to inform the world that the little girl had been impregnated by her stepfather.) "People will come out of the woodwork for '60 Minutes,' " Reasoner says, "partly out of their belief that if there's something wrong in their life Mike Wallace can fix it."

Last season, while Reasoner was in Scotland to film a segment of the program, he was asked by a native in an Ancient Urquhart kilt what show he worked for. On being told, the Scot said, "I'll drop my girlfriend in the States a wee note and tell her to watch that."

"She probably does already," said Reasoner.

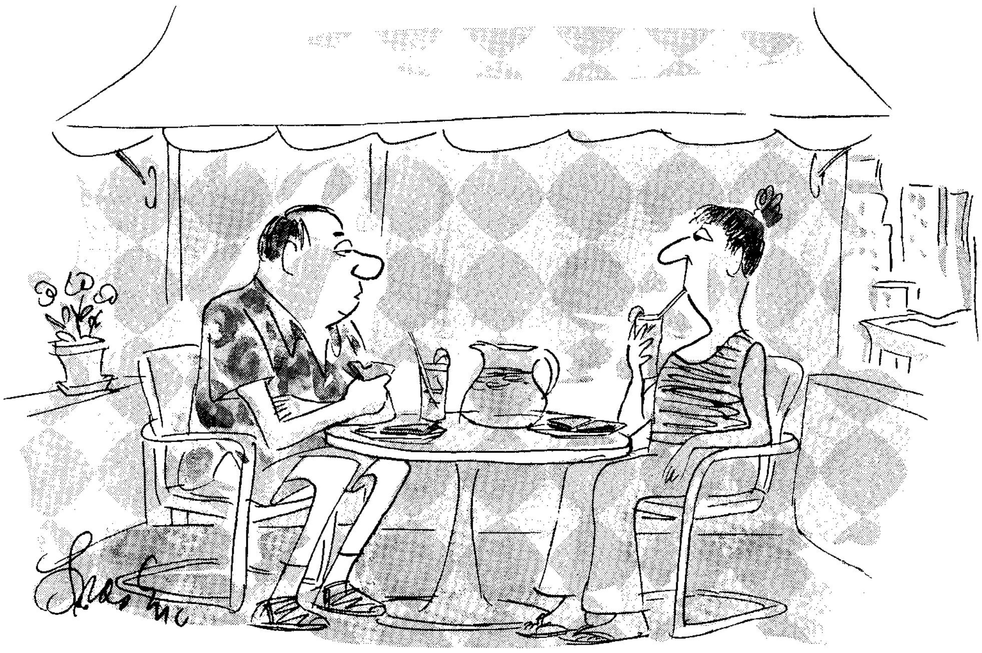
Not all Americans do—only about forty million of them each week. Wallace was on location in Fairbanks, Alaska, some years ago and dropped in at a television station while an announcer was reading the evening regional news. During a break for a commercial, the local man thought it would give his audience a real charge—probably make the station's switch-board blaze like northern lights—if the celebrity from the Lower Forty-Eight read the next block of copy. Wallace was happy to oblige. As far as Wallace knows, there was no discernible reaction, conceivably because he hadn't sternly rebuked the evening news for not coming clean about whatever it was that it was doubtless trying to conceal from him.

During the 1979-80 television season, "60 Minutes" outdrew the lathery serial "Dallas," and the two CBS programs have been contentedly jostling for the topmost ratings ever since. During the season that ended in April, the proprietors of "Dallas" were asking from advertisers, and getting, a hundred and seventy thousand dollars for thirty seconds of air time. "60 Minutes," which has six minutes available for commercials, got a hundred and seventy-five thousand for thirty seconds. While the show is under way, restaurant employees who might at that hour normally expect to be staggering under trays can minister to their arches. "By now, people are arranging their Sunday lives for us," it was recently asserted, without documentation but with satisfaction, by Don Hewitt, who orchestrated "60 Minutes" when it began, in 1968, and has been conducting it ever since. Hewitt professes to have an ear—both his ears are surmounted by a carefully teased coiffure—that is delicately attuned to the vox populi. "People talk about Ronald and Nancy Reagan and Alexander Haig and Billie Jean and Reggie and what was on '60 Minutes' last week," he likes to say, sometimes varying his dramatis personae but never his conclusion. "People will say, 'O.K., we'll go to Grandma's for lunch on Sunday, but we have to be home and eat supper at six so we'll be ready for Mike and Morley and the rest of the gang.' Why, in Hollywood, I understand, people say to each other, 'Do we watch at your house or mine?' "

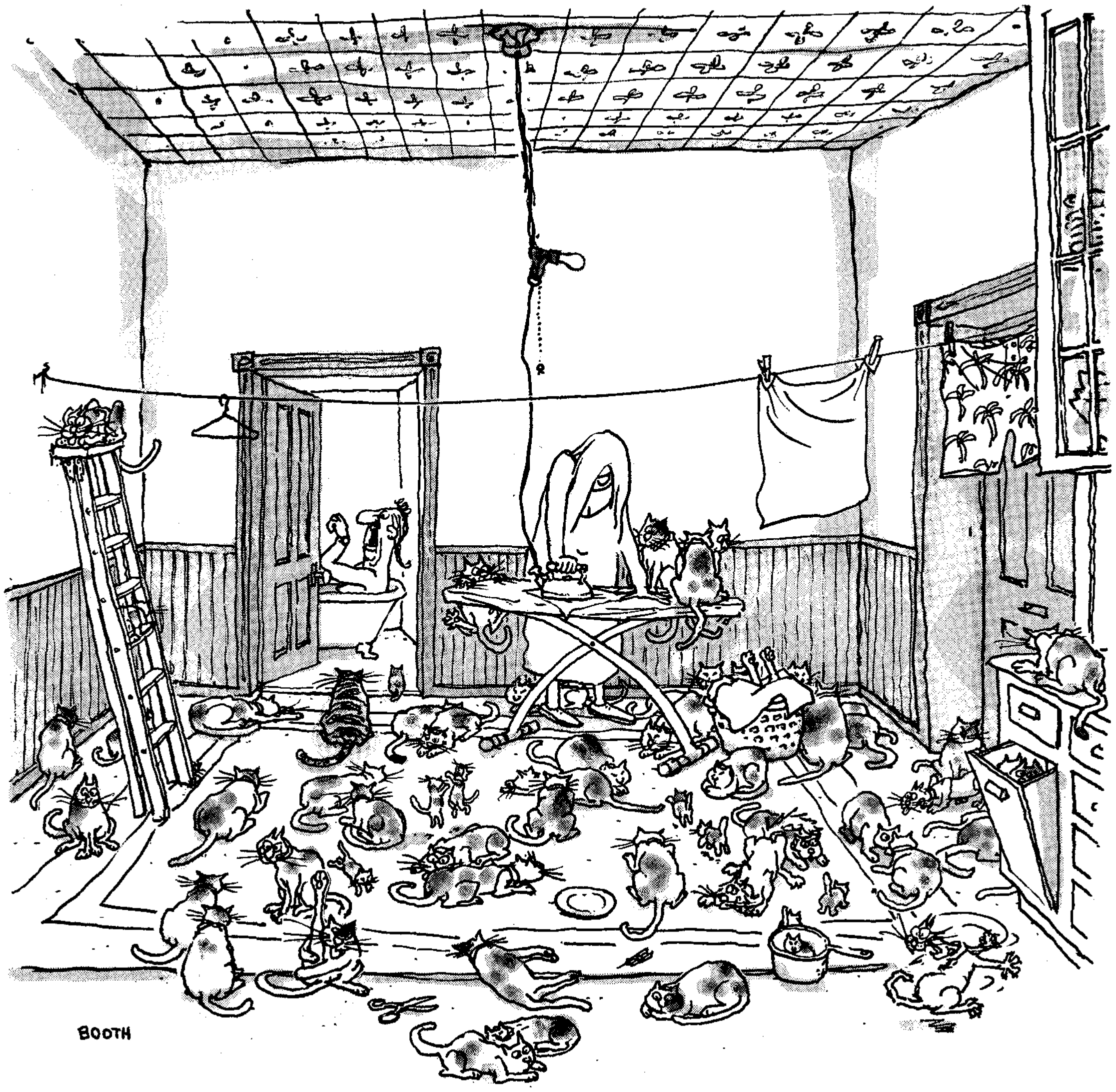
Hewitt and his wife, ABC's United Nations correspondent Marilyn Berger, usually watch at their home—either the city one, on Central Park South, or the country one, in Southampton. By any given Sunday, the paterfamilias, whose "60 Minutes" title is executive producer, will have seen most of the bits and pieces of that evening's divertissement many times over. Looking at "60 Minutes," in full or in part, has roughly the impact on Hewitt that standing at the edge of an unruffled pool had on Narcissus. Upon learning that a visitor to his office (framed on a table is a letter to Hewitt from William S. Paley, the doyen of CBS, extolling "60 Minutes" as "the most successful news series in television history") had somehow lamentably neglected to see one Morley Safer episode a couple of years earlier, Hewitt tenderly inserted a cassette in his videotape machine, inserted an unlit cigar the size of a small vaulting pole in his mouth, and sat down to savor blissfully one of the fruits of his labors. "I look at stuff like this and I'm in awe," Hewitt said. "I sit here the way Harry Winston must have sat when he looked at a diamond."

At home, on Sunday evenings, Hewitt is happiest when he can scrutinize his jewels in a room full of friends. "I like to observe when their interest flags and when they perk up," he says. "Where's our competition? It's not on the other channels. It's the distractions in the household. The phone ringing, the dog barking, the neighbor at the door—*that's* our competition. When Marilyn and I happen to be home alone, I get very edgy if she's not out of the kitchen in time for the opening. It's terrible if there's nobody in the room when I say 'Watch this! It's terrific!' Television is not like the movies. When you go to a movie, you make a commitment. Your dinner is over, you've paid your admission, the lights go out, you have only one place to look. If the movie's no good, you don't walk out. I can't name anybody who's walked out of five movies in his life. The worst thing you do is turn to your companion and say, 'Jesus, why are we here?' But with television there's no such commitment. People may walk out of ten shows a night. The thing you have to remember in this business is that you have no captive audience. Nobody has paid to see your show. Nobody has hired a babysitter just for you. I sometimes say that if in the middle of '60 Minutes' a kid gets up and says 'Daddy, will you help me with my homework?' and Daddy says 'Yes,' I'm a loser, but if Daddy says 'Wait till this is over,' I've won. The most soul-searing experience I can imagine would be if somebody was watching the show with Marilyn and me and in the middle of it asked to have his drink freshened and somebody else got up and went and did it."

HEWITT, who has accumulated five Emmy awards for "60 Minutes" and in 1980 was dubbed Broadcaster of the Year by something called the International Radio and Television Society, has long liked to be a winner. In 1973, his backhand sparklingly refreshed by a lesson from Pancho Segura, he betook himself to England to direct the CBS television coverage of Princess Anne's wedding and, once in London, wangled an invitation to the august Queen's Club, which boasts a spectrum of court surfaces. His host trounced him on clay. Hewitt proposed a shift to an all-weather surface. He fared no better. He enticed his adversary onto wood and then onto grass, but he couldn't prevail



"You certainly have a way with grilled cheese."



"Nineteen cricket trills in fifteen seconds. Add forty. The temperature is approximately fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit."

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anywhere. Hearty congratulations on his deft handling of the royal nuptials did little to assuage his grief.

Hewitt's father was an advertising salesman for the Hearst newspapers; the son's boyhood idol was Hildy Johnson, the ace reporter in "The Front Page." He embarked on a journalistic career of his own in 1942, at nineteen, as head copyboy at the *Herald Tribune*, shortly after failing to win a promotion from freshman to sophomore at New York University. He did better in journalism, becoming a war correspondent in Europe. Then there were medium-level stints with the Associated Press in Memphis, with the Pelham *Sun* in Westchester, and with Acme News Pictures back in New York. In 1948, when it was still something of a novelty to own a television set, he landed a berth at CBS News.

From the outset, Hewitt felt comfortable working in the budding medium. "I am not an intellectual," he has said. "I operate by my guts and my fingertips. Television is successful when you have a gut feeling about a show. It's not what your eyes and your ears digest that counts; it's the impact on your gut. I have a kind of sixth sense for seeing a piece of film and knowing what's wrong about it and what's right. I don't articulate very well, but I can take a producer and an editor into a screening room and *show* them what's wrong. I sit in that room and assume that I'm an ordinary viewer, and I ask myself what every television producer should ask himself about every production: 'If I were sitting at home, would I look at this, or would I switch to a basketball game, or would I simply turn the damn set off?' "

Hewitt spent sixteen years asking himself questions about CBS presentations of news. He ended up as executive producer of the Evening News. In 1956, he made history of a sort by flying over the sinking Andrea Doria in a Coast Guard plane with a cameraman and Douglas Edwards, who was then the network's anchorman. Hewitt and his colleagues were the only reporters on the scene as the liner sank. When Edwards was superseded by Walter Cronkite, in 1962, Hewitt ran the Cronkite show. Hewitt fell temporarily from network grace in 1964, when he lost out in a not especially amiable power struggle with Fred W. Friendly, the then president of CBS News. Hewitt was shunted aside to produce documentaries. He won a modest shelfful of awards for these, but he was restless. He continued to think of himself—still does—as a journalist of the Hildy Johnson stripe. He fancied—still does—the kind of swaggering trenchcoat that hot-shot reporters always wear out-of-doors, and sometimes indoors. He is partial to theatricality. He sometimes refers to the star performers on "60 Minutes" as tigers, and to the offices near his that are occupied by Reasoner, Safer, Wallace, and Bradley as tiger cages. "The greatest thing about those guys," Hewitt is apt to say, his eyes shining and his boots gleaming, "is that they're the four biggest names in television and yet the easiest to work with. I remember when I was doing some show or other with professional actors, and how hard some of them were to handle. Then, one day, Paul Muni came along, and I was astonished at how coöperative this big star was. It's the same with the tigers in my cages. I've always said that I'm a man on whom God in His infinite wisdom has bestowed Mike and Harry and Morley and Dan and now Ed, and has also bestowed perhaps enough common sense for me to know how to deal with this precious gift. There

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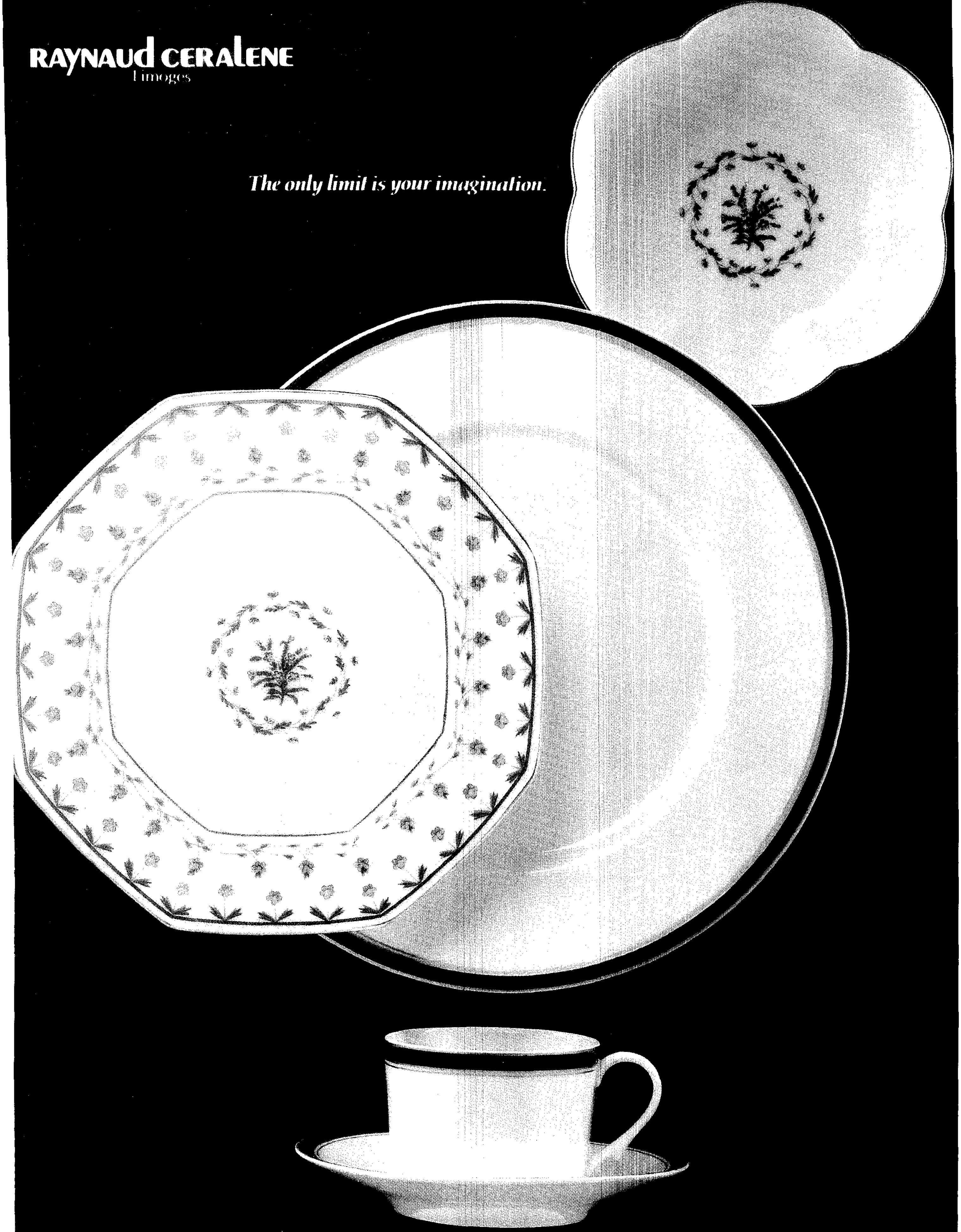

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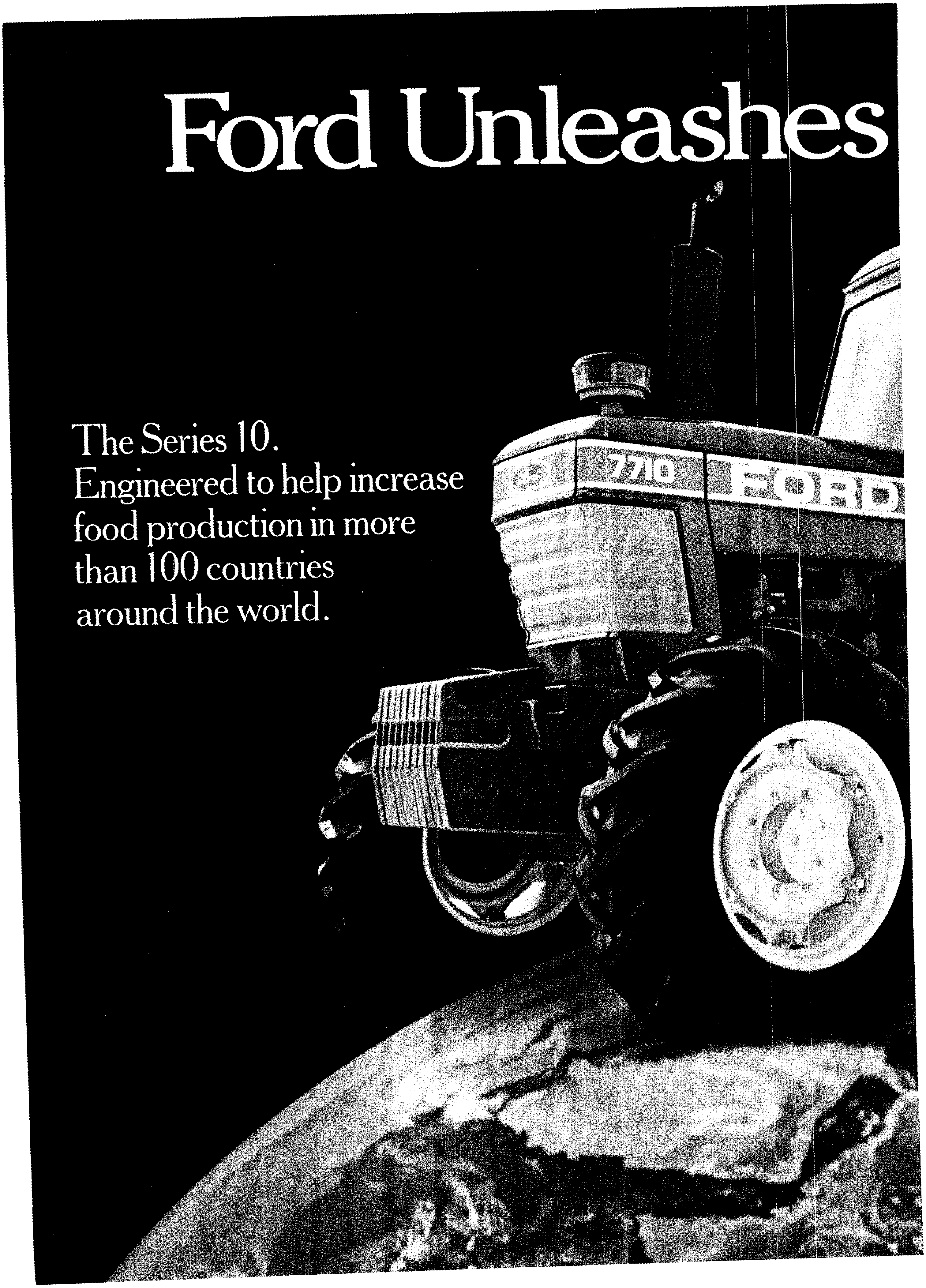

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The Series 10.
Engineered to help increase food production in more than 100 countries around the world.

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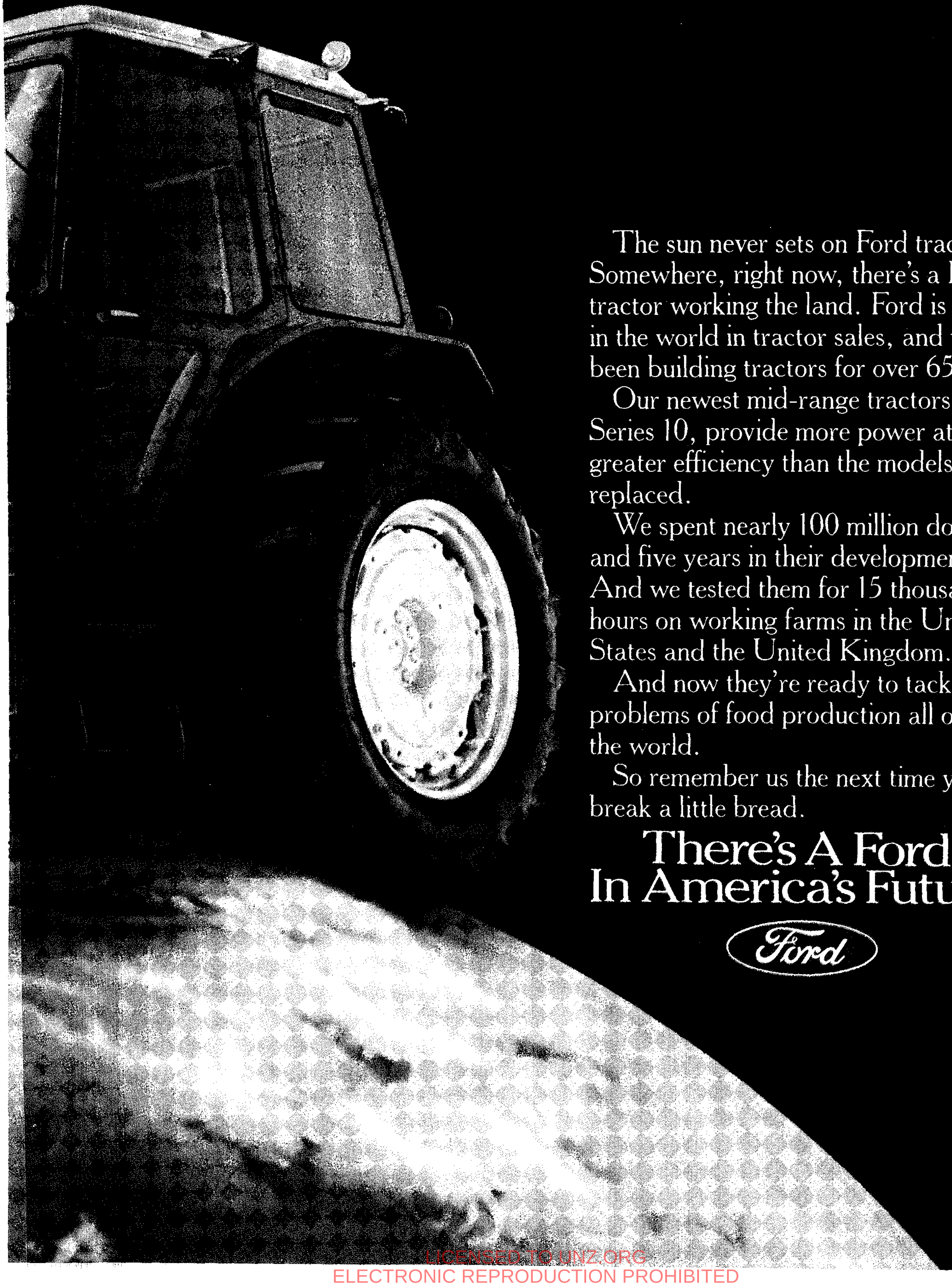

The sun never sets on Ford tractors. Somewhere, right now, there's a Ford tractor working the land. Ford is second in the world in tractor sales, and we've been building tractors for over 65 years.

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And now they're ready to tackle the problems of food production all over the world.

So remember us the next time you break a little bread.

**There's A Ford
In America's Future.**

Ford

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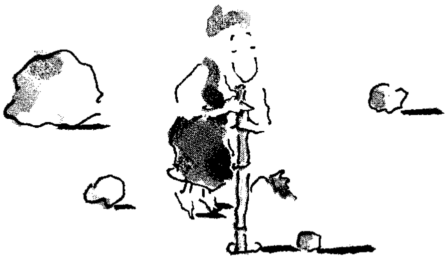


When the earth was new, mountains rose and valleys were carved and there was created, in what is now called France, a spring that is now called Perrier.®

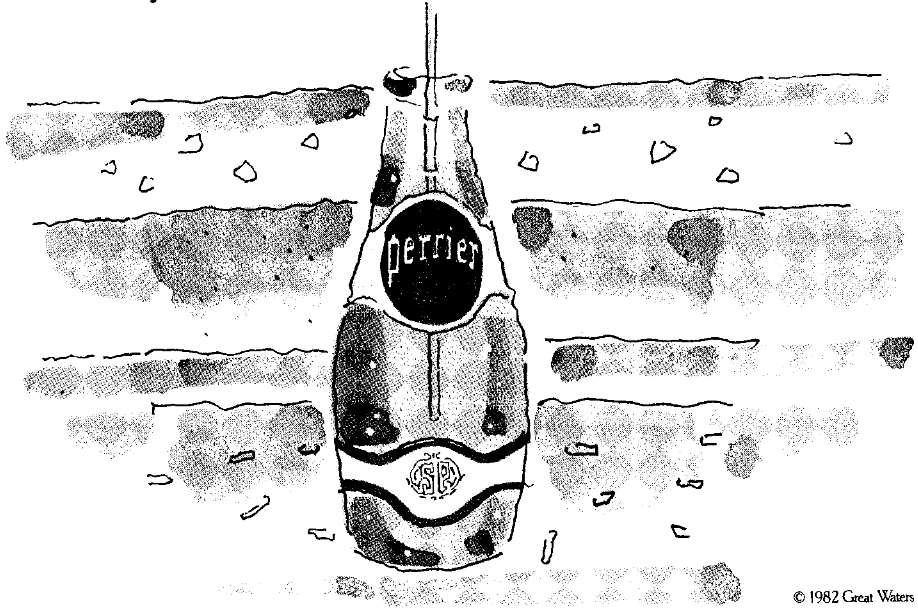
All the Perrier in the world is born in that spring.

Still clear, pure and sparkling, and minus all those additives that civilization has invented. There's no sugar. No artificial sweetener. No calories. There's no caffeine, no coloring. And Perrier is recommended for salt-free diets, as well.

In modern times, when most beverages are made with water that's been disinfected, softened, oxidated or chlorinated, it's nice also to know that Perrier is naturally filtered as it rises to the surface from its deep underground source.

And so our only concession to civilization is the green Perrier bottle. Because without it, you would never get to enjoy Perrier.

Perrier. Earth's first soft drink. Not manufactured, but created by the earth when it was new.

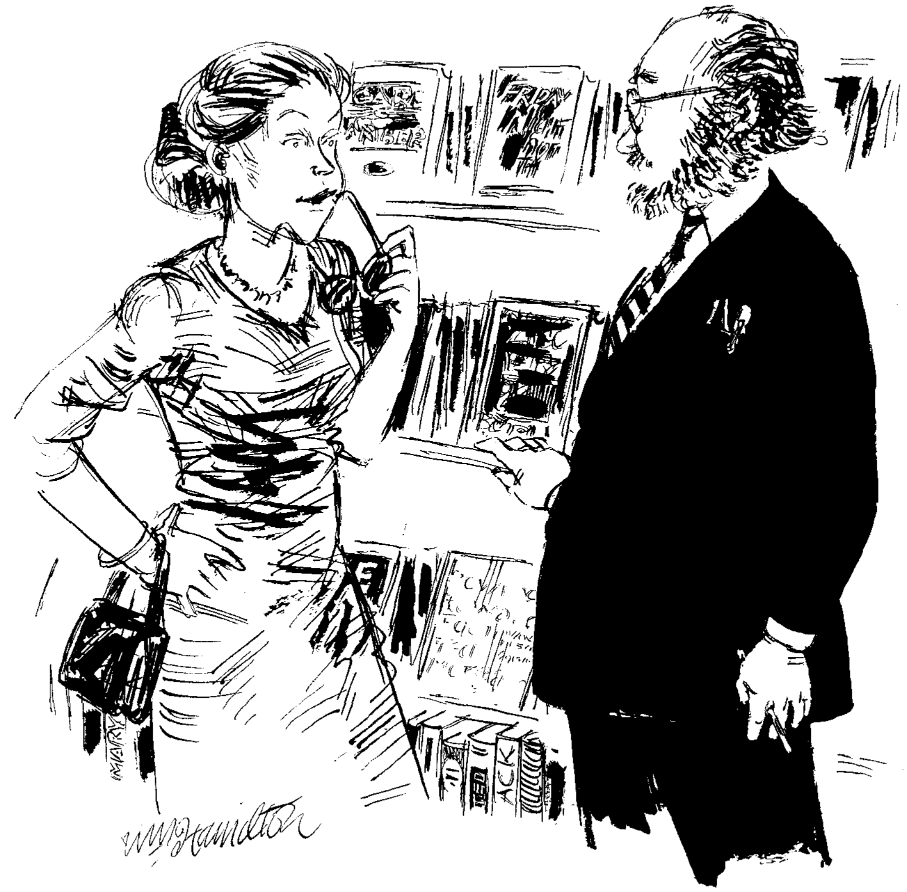


© 1982 Great Waters of France, Inc.

have been television shows about doctors and nurses and cowboys. ‘60 Minutes’ is a show about four reporters who play themselves, and it is thus more fascinating than Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman playing Woodward and Bernstein. ‘60 Minutes’ is a broadcast on which four reporters take the audience along with them on a story, almost a sharing of their notes with the audience.” (Several of the lawsuits that “60 Minutes” has engendered involve the refusal of his reporters to share their notes with anyone.) “Newspapers and magazines have overseas bureaus now, and their correspondents don’t have to travel everywhere. There are no Floyd Gibbonses or Lowell Thomases or Richard Harding Davises left on earth—except my tigers. Many people don’t understand what being an authentic correspondent means. When some bigwig government guy was going to China a couple of years ago, ‘60 Minutes’ asked to send a team along. Word came back from Washington that a camera crew would be all right but that there wouldn’t be any room for a correspondent. I said no thanks—that would be like asking James Reston to send his typewriter instead of himself.”

THE three big television networks probably spend between a hundred and fifty and two hundred million dollars a year among them in a never-ending search for new and profitable prime-time programs. The start-up costs for “60 Minutes” totalled—in 1968 dollars, to be sure—thirteen dollars and forty-five cents, which covered sandwiches and coffee for four men who hung around CBS late one evening to slap a sample show together out of stock film footage: a couple of film editors, Hewitt, and his first tiger, Reasoner. Reasoner—who strayed from his cage to ABC but was recaptured, after a seven-and-a-half-year flight, from the jaws of Barbara Walters—was then forty-five. He had been at CBS News since 1956. (In the early nineteen-sixties, when tobacco advertisers were a force mightily to be reckoned with, Reasoner, who was a chain smoker—still is—had done one of the first major television documentaries on cigarettes and lung cancer.) He had earlier worked for the Minneapolis *Times* (for which he wrote drama criticism just after the Second World War), in radio, and for the government, spending three years in Asia as an emissary of the United States Information Agency. He has always had a strong sentimental streak and an insatiable curiosity. In Singapore in the fifties, reminded of Maugham, he made a pilgrimage to the Raffles Hotel to ascertain exactly what the glamorous ingredients of a genuine chotapeg were, and was soberingly disillusioned to discover that “chotapeg” meant merely a small whiskey and soda. On “60 Minutes” this past November, by which time he had become a more widely respected source of enlightenment than any government agency, Reasoner did an almost tearjerkingly nostalgic segment on the film “Casablanca” and how it has become a cult movie. He himself, he recalled mistily, had first seen it in 1943, when he was in Minneapolis. After screening an excerpt from the film, he told his own television cult, in his familiar avuncular style, “Anyone who doesn’t know that that movie is ‘Casablanca’ may be excused from class, and please don’t come back without a note from your mother.” He went on, “Our romantic minds are a hodgepodge. . . . You never forget who you first saw it with. I wonder if she remembers. If she does, here’s looking at you, kid.” The kid involved, if she was still around and heard the legendary goodbye and remembered, kept mum.

In 1968, CBS had its regular television news programs, which in its view were analogous to newspapers, and it had its hour-long documentaries, which it compared with books, but it lacked a counterpart of magazines. Hewitt and William A. Leonard, then a CBS News vice-president in charge of documentaries, wanted to emulate *Life* and *Look*, large-circulation journals which concentrated on people. “I hate issues per se,” Hewitt says. “I’m not interested in the issue of environment but I’m interested in somebody who’s dealing with environment. To me, Noah will always be a more interesting subject than flood control. Or take the issue of school busing. At a dinner party one night in 1971, somebody asked me what I thought about that, and I said I really couldn’t express any opinion, because I’d bought my way out—my kids went to private school. But then I realized how we could do a story about it, and I phoned Mike and said, ‘Hey, let’s go to those members of Congress most vocal in their support of busing and find out where *their* kids go to school,’ and, of course, it turned out—as we showed in our piece ‘Not to My Kid,



“Just something for the beach—but I did major in English.”

You Don't'—that most of them had bought their way out, too."

Hewitt and Leonard planned at first to emphasize the magazine nature of their embryonic project by depicting a page being turned. "We didn't really have any idea where we were going," Leonard said recently, just before he retired as president of CBS News. "I'd like to be able to say now that we were so smart back then that we knew where we were heading, but in fact Don and I didn't have the faintest notion. We never dreamed that we'd end up with a candy factory, and that Don would become a guy who made sure that his producers and correspondents concocted enough bonbons and chocolates and nougats so that every week he could pluck one of each out of his inventory and pop them into his candy box and offer them to his customers." Richard S. Salant, who in 1966 had succeeded Friendly as president of CBS News, was dubious about the prospects of "60 Minutes." But he did let it go on the air—at 10 P.M. East Coast time, every second Tuesday, opposite NBC's thumpingly popular "Tuesday Night Movie." The new program could do CBS little harm in that spot, it was reasoned, because nobody was likely to be looking at it.

Hewitt still thinks of "60 Minutes" as a magazine, though the page-turning device was abandoned long ago. "When television began," he says, "nobody knew what to call anybody, so they borrowed titles—producer, director—from the stage and the movies. Actually, there's no resemblance at all between us and them. We're all reporters and editors, and if I'm anything I'm the editor-in-chief of a television magazine. David Merrick and Ray Stark are producers—not me." In line with that conception, when "60 Minutes" made its début, on September 24, 1968, Reasoner declared, "This is '60 Minutes.' It's a kind of a magazine for television, which means it has the flexibility and diversity of a magazine adapted to broadcast journalism." He was heard only by the handful of people who had chosen not to get out of their chairs and switch to the flicks.

WHILE getting that first show ready for presentation—it featured glimpses of Richard Nixon's and Hubert Humphrey's convention-hotel suites, and there was a comic cameo by Art Buchwald—Hewitt felt that he needed a supplementary reporter. Reasoner had a comfortable, old-shoe, or carpet-slipper, quality—he sometimes seems on air to be catnapping, and, indeed, once asserted off air that his ambition in life was to "sleep twenty-two hours a day, like a dog"—but the editor-in-chief wanted someone more abrasive to balance Reasoner's soothing smoothness. And so Hewitt recruited Mike Wallace, who even then seemed to be the sort of fellow who might attend a high-school prom shod in spikes. During that première, Wallace became nearly poetic: "Our perception of reality roams, in a given day, from the light to the heavy, from warmth to menace, and if this broadcast does what we hope it will do, it will report reality." Wallace now likes to refer to the early "60 Minutes" programs as "Mom-and-Pop shows," and to say, "Harry was white hat, and I was black hat." Wallace, who contends that in "60 Minutes" "I've got the best job in television journalism, bar none," also contends that Reasoner, like him, has the ability to go for the jugular when that seems desirable, but he adds that when Reasoner does it he uses an electric shaver.

Wallace, who despite his widespread straight-razor reputation was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters by the University of Massachusetts in 1978, was no stranger to broadcasting when Hewitt sought him out. Born in 1918, he had gone to work for a Grand Rapids radio station in 1939 soon after receiving a modest B.A. from the University of Michigan. Aside from an appearance on Broadway in 1954 in the comedy "Reclining Figure" and a stint as a newspaper columnist, he had been a largely upright figure in radio and television for nearly thirty years. Today, the CBS correspondent Morton Dean calls Wallace "the engine that keeps '60 Minutes' running." When that vehicle was first being revved up, fourteen years ago, Wallace was by no means nationally prominent. The café singer Judy Wallace, on being asked in 1970 how she spelled her surname, would usually respond, "The way George does." In time, she changed to "The way Mike does." Reasoner, whose mother was Scottish, habitually recites the Gettysburg Address when a cameraman wants some footage of his lips moving but has no need of sound. When on other off-camera occasions Reasoner murmurs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," nobody thinks he is reciting poetry.

It sometimes surprises people that Mike Wallace, who is generally conceded to be the hungriest man-eater of all of Hewitt's tigers, can also act the pussycat. Interviewing his longtime friend Buchwald on "60 Minutes" a couple of years ago, Wallace was as gentle as Howard Cosell chatting up Muhammad Ali, or Damon talking to Pythias. A careful man with a dollar (around the "60 Minutes" offices it is alleged that the only time Wallace ever bought his own cigarettes was when he got them for two or three dollars a carton while doing a piece on a black-market cigarette operation), he touched purringly on the subject of Buchwald's astronomical income. Wallace asked, "How much does it all come to?" and when Buchwald parried with "I bet someone that's what you'd start talking about, money" his friendly inquisitor dropped the interesting matter altogether. The closest that Wallace came during that particular interrogation to being tough was to say of Buchwald, "He never has a greater time than on a tennis court—not good, but earnest."

That, of course, was not vintage Wallace. He can ask somebody "Where did you go to college?" and make it sound like an indictment. He may be the only person on earth in whose prosecutorial presence both the Shah of Iran and Ayatollah Khomeini have seemed to squirm. As "60 Minutes" has soared in audience ratings, so have Wallace's arched eyebrows, reaching record heights of disbelief. His associates on the program affectionately call some of his contributions to it "the scam of the week," and they chuckle fondly as they reminisce about his saying to an accountant who was purportedly mixed up in a cash-skimming scheme to avoid payment of taxes, "Look, between you and me . . . you do it, everybody does it," and the flustered chap's replying, for all the world to hear and see, "Yeah."

Wallace, whose personal politics tend to be conservative but who while asking Nancy Reagan about welfare cutbacks can emulate a McGovern Democrat, does not visualize himself as Mr. Nasty. "You carve out your own style," he says, "and it became quite apparent early on that I had a talent for and a yen to do a certain kind of story. So much the better that I've been successful at it, but when I think I'm doing too much of that sort of investigative thing I'll turn to a Baryshnikov piece or a Buchwald. But as long as the work you do is fair and thorough and careful it seems to me there's nothing wrong with being tough. Sure, I'm accused of entrapping people. I don't have any police powers. Nobody's ever been subpoenaed to go on the program. I did a piece once on a surgeon who let assistants perform operations his patients thought *he* was going to do, and there was a great hue and cry that we hadn't levelled with the doctor about what we were looking for. Three weeks after the show went on, I was at the Cleveland airport, and across a waiting room I spotted the surgeon we'd supposedly maligned. I figured he'd at the very least ignore me, but instead he walked over and shook my hand and said, beaming, that since our exposé he'd got sixteen or seventeen new patients. You know, when it comes to being tough there's heat for heat's sake and heat for light's sake. I like to believe that my advertised toughness is directed not at drama but at uncovering something that's worth uncovering. If you've worked hard enough on your research, conceivably you can shed light on some fraud or malfeasance or miscarriage of justice that you wouldn't uncover unless you *did* go at it pretty hard. If you're doing a story on a phony doctor and you walk over to his office wall, as I did one time, and look at his so-called diplomas and say 'Wait a minute, what are these institutions that these came from?' that's toughness with a purpose. A certain number of Americans have come to look upon '60 Minutes'—with reason, I honestly believe—as their ombudsman, shining a faithful light in some dark corners. And it's my impression that our audience wants us to keep on doing that."

In the early days of television news, CBS would sometimes have two of its correspondents cover different aspects of the same story—Edward R. Murrow, for instance, in Israel, and How-

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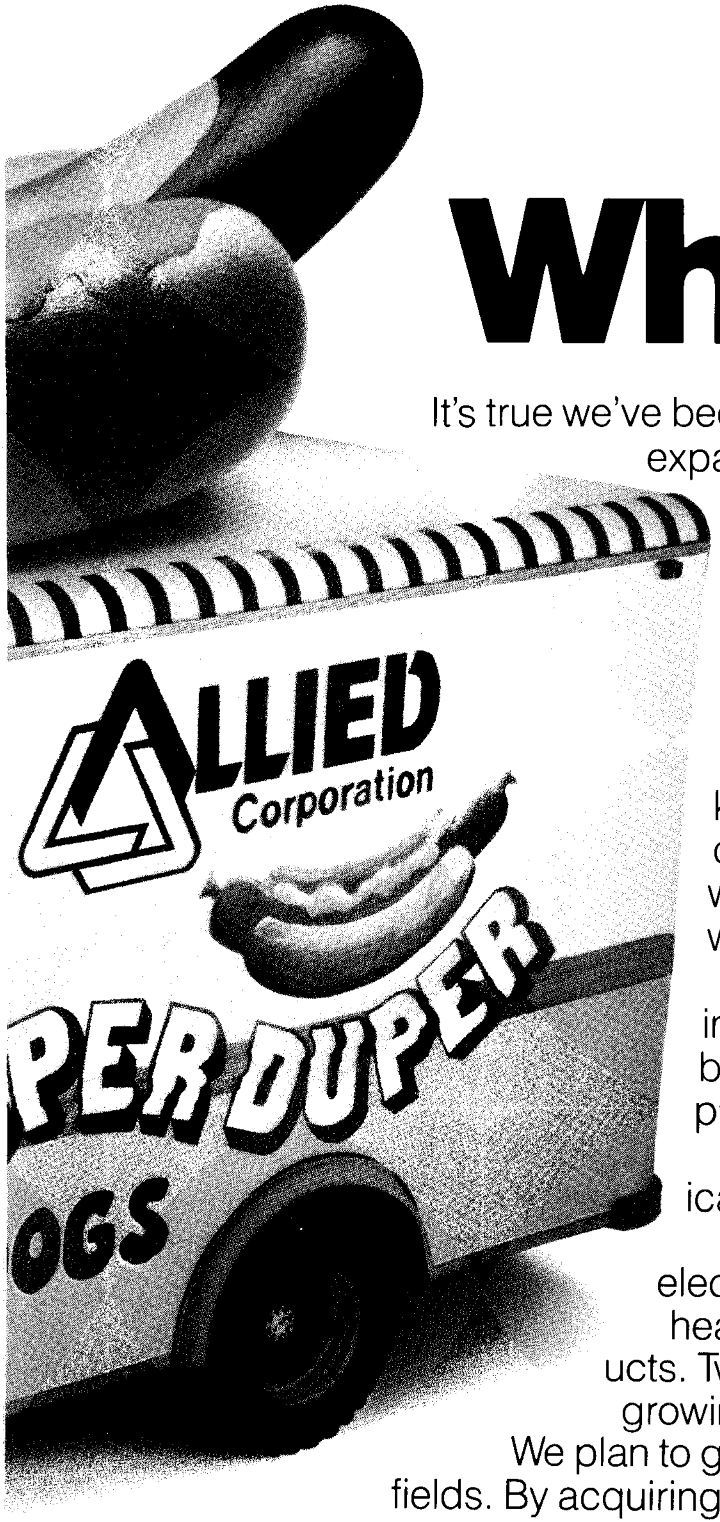

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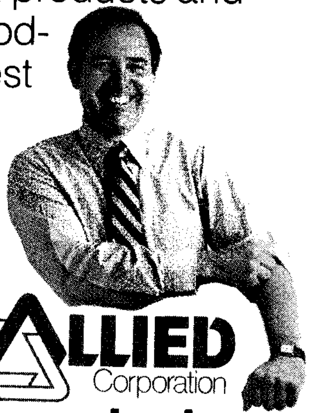

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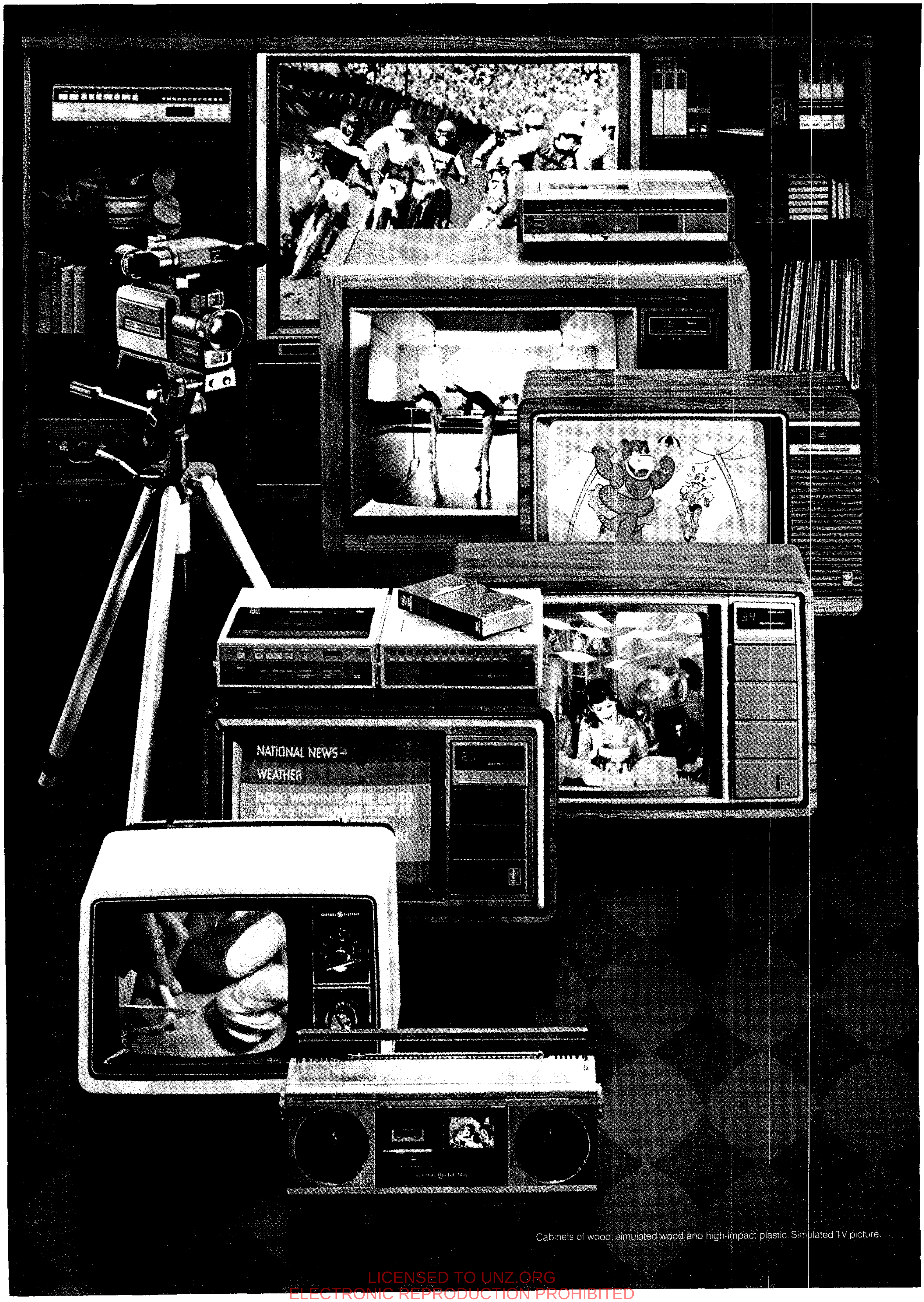
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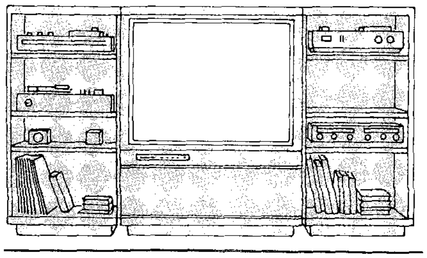
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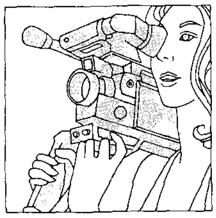
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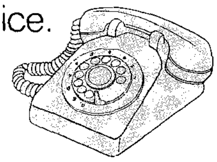

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ard K. Smith in Egypt. Hewitt liked that notion, and soon he had Wallace reporting the Protestant side of the struggle in Northern Ireland, and Reasoner the Catholic; Reasoner in Biafra during the Nigerian civil war, Wallace in Lagos; Wallace in Israel, Reasoner in Lebanon and Jordan. "Mike and I were scheduled to meet up at the Allenby Bridge," Reasoner says, "coming from opposite directions, at ten o'clock one Friday morning, the year Joe Namath and the Jets won the Super Bowl. The Israelis wouldn't let you photograph anything on your own side of the bridge, but my producer and I had been told you could shoot across it. Our idea was that my crew would shoot Mike, and his crew me. But Mike and his gang had heard you couldn't do that, and they never turned up. They were probably playing tennis in Tel Aviv. I'd have felt much worse about the whole thing if I hadn't won a bet from Mike on the football game."

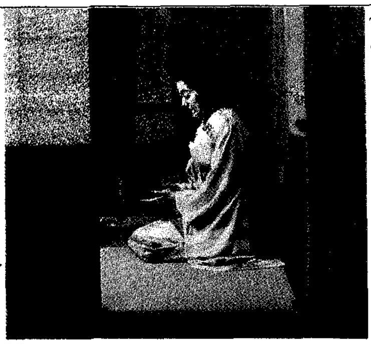
It was difficult, in 1969, for the still fledgling program to attract a steady audience. Because the CBS network hierarchy had what it perceived to be more important matters to contemplate, "60 Minutes" sometimes didn't go on the air at all four weeks running. Not until December of that year was it presented two weeks in succession. In the fall of 1971, the network did decide to put it on at 6 P.M. on Sunday, but in the autumn months—at the start of the television season, when a regular audience might have been built up—it was often preëmpted by football games, which then stood much higher in the television pecking order. The future of "60 Minutes" was so uncertain that when Reasoner was invited to become the anchorman of the ABC Evening News he was glad to accept. (His contract with CBS was up for renegotiation, moreover, and that network didn't appear to be overeager to meet his terms.) "I had long wanted a chance to anchor," Reasoner says, "and even though I'd often substituted for Walter Cronkite when he was unavailable, there was little likelihood that he'd be run over by a truck, and no assurance that if he was I'd succeed him. So I became to the television news business what Andy Messersmith was to baseball. It was the first time a senior correspondent had jumped from one network to another simply for a new job and better pay." Hewitt suspected that Reasoner would not be gone forever. After all, didn't Harry continue, while he was off at ABC, to have his hair cut by a CBS barber?

POETRY IN MOTION
M Stevens

TO replace Reasoner, Hewitt reached out into the Canadian league and came up, in December, 1970, with Morley Safer. A thirty-nine-year-old alumnus of the University of Western Ontario, Safer had served his journalistic apprenticeship on small-town Canadian newspapers, and then worked for Reuters, and for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He had migrated to CBS News in 1964 and, after a stint in London, had been posted to Vietnam as head of the network's Saigon bureau. (He bought a Bentley with his poker winnings there.) In 1967, because he had a Canadian passport, Safer was able to go to mainland China and come back with enough footage for an hour-long documentary on that still largely unexplored territory. Hewitt supervised the editing of "Morley Safer's Red China Diary," and they got acquainted. Hewitt's interest in Safer perked up further when on November 10, 1970, Safer, by then back in London as CBS bureau chief, crossed the Channel following the death of Charles de Gaulle. The next day was November 11th, the anniversary of the end of the First World War, a day of both celebration and mourning. The Champs-Élysées was closed to traffic for the occasion. Safer strolled respectfully along the avenue, the Arc de Triomphe behind him and a camera crew in front of him, reading aloud from de Gaulle's memoirs and pointing to historic places mentioned in them. CBS was impressed by the ingenuity of his coverage. William Leonard phoned Safer the following morning and asked him to take Reasoner's place on "60 Minutes." Safer demurred. He liked London. He had no reason to believe that there was much of a future for him, or anyone else, on Hewitt's team. He finally accepted, but insisted that it be written into his contract that if "60 Minutes" fizzled he could have the London bureau back. Ten years later, he felt confident enough about the show's durability to tear up the contract. Safer is acclaimed in inner "60 Minutes" circles not only as the program's most consistently gifted writer—he is admired by his peers for once, in an income-tax story, having described some hookers as "industrious self-employed entrepreneurs"—but also as its paragon of ethics. Somebody he had done a piece on sent him a watch. Worried about keeping it, he phoned its manufacturer and, on learning that it was worth no more than a hundred dollars retail, stuck it in a desk drawer while trying to resolve his doubts. When he looked in the drawer the next day, the watch had been stolen. He was much relieved.

"Every program should have one sweetheart and one son of a bitch," Safer asserted—half kiddingly—in an in-house film that was made about "60 Minutes" a while after he became Wallace's co-correspondent. "Safer is witty. Wallace is crotchety." Safer, he went on in jocular vein, smoked, drank, and chased girls; Wallace had only his memories. Wallace took it all with aplomb. The two were not really so strikingly dissimilar. When he is in the mood, Safer can be a fairly hard-nosed inquisitor himself, and a sardonic commentator. He once incurred the wrath of all serious aficionados of croquet by describing that sport as vicious. Safer's investigative on-camera technique is a mite milder than Wallace's—"I don't want to probe, but . . . " is a characteristic Safer way of beginning to flay a captive victim—but he can be forthrightly theatrical. In the course of a piece this past season on the Internal Revenue Service, in whose dread proximity "60 Minutes" correspondents never seem to flinch, an interviewee said to Safer, referring to a tax agent, "He took his finger and stuck it in my chest." Safer reacted much as Wallace might have. He jabbed *his* finger at the man's chest and said, trenchantly, "You mean he was doing that sort of thing?" Whether or not the gesture proved anybody's culpability was moot, but it was the sort of performance that makes "60 Minutes" work.

THE program has never fared as well in New York City as on the hustings. One reason may be that all its correspondents have come from somewhere else. Safer was born in Toronto; Reasoner in Dakota City, Iowa; Wallace in Brookline, Massachusetts; Ed Bradley, the newest tiger, in Philadelphia. (Bradley began working for CBS as a radio news reporter in New York in 1967. Later, he had been a correspondent for the network in Paris, Washington, and Vietnam.) Dan Rather, who joined up in late 1975, when Hewitt felt that Wallace and Safer were carrying too heavy a burden, hails from Wharton, Texas. While still a journalism undergraduate at Sam Houston State, in Huntsville, Texas, Rather did sports broadcasts and worked for the Associated Press there; and he stayed in Texas—working in newspapers, radio, and television—until he was in his early thirties. He moved to the Southwest bureau of CBS News in Dallas in 1962; when President Kennedy was assassinated there the following year, Rather's on-the-scene coverage won him instant national attention, and much more attention than he'd ever had before from the heads of his net-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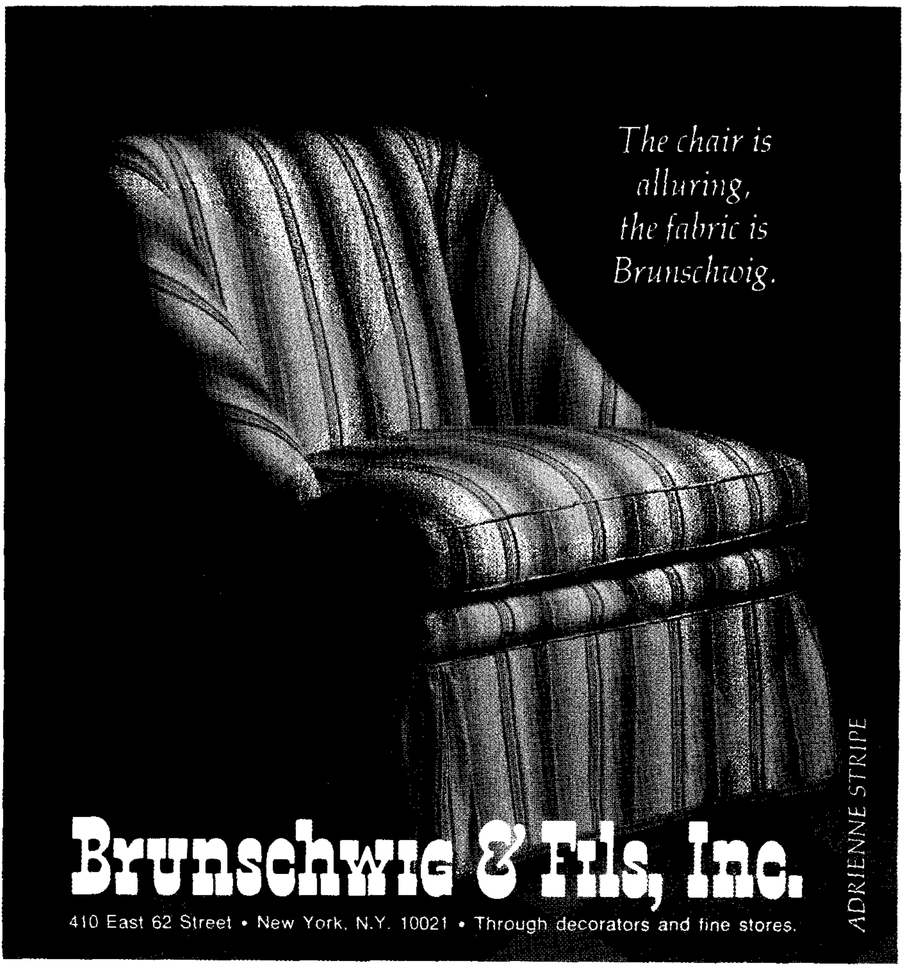
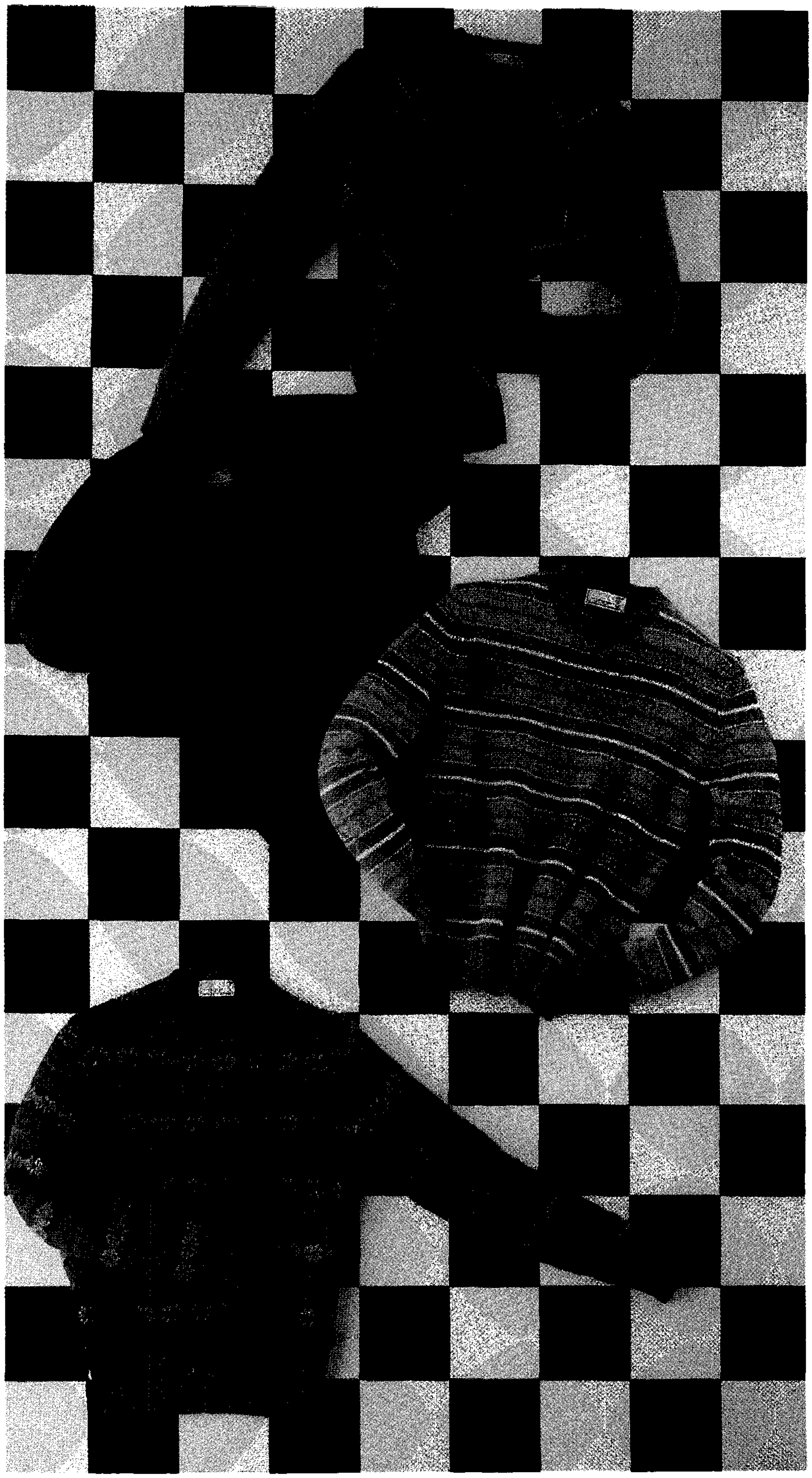


work. By 1964, they had made him their White House correspondent. He filled that post on and off for a decade, with side trips to London and Vietnam, and departed, voluntarily, after several spirited run-ins with the President whom to this day he describes—off camera, at any rate—as "the old unindicted co-conspirator." Then there was a year making documentaries for "CBS Reports," after which came the bid to join Safer and Wallace and expand Hewitt's animal act into a three-tiger circus.

When, in 1980, a nation breathlessly waiting to learn who would step into Walter Cronkite's shoes was informed that Rather would be the succeeding CBS anchorman the following year, he was naturally flattered. But he was loath to give up "60 Minutes." He persuaded the network, at first, to let him stay with the show through half its 1981-82 season. Then the network persuaded him that, for one thing, such an overlap might prove awkward for *his* successor, Bradley, and that, for another, such double exposure could unduly tax even Rather's established energy. So he bowed out. "I know it sounds corny," Rather says, with uncommon diffidence for a Texan, "but I've been extraordinarily lucky. When I was at the White House, I thought I'd be lucky to hold that job long enough to put my kids partway through school. When I got to '60 Minutes,' I thought I'd be lucky if the show just stayed around till the kids graduated. I missed the White House when I left it, and I missed 'CBS Reports' when I left that. Now I miss '60 Minutes,' and I guess I miss that the most of all." More than a year after that last move, Rather was still speaking of Hewitt and the others in the first person plural, and he watched the show every Sunday with the intensity of a onetime college football player rooting for his alma mater in a bowl game. "I jump from my chair and shout triumphantly when our pieces are particularly good," he says, "and I go into a terrible sulk when they aren't."

MOST long-running hit shows experience cast changes over the years—look at the orphans in "Annie." Not long after the first Reasoner incarnation, Hewitt thought it would be diverting, and perhaps illuminating, to present, as a coda to his main selections, short debates between spokesmen for liberal and conservative



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views. Called "Point/Counterpoint," this digestif featured Nicholas von Hoffman and, later, Shana Alexander to the left of center, James J. Kilpatrick to the right. The departure from the scene of "Point/Counterpoint" in 1979, by which time the adversaries had made just about all their points, left a gap, and Hewitt proceeded to fill it with Andy Rooney. Andrew A. Rooney, as he was chiefly known when he was merely a writer (an Army journalist in the Second World War, he was later the author of "The Story of *The Stars and Stripes*"), had been a friend and collaborator of Reasoner's from way back, had come to "60 Minutes" with Reasoner, and left CBS shortly before Reasoner did. The contemporary Rooney, a comic philosopher whose aw-shucks style must be riveting, considering that a collection of his television reflections, "A Few Minutes with Andy Rooney," has been on the nonfiction best-seller lists, does not like to be thought of as an integral part of "60 Minutes"—just as a contributor to it. Hewitt and Reasoner and the rest of the crew have their offices at 555 West Fifty-seventh Street. Rooney insists on being quartered across the street, at 524 West, the main base of CBS's news operations.

A turning point in Rooney's television career came in the early nineteen-sixties, when he was trying to convince Richard Salant that he should be given a chance to write and act out some essays. Salant, who was standing near a door, asked what sort of stuff he could do. "I can do anything," said Rooney. "I can do doors." He did an hour on doors, and he has since also done, in two or three minutes apiece, soap, corner druggists, candy bars, parking places, and magazine-subscription inserts. "It's a good thing television doesn't have commercials we could tear out," Rooney said in that last one. "The living-room floor would be a mess." One can get away with that sort of thing on a top-rated show.

One of Rooney's first jobs with "60 Minutes" was as a writer and performer in a short-lived feature of the program called "Digressions." Two unidentified figures called Ipso and Facto, seen only in shadow, engaged in brief repartee. In February, 1969, for instance, following a segment in which Reasoner rather archly professed to be interested in buying the French-countryside estate of the Duke

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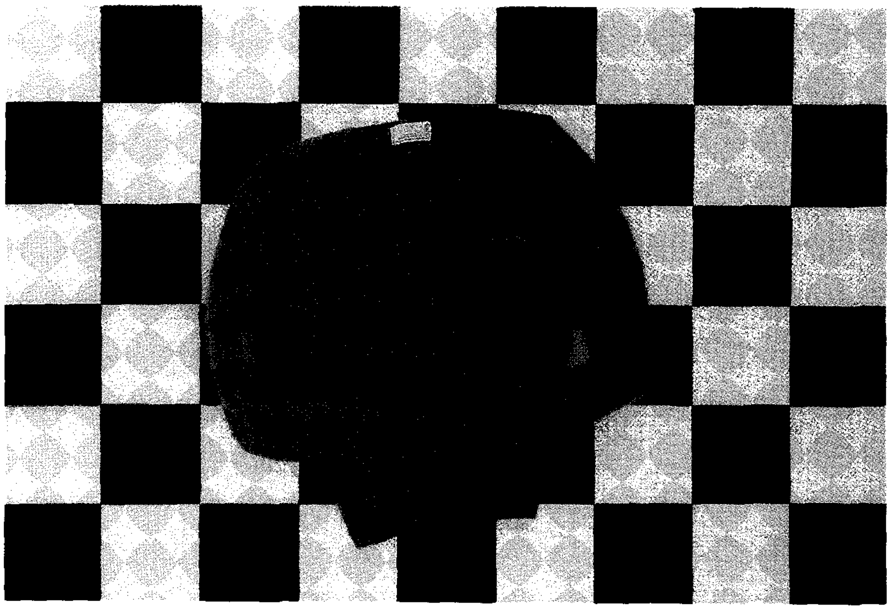

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and Duchess of Windsor, there ensued this colloquy:

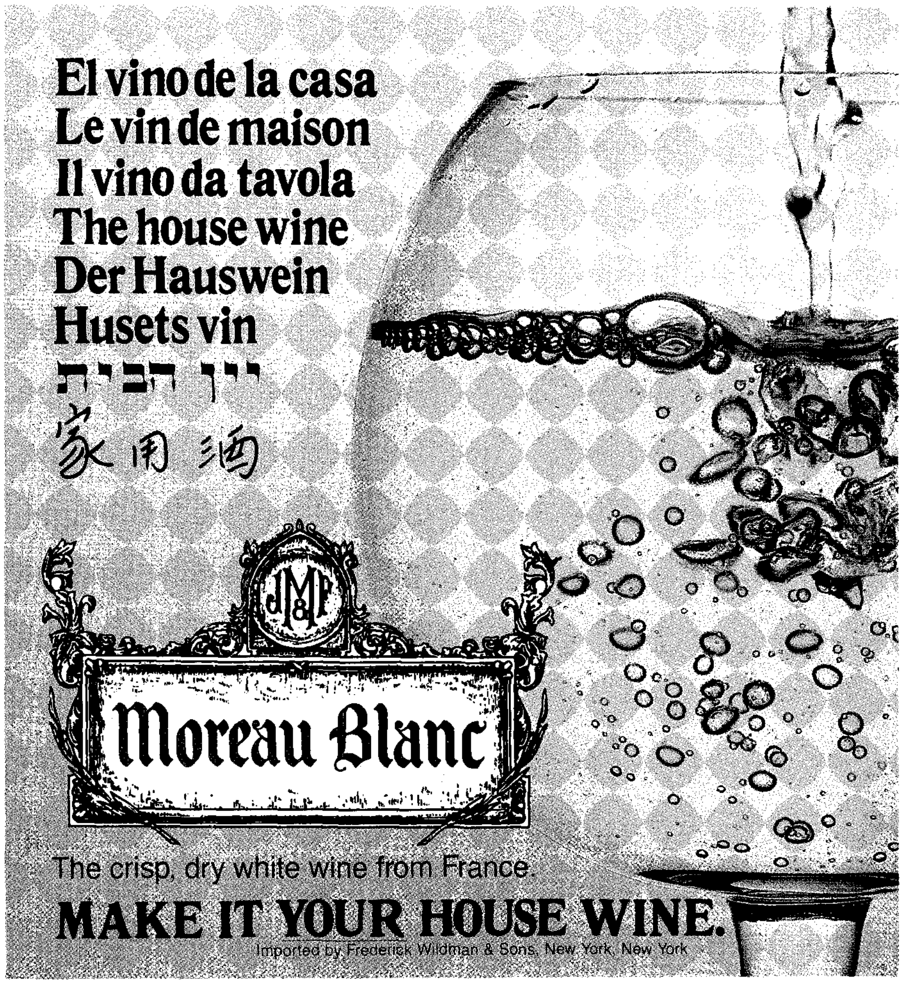
FIRST SILHOUETTE: If you'd been King of England in 1936, would you have given up the throne for the woman you loved?
SECOND SILHOUETTE: Oh . . . I think I would have stalled.
FIRST SILHOUETTE: Thank you.
SECOND SILHOUETTE: Thank you.

That was all there was to it.

What made "Digressions" a relevant footnote to television history was less its inherent wit than that Rooney's near-invisible accomplice was a one-time Borscht Belt actor named Palmer Williams. Until his retirement this spring, Williams was, next to Hewitt, the person most responsible for "60 Minutes." He was Hewitt's senior producer at the outset, later his managing editor, and always his alter ego. Off duty, they were as unalike as nuts and bolts. Hewitt patronizes fancy restaurants. Williams, whose grandfather, James Williams, once managed the Cleveland Indians, hardly ever wears a necktie, lives in Greenwich Village, and may be unknown to any maître d'hôtel north of Fourteenth Street. It is illustrative of their disparity that in nearly fourteen years of intimate, congenial, onerous association on the program they never once had dinner together after work.

CBS customarily gives any of its executives who survive thirty years in its employ a sterling-silver Tiffany tray. Williams, a native of Englewood, New Jersey, who went to Hollywood as a bit player instead of to college, got his tray last year. He would rather have had a gift certificate. Williams made Army films with Frank Capra and Garson Kanin (two of them won Academy Awards), and postwar government documentaries with Pare Lorentz. He joined CBS news in 1951, working alongside Hewitt on Murrow's "See It Now." Murrow has long been Williams' idol; Williams was proud to have his "60 Minutes" office furnished with his hero's desk, bookshelves, pen-and-pencil holder, and ashtray. Williams was visually oriented, and Murrow was a word man. Williams taught Murrow how to cope with pictures. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Williams produced dozens of CBS documentaries, among them the return of Dwight D. Eisenhower to the beaches of Normandy on the twentieth anniversary of D Day.

Palmer Williams has been variously described by colleagues at "60 Minutes" as its linchpin, its cement, and



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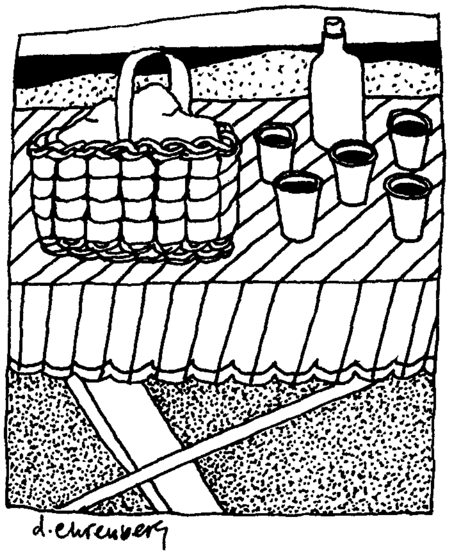
(by Hewitt) its ringmaster. " '60 Minutes' couldn't have existed without Palmer," Wallace says. "At the beginning, already a television veteran, he knew everybody in the business—all the cameramen and film editors, and also all the airline schedules. He was the glue. The guy there day after day settling disputes, calming jealousies. The traffic cop. Moreover, he kept us focussed on hard stuff, issue-oriented stuff. He was the one who sensed all along that our most important franchise was investigating." Philip Scheffler, an old-time "60 Minutes" producer, who has succeeded Williams as Hewitt's second-in-command, calls his predecessor the program's sounding board. "Palmer has an uncanny memory," says Scheffler, who is also a thirty-year man, having come to the network as a copyboy in 1951 and worked his way up to a producer of the Evening News. "Somebody once asked me if '60 Minutes' had ever done a story on such-and-such. I said I didn't know—ask Palmer. So they did, and Palmer said, 'Yes, Scheffler did it on such-and-such a date in 1974.' "

When Williams was abroad for "60 Minutes," he always kept his watch on New York time, so he could be aware of what people back in the home office were doing, or were supposed to be doing, at any moment. Standing on a windswept Scottish moor one day, he surprised a companion by glancing at his wrist and saying, "Harry should be getting in a taxi just about now to head for the airport." Reasoner is second to none in his admiration for Williams. "Palmer's a unique man," Reasoner says. "If I needed twenty thousand dollars in cash and two new camera crews in Tangier Tuesday morning, I'd ask Palmer and he'd say yes, and that would be that." According to Morley Safer, "Anybody can handle the president of Exxon, but it takes a Palmer to deal with the second-string people who make things happen." Dan Rather likens Williams, who has a ruddy complexion, snow-white hair, and a courtly mien, to a village priest. "Once, I was in a fallow period," Rather says. "The bank of pieces I was supposed to have accumulated was low, and I wasn't wild about the ones I was working on. Then Palmer came by and said, 'I've been thinking. Why doesn't Dan go to London for a while, where he's done some good pieces, and get himself re-energized?' Now, the rule of thumb at '60 Minutes' is that you don't take trips if your bank is low—you stay home and interview a congressman. But when I reminded Palmer of that he said, 'Look, London's your lucky city. Something's bound to turn up.' So I took off and went there, and came back with a couple of decent pieces and great peace of mind. That's the sort of missionary work that Palmer would do. He soothed everybody and kept everybody going." (Williams, despite his celebrated memory, has no recollection of the episode.) Williams' ministerial manner helped douse a threatening conflagration last year when Wallace, on hearing that Safer planned to do a testy piece about Haiti, where Wallace's wife has relatives, asked that the story be dropped. It was, but not until some sparks had flown around and singed Hewitt's hair.

IN December, 1975, not long after Rather boarded ship, CBS shifted "60 Minutes" to its 7 P.M. Sunday berth. Prime time—the evening hours that attract the largest number of television viewers—begins at seven and ends at eleven. Until 1975, the Federal Communications Commission restricted network programming to only three of those four hours. The F.C.C. wanted the hour between seven and eight reserved for the networks' affiliated stations to devise their own programs. More often than not, they would put on local news from seven to seven-thirty and fill the remaining half hour with inexpensive canned game shows, interspersed with regional commercials. Then they would rejoin the network. In the fall of 1975, however, the commission expanded the hours of network broadcasting to four each evening (except Saturday) but on condition that the networks refrain from offering their affiliates anything that could be categorized as entertainment during the additional hour. Only children's programs, documentaries, or public-affairs programs of a purportedly instructional nature would be authorized.



When "60 Minutes" moved into the seven-o'clock zone as the additional network-hour program, it had the public-affairs field all to itself. ABC was purveying shows such as "Swiss Family Robinson," NBC "The Wonderful World of Disney." That competition did not concern Hewitt and Williams as much as football. Professional-football games sometimes came on the CBS network at four, and about half the time they weren't over by seven. The CBS brass considered them far more consequential than "60 Minutes." If football ran over, "60 Minutes" would have to run short. Hewitt and Williams, during those uncertain fall and early-winter weeks, would despairingly prepare three versions of their show. On a typical Sunday, the briefest might be thirty-eight minutes long: if football got out of the way by seven-twenty-two, they could put on some sort of curtailed program. Williams, who would rather have been playing tennis, would sit grumpily at home Sunday afternoons looking at football, a stopwatch in one hand, a telephone near the other, so he could keep in touch with CBS Sports and also with Merri Lieberthal, his coördinating producer, who was up on West Fifty-seventh Street. (It is characteristic of how "60 Minutes" functions that when Lieberthal—whom Hewitt now calls "the Mommy of us all"—was a student at the University of Miami with a summer job at CBS and heard that Mike Wallace needed a secretary, she applied for the job and got it, though she was unacquainted with shorthand; since 1975, she has had her own office on Tiger Row. One ghastly morning a year or so ago, CBS mislaid its master tape of "60 Minutes," though it did turn up before air time; ever since, Lieberthal has stashed away a duplicate, for emergency use.)

Williams became an expert at predicting when pro-football games would end. Stopwatch and phone at the ready, he would eagerly await the two-minute warning toward the close of a game—knowing, of course, that two minutes of playing time can amount to ten or more of actual time. Meanwhile, Hewitt kept beseeching his overseers at CBS to "bump the network"—that is, to let every prime-

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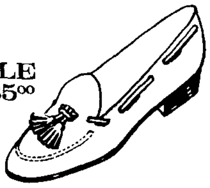

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time show run its full length, starting whenever football stopped—but he was turned down. To do anything like that, he was informed, would mean that the eleven-o'clock news would have to be delayed, and the public would never stand for it.

Not long afterward, CBS statisticians made an astounding discovery: "60 Minutes" had become just as popular as football. That put everything in a different light. Now there was a sound commercial reason for bumping the network. From late 1976 on, accordingly, "60 Minutes" has been shown in its entirety whenever football finished up. In the world of television, "lead-ins" are important. Since "60 Minutes" had demonstrated its leadership quality, it could be expected to escort all the network programs following it—Archie Bunker and the rest—to higher ratings than they might otherwise have enjoyed on the evening that attracts more prime-time viewers than any other. "And nobody, to this day," Palmer Williams says, "has ever been able to figure how it all came about."

Andy Rooney, on the other hand, professes not to have been in the least surprised by the program's surge to eminence. "There are five ways to titillate the public," he says. "By talking about money or diet or sex or by drama or information. The one thing the television networks had never before seemed to comprehend was how big an appetite there was in this country for information." Wallace, for his part, ascribes the success of "60 Minutes" to something that happened even before the program moved from six o'clock to seven. "I'm convinced that '60 Minutes' got its first big nationwide audience because of the 1973 oil embargo," he says. "Nobody had any gas for that Sunday-afternoon drive, and at six o'clock, when people were stuck at home and desperate for something to divert them, we came on."

"One advantage we may have had over many other programs," Williams conjectures, "is that we've seemed to appeal to all age groups. 'Love Boat,' somebody once told me, has to content itself with the eighteen-to-thirty-eight crowd, but we have this spread from retirees to school kids. Some of the latter, to be sure, frequently *have* to look at us, because their teachers assign us to them. We get letters from students who've missed a show begging us for a transcript so they can do their homework." About ten per cent of the program's audiences are believed to be under seventeen, conceivably because Hewitt, unlike many television impresarios, declines to pander to juveniles by, say, presenting in-depth interviews with Billy Joel or Kiss; he prefers Katharine Hepburn or Vladimir Horowitz. "60 Minutes" may appeal to at least part of every age group, but when it comes to economic categories there is some evidence that it has more blue-collar devotees than white-collar. Some years ago, Safer visited Lordstown, Ohio, for a story on the General Motors plant there. He dropped in at a United Automobile Workers meeting, where he was tendered full celebrity honors, complete with numerous requests for his autograph. His next stop was at a conference of high-level motor-industry executives, few of whom appeared ever to have heard of him or his program.

That wasn't Safer's only confrontation with the auto industry. On a subsequent occasion, Safer and Philip Scheffler went to Detroit to do a story on auto emissions. They hadn't much wanted to do the story in the first place. Richard Salant had urged it upon Hewitt. "Morley and I really tried hard," Scheffler said afterward. "We worked on the piece for two weeks, and then we cut what we had and showed it to Don, and he looked at it and said, 'That's the worst story I've ever seen in my life.' Morley and I were so relieved we applauded. But Salant had wanted it, and he was running News. So we went back to Detroit and reshot, and Don said he thought that version was a little better, and he showed it to Bill Leonard, who was over us but not quite as far over as Salant, and Leonard thought *that* was terrible. So Morley and I gave up. But I was feeling bad about all the time and money we'd spent on it. I called the producers of the Morning News and said, 'I can cut you a nice seven- or eight-minute piece on automobile emissions,' and they said, 'Fine.' I did it in a day, and they put it on, and I figured I was a hero. I'd amortized the effort. Salant was out of town, and when he came back he looked at a list of what had been on the news, and he called Leonard and said, 'What was Morley Safer doing on the Morning News?' Bill said that that was the auto-emissions story—that it hadn't been good enough for '60 Minutes.' The upshot was that Salant sent around a memo saying, 'I do not want the Morning News to be a dumping ground for "60 Minutes" rejects.' "

Whereas in the 1970-71 season, its third on the air, "60 Minutes" ranked one-hundred-and-first in prime-time ratings, and whereas by the 1975-76 season it still stood no higher than fifty-second, by November of 1978 it had climbed—for one week, at least—to first place. Over a fifteen-week period toward the end of the following year, "60 Minutes" was ranked first six times and finished lower than third only once. As president of CBS News in 1968, Salant had been lukewarm, even cool, about launching it. By the end of 1981—such are the vagaries of the television industry—he was vice-chairman of NBC. That network had thrown together "NBC Magazine" in an attempt to capitalize on the manifest magnetism of "60 Minutes." Late that year, "Magazine," pitted against ABC's "Benson" and "Bosom Buddies" and CBS's "The Dukes of Hazzard," had just been rated sixty-ninth, among seventy-one prime-time programs. (It has since been scuttled.) "60 Minutes" had been rated first, and, according to *Variety's* account of what Hewitt recently told an international broadcasting conference in Milan, it was earning its bemused network, which does not expect to make much money on the news, fifty million dollars a year. Salant proved himself a sporting loser. From his precarious aerie, he dispatched a telegram to Hewitt that read, "See, Don, I told you it would never work."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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—*Adv. in the Baltimore Sun.*

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[*Adv. in the San Antonio (Texas) Express*]

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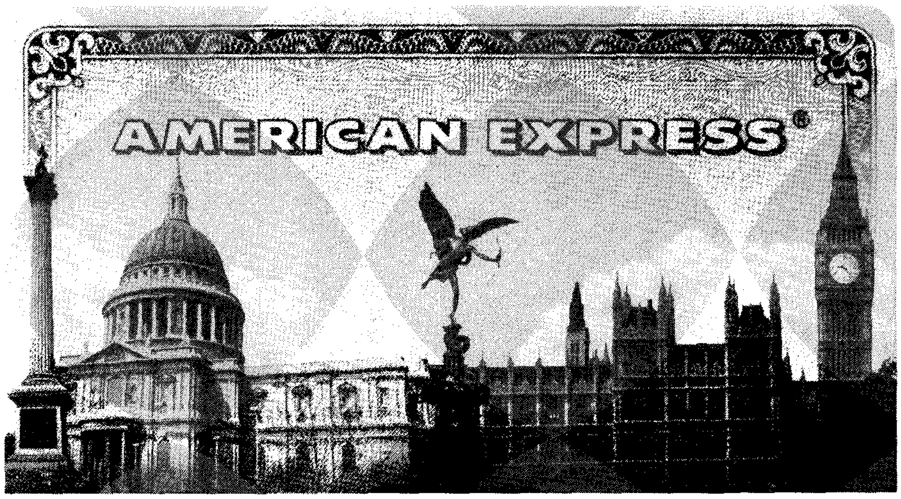
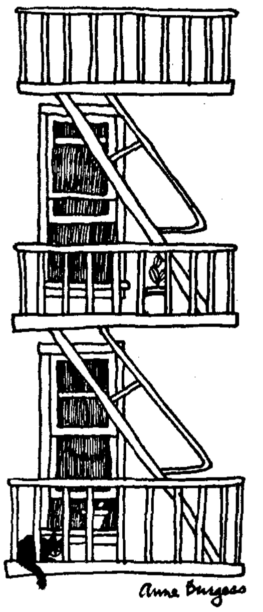


U.S. JOURNAL: TUCSON, ARIZ.

UNDER THE FRUITLESS MULBERRY

WHEN I heard that some people in Tucson wanted to ban further planting of the fruitless mulberry, it occurred to me that they might build a case against it on the basis of its name alone. Particularly in difficult economic times, they could argue, any number of citizens might find it distressing to be sitting under the shade of a tree whose name seems so plainly without hope. There is plenty of precedent, after all, for local governments' choosing names that are designed to build civic morale and impress outsiders; otherwise, there wouldn't be so many international airports in manifestly domestic cities. City governments are constantly changing the names of their own agencies to escape what the name-changers tend to call negative connotations—relief changed into welfare on the way to becoming human services. The Tucson City Council might have a go at finding the fruitless mulberry a cheerier name—the fruit-free mulberry, maybe—but if the name didn't stick it would be only one more step to ban the tree outright. Then, their appetites whetted, the council members could start banning things with names like lurid boletus—whether there had ever been any examples of lurid boletus within the city limits or not.



As it turned out, the name of the fruitless mulberry was not what its opponents had against it. The fruitless mulberry lacks fruit because it is the *male* of the species—the female mulberry is an unpopular back-yard tree precisely because its fruit can cause an awful mess—and it is the destiny of the male tree to produce pollen every spring. The mulberry's pollen is primarily carried by wind rather than by insects; a lot of it is carried within breathing range of people who are allergic to it. Pollen, of course, is one of the things a lot of people with allergies moved to the Tucson desert to avoid. Once they arrived, though, they surrounded themselves with the sort of green foliage they had considered beautiful in St. Louis or Buffalo—Bermuda grass, for instance, and mulberry trees. As Tucson's population swelled in the decades after the Second World War, it was not one of the Southwestern cities where many Easterners adopted the "desert look" in landscaping along with their bolo ties and cowboy boots. "People didn't feel comfortable sitting next to a cactus in the back yard," I was told by Harry Hayes, an Arizona native, who for the past thirty years has been keeping the daily pollen count as part of his job at the Tucson Clinic. "They created the problem, and those of us who knew about it let them do it." Hayes worked with Dr. Allen M. Solomon, who was then a pollen specialist at the University of Arizona, on a 1980 paper that reported "a 10-fold increase in airborne pollen from exotic ornamental vegetation during the past two decades." In results they characterized as "ironic to the large portion of Tucson's human population which immigrated for the purported healthful effects of the area," Solomon and Hayes found that "Tucson residents, in their quest for temperate-zone vegetation, induced net atmospheric pollen concentrations similar to those in the eastern United States." A lot of people in Tucson, of course, had allergies or asthma before they got there—that was their reason for moving—but a lot of people have started suffering only since they arrived. All in all, Tucson now has twice the national incidence of asthma and hay fever, and six to nine times the incidence of allergies.

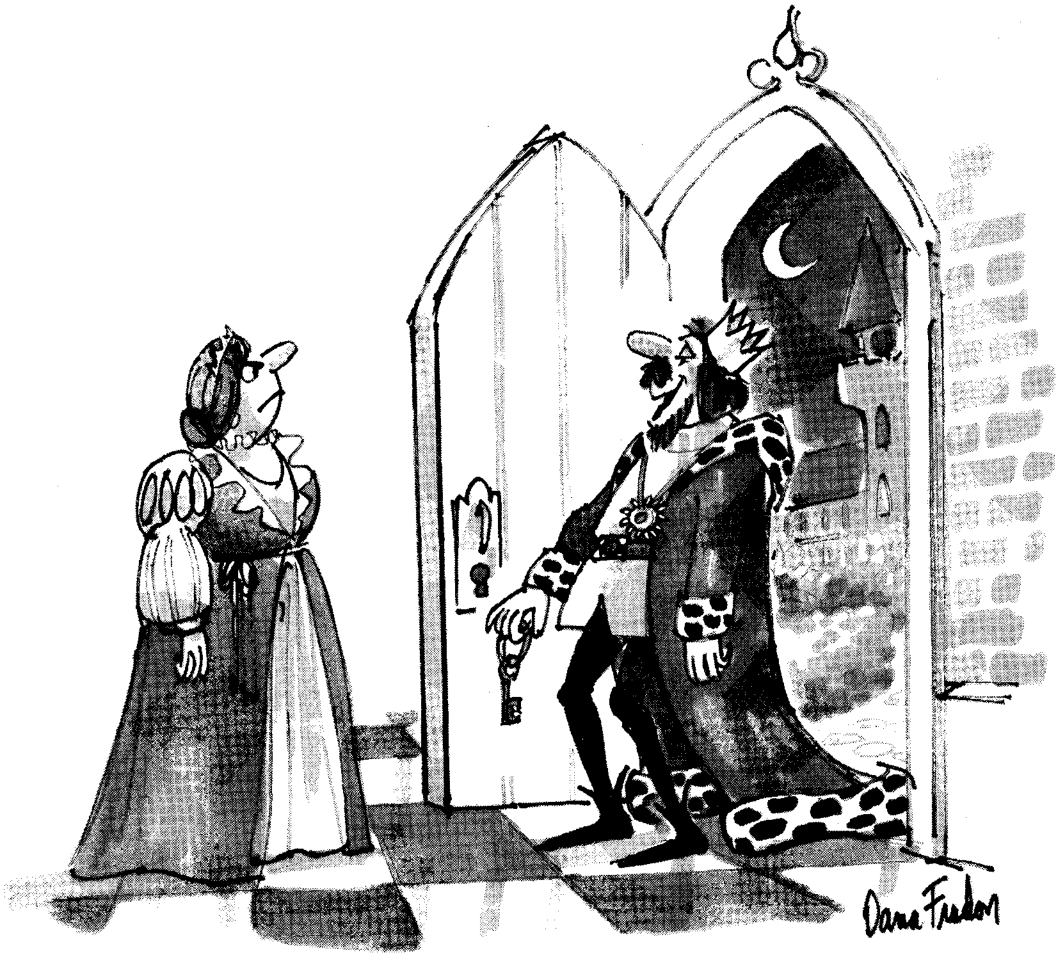
It still makes sense for some people to move to Tucson for their health. Some people with asthma are helped by moving from, say, Detroit to Tucson—although, doctors having discovered that any change can mean leaving behind some of the factors that accumulate to trigger an asthma attack, it is also true that some people may be helped by moving from Tucson to Detroit. Many arthritis sufferers feel better in the dry Tucson air, and people whose respiratory problems are exacerbated by humidity may be helped—although they would probably be helped even more by moving to, say, Flagstaff. Still, there are a lot of people in Tucson—particularly allergy sufferers—who feel worse than they did when they arrived. When they look around for the cause of their suffering, their eyes are likely to light on a fruitless mulberry. The mulberry is a cheap, fast-growing tree that provides good shade in the summer—shade is virtually a necessity in the dry but ferociously hot Tucson summer—and sheds its leaves to let the warming sun come through in the winter. For years, it has been the tree most often planted next to new housing in Tucson—particularly in trailer courts and inexpensive subdivisions. Although its pollen season is only six to eight weeks long—the pollen season for Bermuda grass, by contrast, lasts nearly the entire year—it produces pollen levels four or five times as great as those of any other plant. There are people in Tucson who claim that for several weeks each spring they are virtually put under house arrest by mulberry pollen. They would find the fruitless mulberry depressing no matter what it was called.

IN 1975, a measure to ban the sale of fruitless mulberries was brought before the Tucson City Council—largely through the efforts of Herman Berlowe, a retired postal worker who went to Tucson from Minneapolis in 1941 seeking relief from asthma. The measure failed. Last year, at the urging of a Board of Health member named Dick Jaskiewicz, the Pima County Board of Health recommended that the County Board of Supervisors ban the planting of mulberries as a health hazard, but the supervisors voted three to two against the ban—both supervisors in the minority being people who have suffered from respiratory problems. It is not really easy to prove that the mulberry is a health hazard. No one questions that it produces by far the highest concentration of pollen, but some Tucson allergists have testified that relatively few people are allergic to mulberry pollen compared with the number allergic to the pollen of some other trees and grasses. Although allergy sufferers make up a sizable minority of the Tucson population, they are not politically organized. The mulberry-banning bills faced opposition from people in the nursery business and from people who are philosophically opposed to regulation of any sort. There was also an underlying political problem, which was summed up for me recently by David Yetman, one of the county supervisors who voted for the ban. "Those who don't suffer from allergies can't conceive of what it's like," he said.

"They always treat it in a humorous way," Herman Berlowe said recently. "Believe me: It's not funny."

Nothing incenses allergy sufferers more than a newspaper column on the subject that begins "Ah-choo!" That is precisely how Ted Craig—editorial-page editor and columnist of the Tucson *Citizen*—began an editorial called "Mulberry Silliness" in the spring of 1981; he ended it "Gesundheit!" The argument put forward against making changes in the desert such as introducing non-native greenery, Craig wrote, "is just great if you happen to be a horned toad or a roadrunner and you like to breathe dust." Craig offended a number of readers with the editorial—not a new experience for him. A plainspoken, down-home type who grew up in Arkansas, Craig holds up as a model among his predecessors the nineteenth-century editorialist who liked to refer to his opponents as "swill-tubs and squirts." Craig has run into trouble with the gun people. ("I don't mind them having guns," he says. "Hell, I've got a gun myself. But I'm not real happy when they carry a .357 magnum in the front seat of their pickup so they can shoot you for making an illegal left turn.") He has also had trouble with the environmentalists. "They always say they want to preserve the beauty of the desert," he told me, sweeping his arm in the direction of some particularly dismal-looking patch of scrubland. "What beauty? Why, if someone threw a Budweiser can in there it'd improve the looks!"

While talking to Craig about mulberry trees, I realized that the presence of mulberry pollen in Tucson had some elements of a class issue. The expensive houses in the part of Tucson known as the Foothills have lawns landscaped around desert mesquite and boulders and cacti, because the people who live in the houses have the money and the taste and the natural setting that make it possible. The poorest people in Tucson have not brought much pollen on themselves, because about all they plant in their yards is old automobile bodies. The people in between have some of Ted Craig's carefully rationed sympathy: "By God, if a guy wants to put up a house out here in the desert and wants to shade it, for Christ sake, I'm not going to tell him to cut it down because it makes me sneeze." Craig's answer to people like Dick Jaskiewicz who object to introducing non-native plants into the area is simple: "Tell Jaskiewicz he's non-native himself." Craig regrets that the flap over the mulberry tree seems to have died down, because he didn't get a chance to print up some of the bumper stickers in which he marries gun-lobby slogans and the pollen issue, his favorite being "REGISTER ASTHMATICS, NOT MULBERRIES."



"We are drunk."

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WHEN I told Dick Jaskiewicz what Craig had said about him, he said, "He's right, but I don't make anybody sneeze." According to people I know in Tucson, that was a particularly temperate comeback for Jaskiewicz, who is sometimes referred to in Tucson political circles as Mad Dog Jaskiewicz. A former resident of Connecticut, Jaskiewicz is a short, volatile man who dresses Western and usually packs a gun. As someone who considers himself a conservative Democrat, he would ordinarily be found on the other side of an argument that involves regulation, but he sees the presence of mulberry trees as a health issue rather than a political issue. A nurse practitioner by profession, Jaskiewicz is in charge of the clinical nursing service at a county nursing home, and even those who call him Mad Dog tend to acknowledge his commitment to the old and the infirm in Tucson. Jaskiewicz says that he has

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seen enough suffering among his patients during the mulberry season to convince him that the fruitless mulberry is a health hazard. "This is a desert," he told me. "If God wanted mulberry trees here, He would have grown mulberry trees." Jaskiewicz says he has not given up on the mulberry issue but is simply waiting for an opportune moment to make another attempt at a ban. Meanwhile, he and some of the nurses at the home fantasize about midnight guerrilla raids in which mulberry trees are poisoned by people driving copper nails into them—a method that is said to be as effective as driving a wooden stake into the heart of a vampire.

What worries some people on Jaskiewicz's side of the argument is that Tucson continues to grow. The potential increase in pollen is just one of their concerns. There have always been people in Tucson who wonder whether a huge city should really exist in the arid land of southern Arizona—whether there will be enough water and whether the ecology of the desert will be irreversibly altered and whether gathering so many people in the desert inevitably destroys what attracted people to the desert in the first place. Pollen is not the only cause of sneezing during springtime in Tucson. There is air pollution from cars and mining operations and fine desert dust. There are mold spores from the evaporative coolers that a lot of Tucson residents use for air-conditioning. Even the climate can be changed by population growth. People in Tucson like to talk about how hot it is in Phoenix, and a man I know once told me that as Phoenix has covered more and more acres with asphalt and blown out more and more hot air with air-conditioners it has gradually become the hottest city in the world, making also-rans out of spots like Calcutta.

There was a time, five or six years ago, when concerns about growth were often expressed publicly in Tucson. By the standards of Phoenix, where there has never been much doubt expressed about bigger being better, Tucson has been considered a bit reluctant when it comes to development, and a bit too patient with opponents of progress. Partly because of the national economic slump, though, there has not been much no-growth talk heard in Tucson lately. Tucson may still be considered backward in Phoenix, but there seems to be general acceptance of the idea that by the year 2000 about a million people will live in the Tucson area—double the present population. Several people in Tucson used one particular fact to demonstrate to me that the no-growth movement is virtually dead: its most visible leader in the debates of the seventies is now in the real-estate business.

Will twice as many people mean twice as many fruitless mulberries and twice as much Bermuda grass and twice as much pollen? Will allergy sufferers have to move or else resort to paramilitary tree-poisoning raids? Maybe not. Apparently, fewer mulberries are being planted these days. Even the nursery owner who has been the most vocal in defense of the mulberry—Katherine Ward, who says that the notion of banning mulberries is "the silliest thing I ever heard of"—told me that she sold fewer of them than she used to, partly because of the publicity surrounding the banning attempts. The Harlow brothers, who run the oldest nursery in Tucson, think the situation has changed partly because of the publicity and partly because a precipitous rise in water rates several years ago got people interested in the desert look—front lawns of decomposed granite instead of grass, patios built around desert plants rather than the greenery associated with the East. Ten or twelve years ago, somebody who wanted a native plant probably couldn't buy one in a Tucson nursery. "Now," the Harlows say, "there's all kinds of plants at the nursery that they used to pull out of their yards." Even people who plant Bermuda grass can now plant a hybrid Bermuda that doesn't produce pollen. Still, there are yards being planted in Tucson at present that are more or less the same as the yards planted in the early fifties. As Dick Jaskiewicz says, people tend to bring with them "what they hold dear—children, husbands, mulberries." If someone who is thinking about a move writes to the Tucson Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce for information, he is sent a brochure that mentions the popularity of native desert landscaping. The brochure also says, "Eucalyptus, mulberry, and fir trees grow easily."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Quality Progress, a trade magazine*]

The President and the Committee also agree that agencies should compare the costs and benefits of proposed rules. In an executive order issued last year, Reagan told agencies not to issue rules unless the costs outweighed the benefits.

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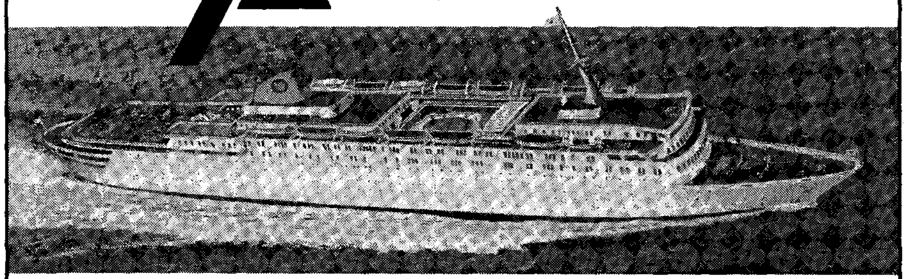

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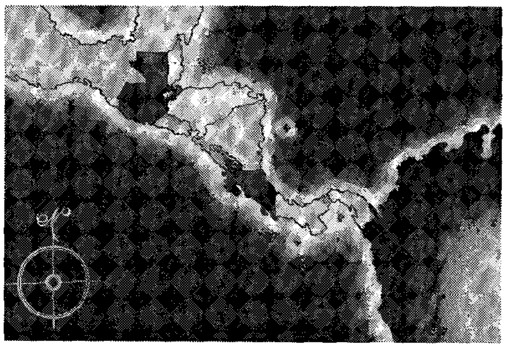

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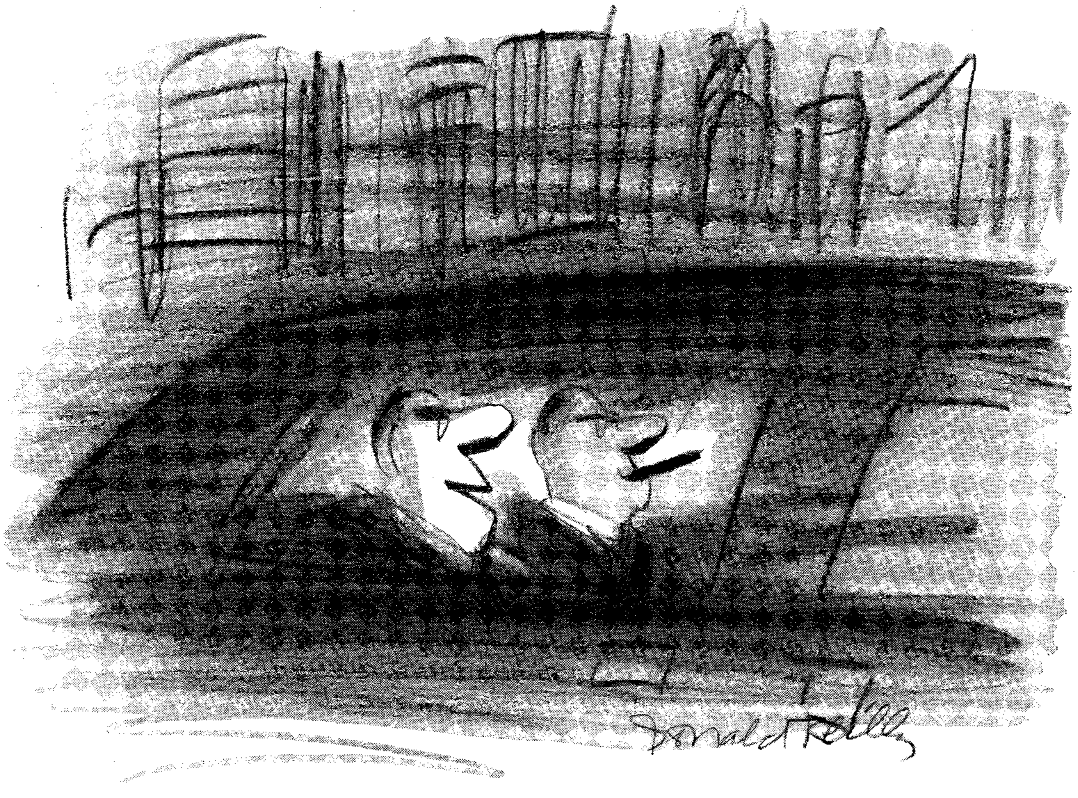
JAZZ

Teddy Wilson

TEDDY WILSON still presides when he sits at the piano. He will be seventy this year, but all is in place—the ramrod back, the flat hands, the square elbows held close to the sides, the slightly raised chin, the lowered eyes, and the compressed, almost imperceptibly moving lips (the only register of emotion in an otherwise masklike face). His figure, once thin as a stamp, has thickened, and his hawklike profile has become a series of arcs and spheres. His famous style—a delicate and subtle tracery of single-note melodic lines framed by discreet chords—now comes in two grades: preset and largely predictable (a reflection of the boredom with their own skills that occasionally afflicts all perfectionists), and, when he is stirred by a good audience or an aggressive rhythm section, resplendent and exciting. Wilson's musical life has been unassailable and invaluable. His faultless taste has lit the music wherever he has gone. The very excellence of his style, though rarely directly imitated, has seemed to force his most gifted admirers (Billy Kyle, Nat Cole, Mel Powell, Hank Jones, Lenny Tristano, Jimmy Rowles) into shaping almost equally exceptional styles. He has helped give the music, long heedless and untutored, an awareness of its own elegance and brilliance.

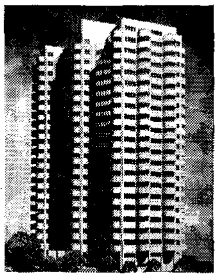
Wilson was one of the first black jazz musicians to come from an educated, middle-class background. He was born in Austin, Texas, and raised in Tuskegee, Alabama. His mother was a librarian at Tuskegee Institute, and his father was head of the English Department. Wilson attended Talledega College for a year, but in 1929 he went North to try his wings as a jazz pianist. He joined Speed Webb (Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson) and then replaced Art Tatum in Milton Senior's band in Toledo, Ohio. He worked in local Chicago bands and filled in for Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace Ballroom. In 1933, he travelled with Louis Armstrong's indifferent big band, and before the year was out he had been summoned to New York by Benny Carter. The Carter band (J. C. Higginbotham, Wayman Carver, Sidney Catlett) collapsed in 1934, and Wilson went on to Willie Bryant (Cozy Cole, Ben Webster, Carter). Then his sun rose. At the behest of John Hammond, he began making a series of all-star small-band recordings for Brunswick, many of them with Billie Holiday. (By the time the brilliant series ended, in 1941, he had recorded close to a hundred titles.) He also sat in with Benny Goodman at a party at Red Norvo's house in Forest Hills; a few weeks later he was on the first of the celebrated Benny Goodman Trio records. He joined the Goodman band in 1936, and stayed three years. Jess Stacy was Goodman's regular pianist, so Goodman had Wilson appear only with the trio and, later, the quartet. It was a courageous time for Wilson. He was the first black musician to be attached to a big white jazz band—*the* big white jazz band, in fact. He was cheered on the bandstand but was relegated to "colored" hotels and boarding houses. In 1939, Wilson, encouraged by his sudden fame, put together his own big band. It was a clean, well-lighted group that included Shorty Baker, Doc Cheatham, Ben Webster, and J. C. Heard, but it lasted barely a year. It was done in by its sheer high-class professionalism and by the departure of Ben Webster, who went on to the Duke Ellington band. From 1940 to 1944, Wilson led a superb sextet at Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown. It was made up of the likes of Emmett Berry, Bill Coleman or Joe Thomas, Benny Morton, Jimmy Hamilton or Edmond Hall, and Sidney Catlett, and it was a constant, swinging presence at the Uptown, providing both dance music and backing for shows that included the Golden Gate Quartet, Imogene Coca, Jimmy Savo, and Mildred Bailey. (The recordings of the sextet that exist—a dozen or so pale radio transcriptions and several desultory Columbia sides, all but one unreleased—give little indication of its fire and ease.) By 1950, bebop was entrenched, and swing was done. Wilson, only thirty-eight, had passed through the most intense and productive period of his life. Since then, he has pieced together a brave career from teaching, radio work, recordings, and endless travelling as a solo act.



"Heard any good boardroom gibes lately?"

Wilson's style has changed little since 1935. At first, it was a mixture of what he admired in Earl Hines (the single-note melodic attack, the little right-hand tremolos, the restless left hand), the stride pianists (the rhythmic precision and the love of melody), and Art Tatum (the touch, speed, arpeggios, and fearless harmonic sense). But he quickly worked out his own style, and what we have come to be so delighted by is its calm, riffling arpeggios, some of them the shortest distance between two points and some with a tricky sidewise motion; the short, graceful, declarative single-note phrases, the first measure often repeated once or twice to give a pleasant stuttering effect; the dashing double-time single-note bursts; the peppery, sometimes quite dissonant right-hand chords; the way he tosses the melody back and forth between his hands like a juggler; the left hand constantly moving from tenth chords (on and off the beat) to single-note accents and patches of stride; the love of the middle and upper registers. It is easy to listen to a Wilson solo and hear very little of it. His solos are worked out so quietly and fastidiously that they give the impression that they would rather not be heard at all—that they would prefer to stay safely inside their originator's head. There isn't much for the listener to hold on to. The colors are light, the textures silken. There are almost no dynamics; each note is struck perfectly and with the same force as the one before it. Nor is there any rhythmic commotion. Wilson's solos move along one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four, and have none of the legato fooling-with-time experiments of Red Allen and Lester Young and Billie Holiday. (Part of the appeal of the Wilson-Holiday Brunswicks is the contrast—not to say struggle—between his rhythmic rectitude and her alarming and irresistible rhythmic liberties. She sometimes sang entire vocals just outside the beat while Wilson, in his accompanying and in his solo, effortlessly gave her a reading of her exact location.) What finally makes Wilson's solos so hard to get near is their consummate melodic logic. (It has been said that his playing is cold. This is not true. The emotion is simply gloved.) Wilson's improvisations are smooth and seamlessly structured. They form landscapes of sound—ordered, serene (even the fast tempos), polite, beautiful.

Time-Life Records has given over its twentieth "Giants of Jazz" album to Wilson, and it is a creditable celebration. There are forty selections, the earliest Louis Armstrong's 1933 "I've Got the World on a String" and the latest "Blues in D Flat," made in 1976 with Harry Edison, Vic Dicken-



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son, and Bob Wilber. In between are nine Wilson piano solos, three sides with Mildred Bailey, two with Billie Holiday, three Benny Goodman small groups, five sides by Wilson's big band, and assorted small-band numbers, among them Red Norvo's fine 1934 "I Surrender, Dear" and the great 1936 "Blues in C Sharp Minor." Wilson is particularly attractive on "Oh, Lady Be Good!" and "Someday Sweetheart," done with the Goodman Trio, and demonstrating how his clarity and sanity kept Goodman and Gene Krupa, both Chicago madmen, in line; on his beautifully built solo versions of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Body and Soul," and "These Foolish Things," all made in the early forties; on the sides by his big band, which, in its treble smoothness and slight static quality, was a perfect reflection of his improvisational temperament; and in his stark, mourning solo on "Blues in C Sharp Minor." The biographical essay in the accompanying booklet is by George Gelles, and the good program notes are by John McDonough. The photographs include a *moment juste* wide-angle-lens shot taken by Gjon Mili in 1943 at one of his studio jam sessions and showing the dancer Pearl Primus and a group made up of Bobby Hackett, Lou McGarity, and, fresh from their night's work at Café Society Uptown, Edmond Hall, John Simmons, Sidney Catlett, and Wilson himself, presiding.

—Whitney Balliett

•

A pompous nitwit and a coward to boot, Shakespeare prescribes little of a sympathetic nature to the role of Parolles.—*Austin (Texas) American-Statesman.*

He may have been a nitwit, but he packed them in.

•

American traits are a blend, not a norm, and while the fabled "melting pot" never really melted, we have begun to recognize that the pot itself is a mosaic and not a monolith shaped by a single spinner.

—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

Or needlepoint nut.

•

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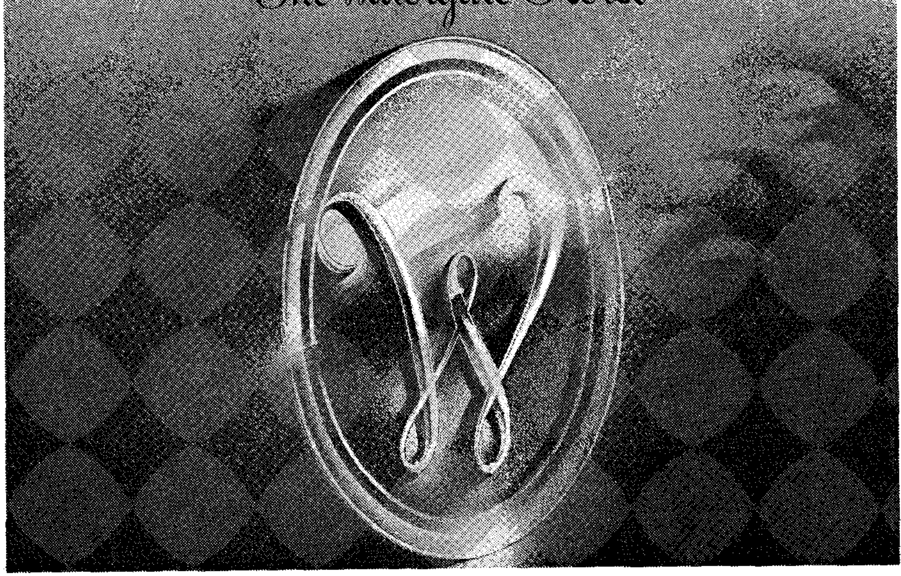

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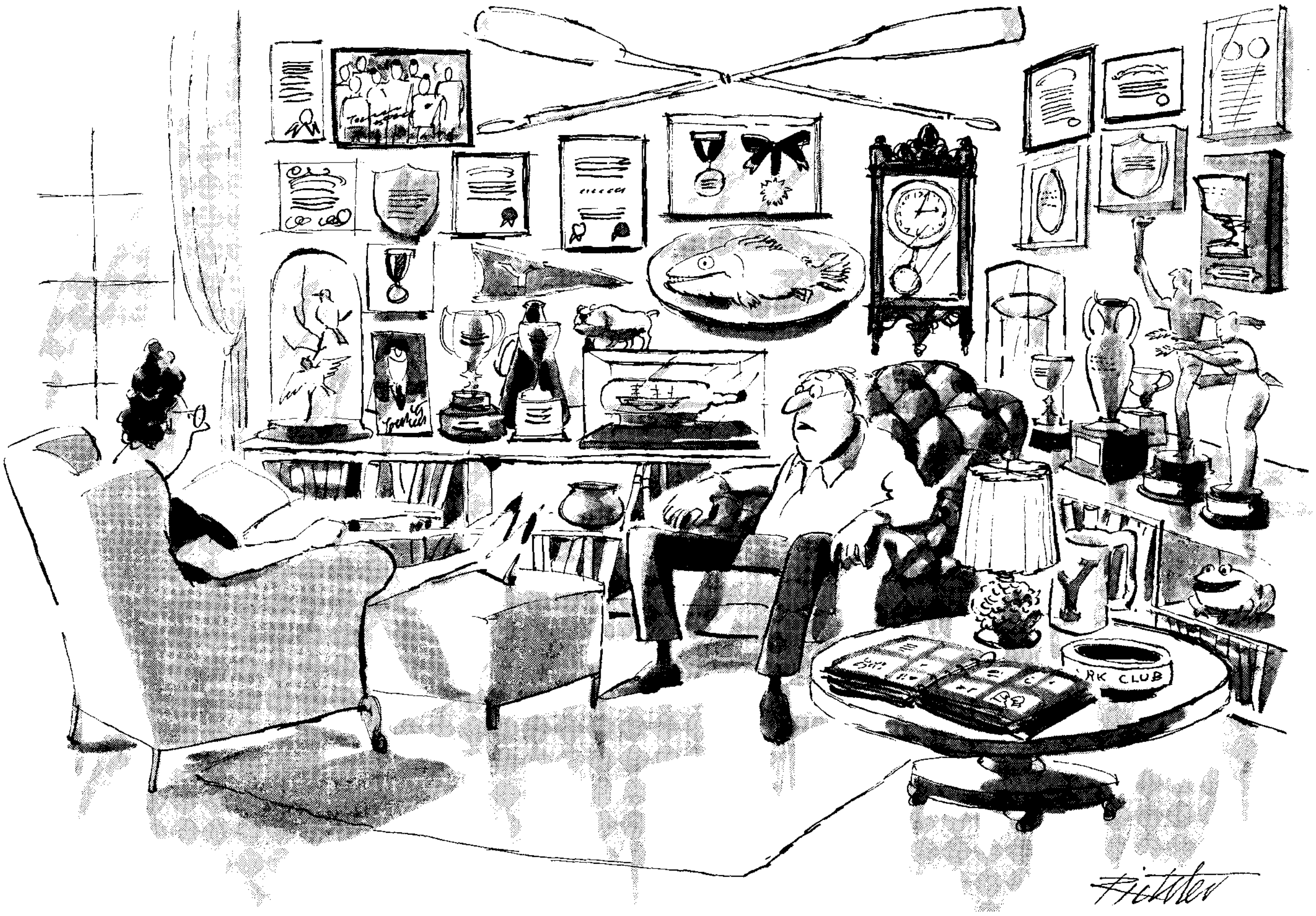
THE THEATRE

Country Pleasures

LEAST said, soonest mended. There's no reason for me to describe at length "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," at the Alvin: a clumsy, meagre, makeshift little imitation musical comedy, which, after months of touring the provinces, came to town—for a brief period—seemingly because its producers assumed that the provinces themselves come to town in summer and might as well be made profitable use of. It is doubtless the case that of the millions of footsore tourists who drift about our superheated streets in July and August a few thousand will be tempted week after week to take shelter inside a sizable auditorium that is furnished with seats and is air-conditioned, especially if the entertainment being offered to them arouses, in its title, a vague recollection of something that struck them as pleasurable at some earlier period of their lives. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" is taken from a highly successful, thoroughly simple-minded movie that was made in 1954 and bore the same name; the movie was based, in turn, on a short story, "The Sobbin' Women," that Stephen Vincent Benét wrote back in 1926. Benét, a poet, kept the wolf from the door by writing fiction for *The Saturday Evening Post* and other popular magazines. The plot of his story, like the plot of the current musical, is a sort of innocent jollying up of a grim tale out of the far-distant Roman past—the rape of the Sabine women. It's a tale that makes an uneasy occasion for comedy under the best of circumstances; under the worst of circumstances, which is what we were confronted with at the Alvin, one fell back upon pretending that the seven brothers were the embodiment of nothing more sinister than juvenile high spirits. But I am resolved not to begin to pass judgment upon the manufacture of this commercial gimcrackery; it was invented not to give delight to the New Yorkers who ordinarily frequent our theatres but to help pass the time of the host of sunburned strangers in our midst. Presumably, these strangers find it possible to draw nourishment from such songs as "Bless Your Beautiful Hide," in which, contrary to what you might suppose, the possessor of the beautiful hide turns out to be a woman, and not a steer.

The star of "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" was Debby Boone, a good-looking young woman with a manner as relentlessly sunny as that of the youthful Julie Andrews. Miss Boone was supported, as the curious saying goes, by a curly-haired actor named David-James Carroll and six unexpectedly repellent Carroll clones. The book of the musical is by Lawrence Kasha and David Landay, and the songs that have been taken from the movie are by Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul, while new songs have been provided by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. The sets were by Robert Randolph, the costumes were by Robert Fletcher, and the lighting was by Thomas Skelton. The choreography was by Jerry Jackson, and the over-all direction was by Lawrence Kasha. As soon as I have forgotten this production, I will be ready to forgive them all.

—BRENDAN GILL



"Well, here I sit, surrounded by my memorabilia, and I can't remember having done a damn thing."

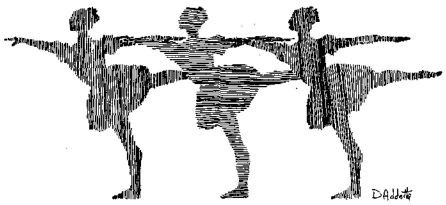
DANCING

An Underground Classic?

Peer sat and soon was in a half dreaming state, looking out upon it all. The bushes seemed to have shapes half of human sort and half of beastly form. They stood motionless, while the mist rose like a great waving veil. Something like this had Peer seen in a ballet at the theatre, when elfin maidens were represented, whirling and waving with veils of gauze.—*"Lucky Peer," by Hans Christian Andersen.*

ANDERSEN'S Peer had undoubtedly seen "A Folk Tale." The details that stuck in Andersen's mind are part of the staging to this day: "Just in front, in the mist, appeared most distinctly a female shape, and it became three, and the three many; they danced hand in hand, floating girls. . . . They danced into the garden and about him; they enclosed him in their circle." In the ballet, the elf-maidens encircle the young squire Ove and make him mad. But they don't encircle the entire ballet with their dark power, as the Wilis do in "Giselle." The controlling spirits in "A Folk Tale" are the trolls, and the difference makes the ballet a satirical comedy rather than a sinister fantasy like "Giselle." Still, the trolls are fantastic creatures, and it's the element of fantasy that has made "A Folk Tale," after "La Sylphide," the most discussed Bournonville ballet. John Frandsen, the conductor who recorded the remarkable score for EMI, writes in the liner notes of impressions that go back to his childhood: "With a mixture of delight and fear [*en blanding af fryd og frygt*] I remember Hartmann's music for the second act." And although "A Folk Tale" has been an international favorite only since 1979, when it was discovered by the (largely American) dance press at the Bournonville centennial festival in Copenhagen, something like an atavistic delight and fear lies at the heart of its popularity. If "A Folk Tale" wasn't part of our childhood, we can wish it had been. We can also wish it into existence as a classic of the Romantic ballet, which I don't believe it is or ever was.

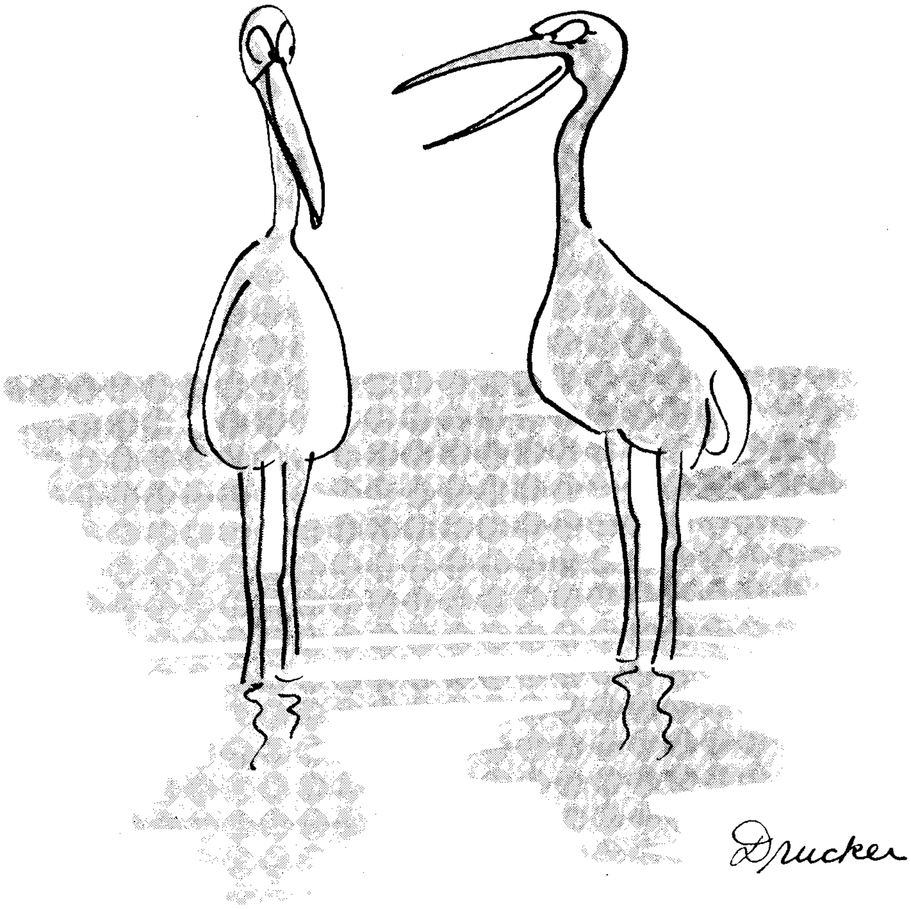
The American enthusiasm for Bournonville as applied to questions of dance technique and style, to scholarly inquiry and historical renovation has been demonstrably beneficial, both to the American and to the Danish dance community. But there's a sentimental aspect of our interest, too, in which the Danish ballet appears the reincarnation of a golden age of purity and innocence. This Arcadian vision—not altogether unprompted by the Danes themselves—has reached a new intensity in the cult of "A Folk Tale," which, born in Copenhagen, gathered steam in Chicago (where two years ago the Royal Danish Ballet presented highlights of the Bournonville festival) and gained official status with the visit, just concluded, of the Danish company to Washington and New York. I call it a cult because a great deal of what is claimed for the ballet in terms of poetic wisdom, psychological insight, and theatrical effectiveness isn't really earned by it. Bournonville himself attributed most of the ballet's success to the music, which besides J. P. E. Hartmann's palpitating second act includes two outer acts of spontaneous and fluent charm by Niels W. Gade, Hartmann's son-in-law. The tingling of the trolls' picks and anvils, which forms a motif throughout the score, the whirlwind dance of the elf-maidens, the roistering drinking song of the trolls, and the lighter-than-air flute solo that accompanies the heroine's dance in their midst: it actually seems true of these and other wonderful musical episodes that once heard they are never forgotten. (The Wedding Waltz, in the third act, which has attained popular fame in Denmark, seems to me the ballet's only trite number.) Like some works of art, some literary masterpieces, and some movies, "A Folk Tale" is endowed with elements of popular myth which one has already partly experienced the appeal of; to possess a particular combination in all its enchantment one has only to read, see, or hear it, and the reading, seeing, or hearing has the quality of recapturing some original pleasure. It seems that we have known Lady Macbeth and Scrooge and D'Artagnan and Carmen and the Merry Widow and Gatsby and Franny and Zooey and Astaire and Rogers before we ever met them. So it is with Hilda and Viderik and Diderik and poor, raddled Frøken Birthe in "A Folk Tale." The ballet is a great Danish cornucopia of benign and perverse primal sensations; the unknown world of the trolls inspires delight and fear in its mysterious concourse with the human world. Even after we see that the trolls are allegorical reconstructions of human beings in their monstrous greed and materialism, even after they've made us laugh, we are still a little afraid of them; the tendency toward Disneyfication in the current production doesn't blight this basic reaction. That tendency is largely the fault of the décor. For the 1979 revival, Lars Juhl was commissioned. Juhl had designed costumes and scenery for the new "Kermesse at Bruges," and he used the same artificial, contemporary style for "A Folk Tale." The flimsiness that is permissible in "Kermesse," a farce, is deadly in "A Folk Tale," which needs nineteenth-century magic and realism. The trapdoor out of which the first elf-maiden emerges to become three wasn't available at the Kennedy Center or at the Met. But Juhl's scenery did not do its part. When the earth moved under Ove and the troll hill was supposed to rise on four glowing pillars, all that happened was that a backcloth lifted to reveal another one behind it. Birthe's chamber in Act III could have been designed to make Hilda's homecoming less precipitate. At nearly every point in the action, Juhl's scenery was saying, "Don't believe this." Yet one did.



It is one thing to experience the appeal of "A Folk Tale" and another to applaud it as a ballet masterpiece. It was created in 1854, thirteen years after "Giselle" and thirty-six years before "The Sleeping Beauty;" it contains elements of both ballets and yet it isn't remotely comparable in poetic force to either of them or to any other ballet classic. To seek parallels for the force that is in "A Folk Tale" one must go to opera or theatre or movies, and then the ballet starts to look very small indeed. And this isn't because it is a ballet d'action, with pantomime taking up more time than dance; quite the best part of the show is the second act, which has only Hilda's solo and the drunken galop of the trolls to recommend as dances. It is the precision with which dance and mime are woven together to express a meaning that makes this scene the heart of the ballet, and the one for which the most serious claims can be made. But Act I is little more than a collection of genre scenes—a set of Romantic ballet tintypes—

and Act III is overplotted, with patches of opacity and a hasty dénouement. It also has a dance apotheosis in which the spotlight falls not on any of the central characters but on a troupe of gypsies in a pas de sept. One could take the skeptic's way out and say that "A Folk Tale" was meant only to evoke a general pattern of incident and atmosphere, and not to tell a specific story; but then the second act, with its quite specific situation of the changeling who recognizes her true origins (the heiress of the manor has been switched in her cradle for a troll child), becomes emotionally disproportionate. Anyone who has fallen under the spell of this act, though, is not likely to be bothered by inconsistencies and opacities in the rest of the action. To see Hilda among the trolls—especially to see Lis Jeppesen among a troll family consisting of Fredbjørn Bjørnsson, Niels Kehlet (or Johnny Eliasen), and Lillian (or Mona) Jensen—is to see theatrical perfection of a sort. Why should it have taken a hundred and twenty-five years to become known outside Denmark? Why, since the forest outing in the first act seems to have influenced the creators of "The Sleeping Beauty," hasn't the ballet enjoyed even a scholarly reputation?

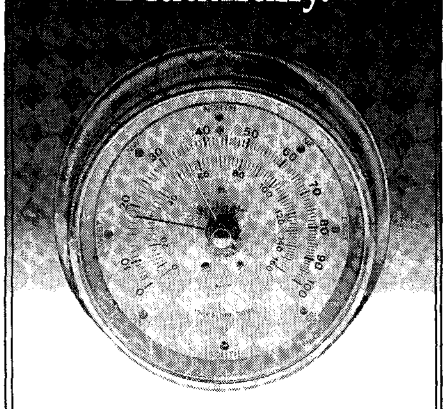
The answer to the second question must lie in the Danes' diffidence toward their own repertory. But the answer to why the ballet never became a world classic is buried down there among the trolls. What makes the second act wonderful makes the ballet unmaneuverable as a whole. There really isn't enough dancing; there's just enough to fill out the meaning of the story, and *this* fantasy simply doesn't find its essential expression in dance. Fantasy in the classics doesn't operate from a story premise anyway. It starts with dance and adds a little situation to fill out some perceptible implication in the dance. And so a libretto grows. Without exception, the nineteenth-century classics that have come down to us have subjects that unlock some part of the secret fascination of dancing—that in a sense explain it, although no explanation ever really suffices. The brilliant, irrational surface of classical dancing is charged with a depth of meaning in respect to a story. The meaning is beyond naming; it is beyond diabolism in "Giselle," beyond holy plenitude in "La Bayadère," beyond bondage and immolation in "Swan Lake." The list of nineteenth-century masterpieces terminates in a list of twentieth-century ones—"Les Sylphides," "Faune," "Apollo," "Serenade"—that grow more and more abstract as the need for story support diminishes. The elves and fairies start packing up their pretexts, and, as the shadow of the Romantic twilight lengthens, the principal emotion of delight and fear gives way to simple awe. In "The Sleeping Beauty" and to a certain extent in "The Nutcracker" we glimpse an earthly paradise that consciously reflects all that dancing tells us of the beauty of our species as well as the need of the nineteenth-century theatre for spectacles of transfiguration and apotheosis. According to the principles of this theatre, the classical ballet subject is one that is carried *in performance;* we can't understand "Swan Lake" simply by reading about it or listening to the music. "A Folk Tale" has, instead of the swans or sylphs or Wilis who by their supernature "explain" the peculiar behavior of classical dancers, trolls. Trolls who behave peculiarly. But this literally earthbound behavior can't be expressed in classical dancing, which means that it can't be sustained as a subject except in the second act, when we see it dramatically contrasted with Hilda's zephyrlike classicism. Human nature is apotheosized in the third act not by Hilda and Ove, the man she has saved, but by the gypsies—free spirits, evidently—who are introduced at the last minute. There is in "A Folk Tale" no spectacle the motive and expression of which must be classical dancing. In all of Bournonville (all that has come down to us), there is no such thing.



"I don't call this being taken out to dinner."

Bournonville, we know, was a sophisticated man of the theatre, but he was also a puritan. He stood in clear disapproval of the morbid frenzy of the Romantic ballet. The grand exception, "La Sylphide," was a remake of an already famous Taglioni vehicle, and in contriving a new version Bournonville seems to have switched the emphasis from the Sylph's erotic mystery to James' transgression of the social code. In "La Sylphide" (which was not included in the United States tour), James is struck down by an evil witch, but the last twist of the knife is reserved to the forces of home and hearth which James himself has tried to strike down; his nemesis is the bland bourgeois disregard of the Romantic impulse. The simplicity of "A Folk Tale" is marred by a moralizing libretto that puts Hilda and human society on the side of Good and the trolls on the side of Evil. It's only in the satirical energy of the troll scenes that the ballet atones for this pompous attitude. (Nothing quite atones for the dragging in of Christian symbolism. Not only is Hilda clean, trustworthy, brave, and classical, but she must also hold up crucifixes; the goblet she gives Ove becomes, quite unnecessarily to his salvation, the Holy Grail.) Bournonville's Romanticism lies in his inexhaustible pursuit of the exotic. Nearly all his subjects were derived from the lore of foreign lands. "A Folk Tale" is the most Danish of his ballets and, in the quality of its lyricism, the darkest. Its themes may have been so familiar to the Copenhagen audience that they didn't need to be integrated and placed in a dramatic perspective, like the themes of "Napoli." The lack of integration is a weakness one can ascribe to provincialism, but then in "Coppélia," to which the Danes bring all the brightness of their pragmatic temper, we see a kind of strength that can be ascribed to provincial fortitude.

The Danish "Coppélia" is not a Bournonville ballet. It was imported into Denmark in 1896 and reconceived in Bournonville's style by his successor, Hans Beck. The current production is the second or third by the company's senior Bournonville authority, Hans Brenaa, and it has been mounted by Søren Frandsen in settings of an almost photographic optical brilliance. Barns and meadows glow in the afternoon sun; the attic toolshop of Coppélius practically reeks of wood shavings. The Danes take "Coppélia" very literally, as the story of a cunning peasant's trick on a wise man. Where the Russian-derived versions of the ballet are occupied with dances, the Danish version creates characters. The ear-of-wheat episode, with Swanilda sitting on the girls' knees while she consults their opinion, is followed by an extended argument-flirtation between the two lovers (Delibes's "Thème slave varié") in which they take alternate variations, as if scoring points. The dialogue builds to a climax, but when it bursts into the concluding gavotte the lovers retire and two anonymous "friends" take over the dancing. The intrusion of the gypsies in "A Folk Tale" is more logical; they are there, after all, for the purposes of a divertissement. (If you're missing gyp-



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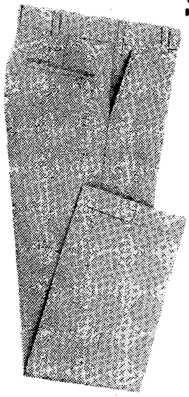

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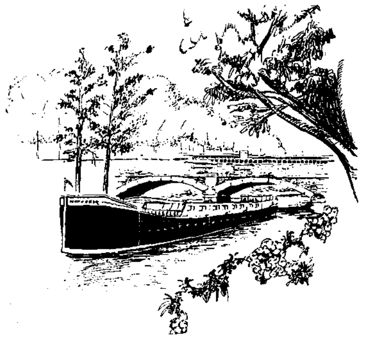

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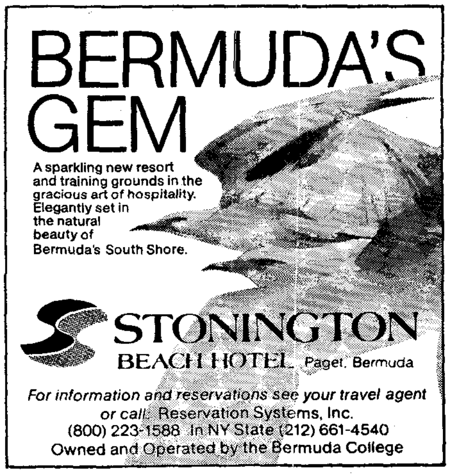

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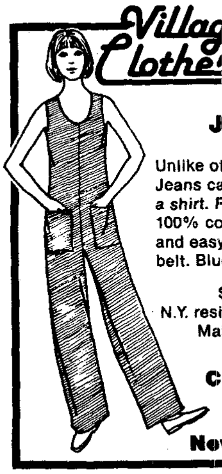

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sies in "Coppélia," hold on; a whole flock of them will arrive to dance the czardas.) The Danes, it seems, have no use for the metaphor of structure. Perhaps they see that the gavotte coda implies some sort of reconciliation for Swanilda and Frantz and they will have none of it.

The rest of the staging is carried out in strict logic. Apart from a huge Danish Pierrot who bangs a drum in the workshop scene, the only dancer we see conspicuously playing a doll is the only one who isn't *meant* to be a doll—Jeppesen as Swanilda playing Coppélia—and whose obviously human movements, therefore, do not disturb our sense of illusion. (Coppélia's dance on the balcony is staged, but in a light so dim we can hardly make it out.) When you add up all the production's idiosyncrasies, the ballet begins to seem as if it must end with Act II, and, in fact, the Act III that the Danes give us is a skimpy epilogue, which omits the Festival of the Bell and the wedding, along with most of Delibes's music. One has to admire the conviction behind all this. The Danes simply don't feel the reciprocal tug between the image of the doll and the image of the classical dancer which makes "Coppélia" the most ironic of ballet classics. They don't feel it and they don't pretend to. Jeppesen—who is as wonderful here as she is in "A Folk Tale"—acts out a relatively plain story of a woman-into-doll transformation. The subsequent materialization of woman-into-ballerina does not take place. Act III is as much as possible a recapitulation of Act I; it is not the consequence of Act II. Since we haven't seen the dehumanizing side of classicism, we've no need to see the redemptive power of it in a bridal pas de deux. (It may be relevant that, whereas most Coppélias stand primly turned out in first position, Jeppesen's doll spraddles and turns in.) In its caustic realism, this is still a great production. But the structural metaphor—the bonework of "Coppélia"—is missing.

It was a good season for Bournonville at the Met. The company put on pieces it used to think would never play in New York, and they did play, thanks to the dancers, who projected mightily, and to the splendid conductors. The standard suite from "Napoli" was given a series of performances that in brilliance and sheer elation came close to the realm of transcendent metaphor. It was music as wine, dancing as joy.

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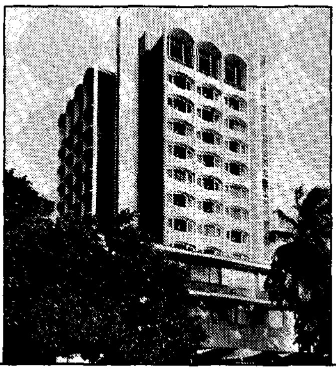

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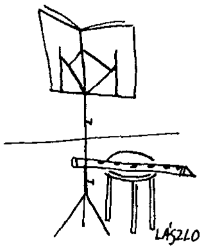
MUSICAL EVENTS

Heart of Grace

AT San Diego's Verdi Festival this summer—the fifth in a series that aims to present all Verdi's operas—the unfamiliar work was "Il Corsaro," and the familiar "Un Ballo in Maschera." "Il Corsaro," Verdi's second Byron opera, is (as I noted after its American première, last December in Stony Brook), among the most audacious and arresting of his early works. Conceived before "Macbeth" and "I Masnadieri," it was completed after them and after the adventure of composing the grand opera "Jérusalem" for the Paris Opera. The plot is slender but not uneventful: Conrad the corsair leaves his island fastness and his beloved Medora, attacks the stronghold of the Pasha Seyd, and is captured when he and his band chivalrously break off fighting in order to rescue the women of Seyd's harem, which has caught fire. Gulnare, the Pasha's favorite, falls in love with the corsair and rescues him by stabbing Seyd in his sleep. Back on the island, Medora, despairing of Conrad's return, has swallowed poison, but she survives to sing an ecstatic trio with him and Gulnare, and dies in his arms. Conrad casts himself from a cliff. Gulnare (as the libretto vaguely puts it) "falls," and so does the curtain. (In Byron, Gulnare is dismissed from the tale during the return voyage, with a kiss that "even Medora might forgive;" Conrad gets back to find Medora already dead, and disappears from men's sight.) There is a touch of "Tosca," and a touch of "Tristan." There are two type figures of Romanticism, both vividly drawn. One is the Byronic hero, kin to Karl in Schiller's "Die Räuber" (which furnished the matter of "I Masnadieri") and to Jaromir in Grillparzer's "Die Ahnfrau" (which Verdi often thought of using for an opera), "lone, wild, and strange," a hero whose "heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong." The other is the gentle, tender maiden who loves him. And then there is one unusual figure, the slave girl who steels herself to commit murder—forced into one of the unusual, extreme plights that regularly stirred Verdi's imagination. The fourth principal, Seyd, is a conventional vigorous baritone. Most of Verdi's chosen subject matter contains autobiographical elements. Julian Budden has attractively suggested that there may be features in Medora of Verdi's first wife, the pure, gentle Margherita, and features in Gulnare of the active, experienced, adoring woman, Giuseppina Strepponi, with whom Verdi had begun to live.



Gulnare was first played by Marianna Barbieri-Nini, Verdi's Lady Macbeth. The long, detailed letter he wrote to her (published in 1906 but unnoticed by Verdi scholarship until Marcello Conati republished it in 1980) about the interpretation of Gulnare's four numbers—a cavatina, two duets, and the trio—should be enough to dispel the old, oft repeated view that "Il Corsaro" was undertaken as a piece of hackwork, composed without much care in order to fulfill an irksome contract with a publisher, Lucca, whom Verdi disliked. In any case, that view could not survive the Long Island performance or the San Diego production (the first American staging). We should be hearing more of "Il Corsaro." While hardly a "chamber" opera, it would suit a company that cannot muster the large forces, the spectacle, and the rehearsal time that such a piece as "I Lombardi" calls for. "Il Corsaro" is terse. The music, uncut, lasts little more than ninety minutes on the Philips recording. (Verdi recommended that the piece should be done with only one intermission, after the second of its three acts.) The libretto is not a well-made play. Much is abrupt, much is left unexplained. It has an Existentialist quality. It is a defiantly unconventional drama of characters in action. Old-style opera is pared. "Macbeth" has taught Verdi to write psychologically penetrating music (especially in the two duets of Act III). His imagination takes wing, and his technique is sure. Some old-style numbers—jaunty cabalettas, traditionally picturesque choruses—remain. "Il Corsaro" is not as grandly pondered or sustained an achievement as "Macbeth." But the almost arrogant juxtaposition of new and old makes a heady mixture, and the flow of invention never falters. The laconic note with which the composer ceded all rights in the piece to Lucca has a take-it-or-leave-it quality—rather as if he were saying, "You insisted on wringing an opera from me. Here's something odder than you bargained for; make of it what you will."

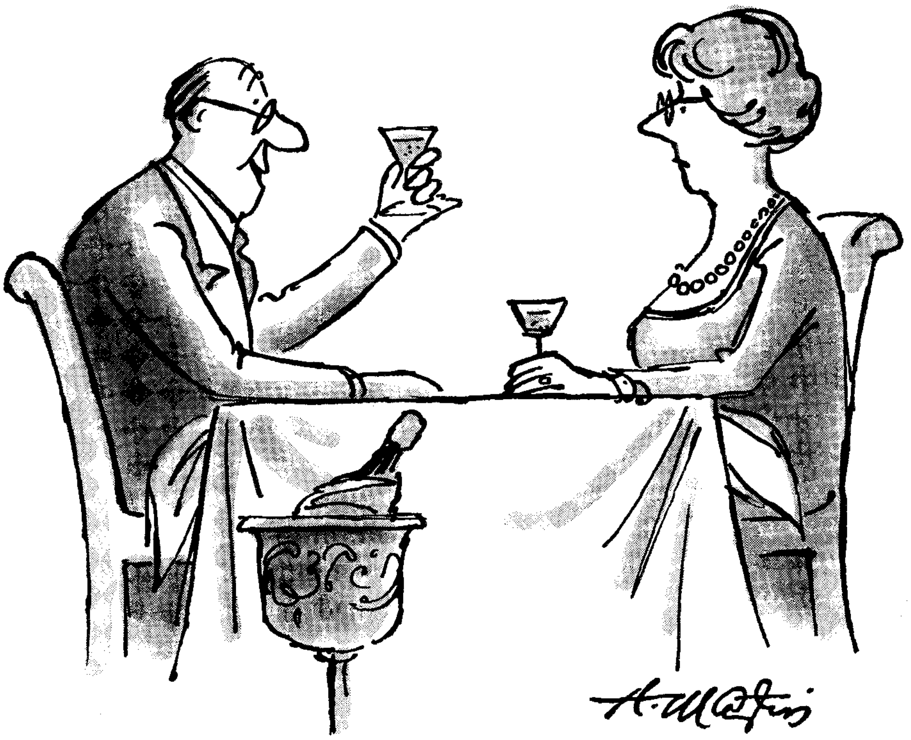
In San Diego, Medora was sung by Rosalind Plowright, a Donna Anna and Aida, and Gulnare by June Anderson, a Lucia—reversed casting on the face of it, but it worked. Miss Plowright, in her American stage début, added to a fast-growing reputation. To a world short of Verdi sopranos she is a shining addition. The voice is lustrous, darkly mezzo in timbre but fully soprano in compass, passionate in its emotional colors. The exotic arabesques of Medora's romanza, "Non so le tetre immagini," were delicately traced. Miss Plowright is tall, beautiful onstage, theatrical in appearance (Byron's Medora is blue-eyed and fair-haired; Miss Plowright's was rich-hued, with dense jetty ringlets), and a moving actress. Miss Anderson sang Gulnare with her wonted steadiness, accuracy, and brilliance. Like most of Verdi's early heroines, from Abigail onward, Gulnare must command both coloratura and *canto d'azione*—a declamatory manner of sudden, violent contrasts and wide leaps. Miss Anderson does, but there were moments when, in the large San Diego house, she sacrificed purity of tone to power. The Conrad was Alfonso Navarrete, a useful Mexican tenor, neither remarkable nor displeasing. Patrick Raftery, the Seyd, pushed his fine young baritone too hard, trying to achieve by volume and bluster what could more effectively have been won by energy and accuracy of accent.

Edoardo Müller was a secure, stylish conductor. Miss Anderson began her aria lying prone—something I bet Barbieri-Nini was not asked to do—but otherwise Tito Capobianco's staging was precise, direct, theatrical, and unfussy. It was well matched to the work. So were Bill Gorgensen's simple, striking décor and lighting.

"BALLO" is the most shapely of Verdi's operas, and (like "Il Corsaro") one of the few for which there is no alternative or extra music. All a conductor and a director must decide is whether to set it in the eighteenth-century Stockholm of the original story, the seventeenth-century Stettin of the version Verdi composed, the seventeenth-century Boston used at the first performance and in the published score, or some other time and place. San Diego settled for "a northern European kingdom" in 1792 (the date of Gustavus III's assassination), but its king was addressed as "Conte" by the inhabitants of "a virgin country" and died bidding farewell to "beloved America;" the fortune-teller Ulrica, though got up as a chalk-white Miss Havisham, was described as being "of unclean Negro blood." Textually, we were in Massachusetts; visually, at some unspecified eighteenth-century court. (Zack Brown's décor was handsome but—it was borrowed from Washington—looked somewhat travel-worn.) The detail of Michael Rennison's staging was in those respects careless and in other respects ineffectively overelaborated. No great harm was done by the mute introduction of the painter Roslin and the sculptor Sergel, who figure in Scribe's "Gustave III" (the libretto from which that of "Ballo" is drawn) and again in the first drafts for "Ballo." On the other hand, the artists serve no purpose except in a historical, Gustavian presentation. Verdi deliberately cut the clutter, pageantry, and local detail of the Scribe original. His "Ballo" moves swiftly without a superfluous incident or personage. Harm *was* done by reintroducing Scribe's Dancing Master and setting him to teach the King the steps of a hornpipe—enthusiastically taken up by some of his courtiers—in the stretta of the first scene. The first-act curtain was dominated by a minor character, the Lord Chief Justice, as he joined the conspirators' party. The final curtain was dominated by Miss Ulrica-Havisham, tottering Norn-like into the ball to be present at the fulfillment of her prophecy. Otherwise, it was not a wholly perverse production: it was not presented as Oscar's Dream; it was not set in Dallas. But the action was embroidered with fiddly bits of business—jejune little glosses and explications unneeded by anyone who knew the opera, confusing to anyone who did not, and, in sum, revealing too little faith in Verdi's precisely calculated dramaturgy. What the show lacked on the directorial side was a forceful, fiery presentation of the principal themes: the responsibilities of a ruler, the tensions of trust and betrayal, the inevitability of unmasking after an attempted masquerade—a dramatic metaphor used in every act, not just in the final scene.

Nevertheless, "Ballo" proved gripping. It always does. The strengths of this performance were Michelangelo Veltri's well-judged conducting and, above all, Josephine Barstow's Amelia. How should one describe Miss Barstow? Perhaps as a Pauline Viardot of our day? A champion of the contemporary repertory—Tippett's Denise and Gayle, Prokofiev's Natasha, Penderecki's Jeanne, Henze's Autonoe—such as composers dream of finding. An interpreter of the old repertory—Leonore, Salome, Aida, Violetta, Lady Macbeth, and now Amelia—who as if by instinct finds her way to the precise sense that a composer intended. Of soprano roles—Monteverdi's Poppea, both Purcell's and Berlioz's Dido, Gluck's Alceste, Bellini's Norma, Janáček's Jenůfa, Kát'a, and Emilia Marty, even (in a small theatre) Isolde and Brünnhilde—there is scarcely one that I would not gladly go to hear Miss Barstow sing. Does this sound excessive? She is no Flagstad, Welitch, Tebaldi, Los Angeles, Freni, Caballé—a short-list of the sopranos who have consistently made the most beautiful sounds I have thrilled to in a theatre. Miss Barstow cannot set a Verdi arch soaring out into a large house in glorious sound as Milanov could. The voice is limited, even constricted. It does not flower into full-throated, effortless radiance. I would not describe it as "beautiful." But the artistry is intense and beautiful, and it seems limitless. One does not censure Alfred Brendel's performances for lacking the pianistic allure that informs those of Horowitz, or Horowitz's for lacking the intellectual depth of Brendel's. The rewards are different. A listener responds to special, wonderful things that an individual performer offers, and to feeling that stirs his feelings. I have no quarrel with those who protest that Miss Barstow does not have "a true Verdi voice." I can only report that her timing, her weighting, her phrasing, her coloring of the music brought Amelia to life as I have never heard before. That she is a superlative actress, expressive in every glance, pose, gesture, and slow or sudden move, is not in question.

San Diego's Verdi Festival matters both for its repertory and for its introduction of artists (Miss Plowright, Mr. Müller) and performances (Miss Barstow's Amelia) new here. Adriaan van Limpt, the Riccardo of "Ballo," is a Dutch tenor who has been winning good reviews in such Verdi roles as Ernani (for the Welsh National) and Zamoro, in "Alzira" (in Holland). I



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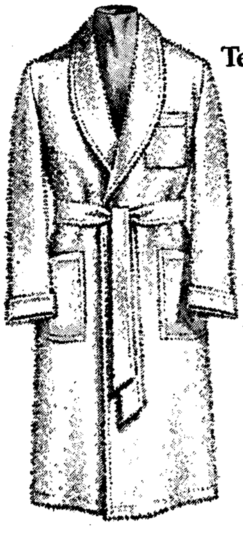

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wanted to hear him and enjoyed hearing him. His sound was sterling—bright, clean, ringing, perfectly steady, and effortless through all the range. He was a cut above much Met second-cast casting. His interpretation was well schooled but somewhat stodgy, lacking in individuality. His Italian was clipped and faulty. But he made exciting, "authentic" sounds. The Renato, Cornelis Opthof, was violent—ever ready to force his voice into a barked declamato that missed the notes and spoiled the phrases. Ulricas—powerful, steady dramatic contraltos—do not seem to exist anymore (perhaps Jessye Norman, who has the necessary range, power, and steadiness, will take up the role), so one can hardly blame Mr. Capobianco, who directs the company and the festival, for not having found one. Oscar, dressed as the Blue Boy (authentically, it seems, for we are told that Gustavus modelled his pages' liveries on Gainsborough's picture), was Janice Hall. She was bright, true, not quite sparky enough in musical manner, and content to stick to the written notes instead of—as Verdi surely intended—enlivening them with trills, cadenzas, and sudden surprises. Two good basses, John Seabury and Kenneth Cox, made a formidable pair of conspirators, Sam and Tom. (The Ermanno and Manuel of the Stettin version gained those avuncular names when the setting was moved to America.) Carlos Chausson was a spry Silvano.

—ANDREW PORTER

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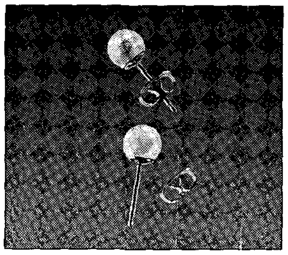
Uma probably reads the *Times.*



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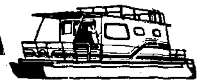

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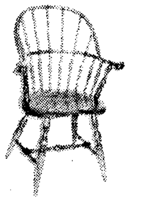

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

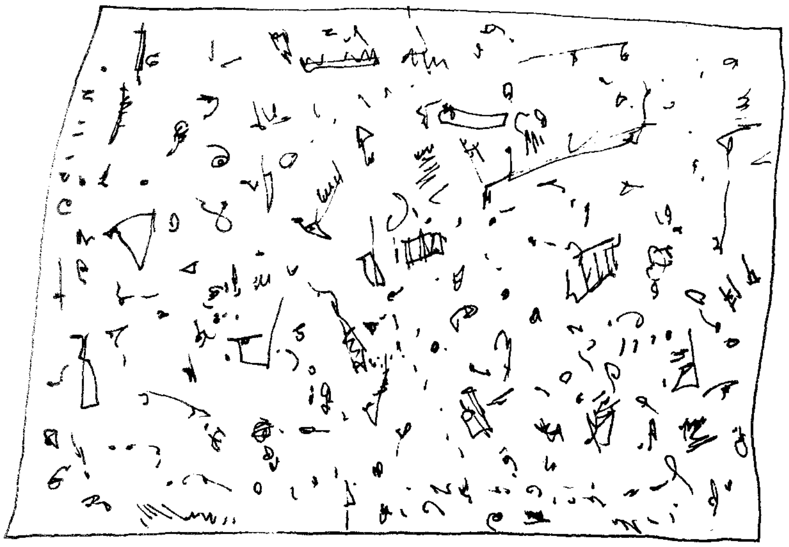
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

THE Democratic Party is recovering psychically and politically, in part as a result of natural healing processes and in part because it seems to have actually learned from unhappy experience. The striking thing is that while there are still differences among its constituencies and among its politicians, the Party is showing a new instinct for reining in those differences in the interests of governing. Brawls there will undoubtedly be in the future, because, among other things, nomination contests—in both parties—require candidates to find differences to set them apart. Fights over actual platforms are bound to occur, as they do at both parties' Conventions, as a result of the candidates' contest and the interest groups' attempts to exact tribute. Tactical as well as substantive disagreements among Democrats in Congress will continue. But the Democrats' election themes are emerging, as they were bound to do, in the context of situation: the Democrats are playing off Ronald Reagan, just as Reagan and the Republicans played off them. The "new ideas," or new ways of dealing with old ideas, are taking shape, as they were bound to—not by springing out of hothouse seminars but evolving as a result of time and testing. The themes and the ideas will develop and change with circumstances. And Reagan is the source of an even more important development among the Democrats. They may be learning, at last, to distinguish between differences of degree and philosophical chasms. They may be learning that some victories (and defeats) are more important than others, and that self-indulgence has a price. At their recent National Party Conference in Philadelphia, they displayed an unaccustomed willingness to submerge marginal—and sometimes not so marginal—differences in the interests of winning. Of course, the temptation to paper over differences, without real accommodation, is great, but there were signs that the Party's various elements were truly willing to work with each other to broaden the consensus. The pressures on them from the Party leaders to do so were strong. The taste of victories in November served as a disciplining force. But the fact that they submitted to the discipline was an event of sorts.

Meanwhile, the Presidential race, having grown in length from two years to three (and arguably four), is on. So is the handicapping. As usual, there is a consensus on how the various candidates are doing, and it may well be that, as usual, the consensus will turn out to be wrong. The maneuvering of 1982 may or may not have much to do with the events of 1984, for each nominating contest has its own chemistry, and the process itself is quirky and irrational. Nevertheless, the strengths and weaknesses of the candidates are being assessed in dead earnest, and the candidates, employing various stratagems, used the Philadelphia meeting to advance their causes.

The conference took place at all only because the Party was stuck with it. The idea of midterm Party conferences began among Party reformers, who saw them as a way of establishing a Party agenda and, when a Democratic Administration was in office, of acting as a check on it. The Party establishment has never been keen on the idea of the conferences, seeing them as forums for trouble. But the strength of the reformers, and of the interest groups that sought the conferences as devices for keeping pressure on the Party, was always such that the Party establishment bought peace by agreeing to hold them. (The fact that one was held this year is also attributed to a tactical mixup on the part of the Carter forces at the 1980 Presidential Convention.) The first midterm conference, held in Kansas City in 1974, nearly came apart in a fracas over the Party's rules. In 1978, in Memphis, President Carter, having failed to wriggle out of a commitment that the Party would hold a conference that year, suffered the indignity of battling with Edward Kennedy over the constituencies of the Democratic Party. (It is piquant to note that the raging issue at the time was whether the Carter Administration's budget deficit for the following year should be thirty or thirty-three billion dollars.) Carter had to endure the humiliation of having a dramatic speech by Kennedy ("Sometimes a party must sail against the wind") become the focal point of the conference, and of sitting through a workshop on defense in which John Culver, then a Democratic senator from Iowa (who is Kennedy's close friend), had the better of an argument with him. Carter later described the Memphis midterm conference as one of the most painful experiences of his life.

This year, the Party leadership went to great lengths to avoid trouble. The timing of the conference was risky, the Party leaders knew. It was advanced from December, when the previous conferences were held, to June, in order to give the Party a chance to develop its issues for the fall campaign and to concentrate its mind on that campaign, and also to allow the Party officials to get the conference behind them, so that they could work on the campaign itself. If the conference broke down in squabbles over issues, the Party could be hurt in November. Yet the prospect of the November elections also gave the Party officials leverage. The many precautions that were taken included cutting the number of conferees to almost half the



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number that attended four years ago, and carefully selecting those who did attend. Of the eight hundred and ninety-seven conferees, about forty per cent—three hundred and seventy-four—were members of the Democratic National Committee, and about a hundred were elected officials, including members of Congress; another three hundred or so were chosen by state committees, and another hundred or so were chosen by Charles Manatt, the Democratic Party chairman. (The D.N.C. itself is so large because, as it tried to absorb and accommodate a number of groups—be "inclusive"—it just kept growing.) Conferees were not selected by grass-roots Party participants, as they had been in the past. Nervous members of Congress were assured that they would not be embarrassed by the demands of single-interest groups. The groups themselves were coöpted and urged to coöperate—on the ground, which they essentially accepted, that they would be better off under the Democrats than they are now. Organized labor and the National Education Association, two major constituencies in terms of the money and organizational effort they can provide in elections, were guaranteed plenty of seats at the table. Both groups are planning to play a large role in the 1984 Presidential campaign. The N.E.A. had the largest number of delegates at the 1980 Democratic Convention; the A.F.L.-C.I.O., having noticed, and having found its influence on the last Democratic Administration limited, plans to try to endorse a candidate before the nomination. Lane Kirkland, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., told me that the constituent unions may not be able to reach agreement, but if they do, even if they back a losing candidate, they will still be a major force at the national Convention. (The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has literally bought into the Democratic Party, providing it, by one reliable estimate, with about half of its funds.) The N.E.A. is now considering supporting a candidate of its own.

A deliberate effort was made to bring elected officials back into the Party, to try to bridge the disjunction between them and what happens at Party Conventions—the disjunction being a result of Party reforms made since 1968, which lessened the role of the officials and increased that of the "grass roots." The agenda of Manatt and others is to turn the Democratic Party back into more of a party. Those who attend Conventions have often been one-timers—there because they backed a certain candidate, not because they had much to do with Party affairs. Elected officials' participation has been diminished in part because of the reform rules, in part because the officials have chosen to stay away—wanting to be as far as possible from the Conventions and their embarrassing platform planks and their divisive fights over emotional issues.

The Party officials' agenda is long-term. One reason there is so little Democratic Party discipline on Capitol Hill, the thinking goes, is that there is no Party. The Democratic Party, being made up of far more diverse groups than the Republican Party, is unlikely to ever match it in discipline, but it can try to be of more relevance to its elected officials. Unlike the Republicans, the Democrats have not built the machinery or raised the money to be of much help to Party members who are running for Congress. "There isn't one member of Congress who is there because he or she received the support of the Party," Eugene Eidenberg, the director of the Democratic National Committee, said to me a few weeks before the conference. The Republicans, over the last decade, have built their party machinery into a formidable instrument; the Democrats became consumed with internal fights and let their party decay. The talk about Ray Bliss, the Republican National Committee chairman in the late nineteen-sixties, and his introduction of "nuts and bolts" into Republican politics used to sound fairly boring. But Bliss and his successors worked a political revolution that it will take the Democrats years to catch up with. Since the Democratic Party officials were stuck with the midterm conference, they decided to use it as an opportunity. Among other things, there were workshops on political techniques—fund raising, "communications skills," and so on—as part of a series of training sessions the Party has been holding for candidates for state and federal office.

Extensive negotiations involving the various interest groups and elected officials took place before the conference. "No surprises," Eidenberg said. "The motto of this conference is *No surprises*." Rules were established that prevented minority reports and debate in a plenary session. The candidates' camps were carefully consulted on the issues and procedures. The candidates themselves proceeded on the understanding that they would not go at each other just yet—there would be time enough after this November. Moreover, it was in their interest to play the role of unifiers, aiding the Party in its current efforts. Still, there was plenty of opportunity for argument in the issues workshops. The debate "will be over ways and means and degrees," Eidenberg told me. "We're not fighting over values." He also said, "Given how these participants were chosen, I don't think there's a snowball's chance in hell they will come to Philadelphia and take over the conference on single issues." The Party establishment—the National Committee, labor, elected officials—was determined that the conference not be a divisive event; that they succeeded was not, however, inevitable.

THERE is a phenomenon in American politics that might be termed the Iowa Imperative. Once a Presidential candidate has spotted an opportunity in one campaign—as Jimmy Carter did in 1976, when he saw that winning the Iowa precinct caucuses, in January, could propel him on his way—in the next campaign the thundering herds are there. Jimmy Carter made an impression as a potential candidate by turning up with a fledgling organization in Kansas City in 1974, so, inevitably, eight years later, the candidate contest bade to overwhelm the conference in Philadelphia. Moreover, the particular array of conferees, together with the large press corps, not to mention the financial contributors and other interested spectators who would be floating around, represented an important audience to play to at this stage of the game. The conference was part of a several-step, circular system. The Party opinion-makers and the press who were there would take away impressions and perhaps reach a consensus, the people who give money and

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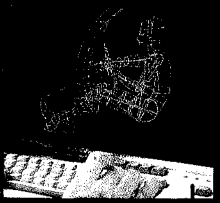

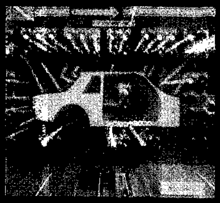

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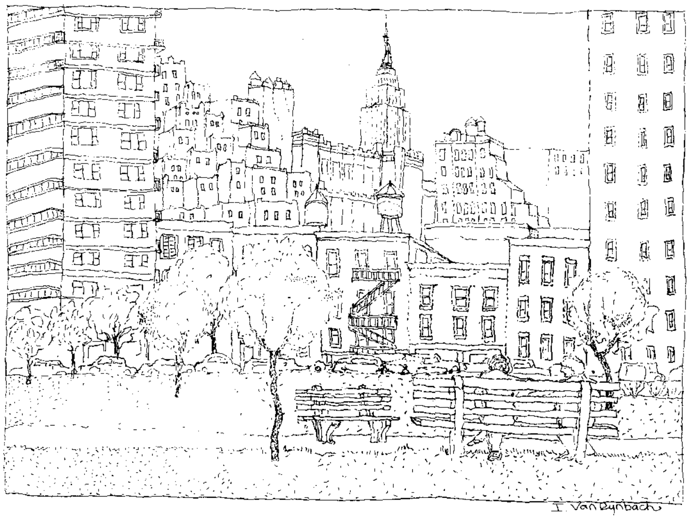
buy the tables at political dinners and man the phones would get the word, and that would feed back to the Party opinion-makers and the press. The seven would-be candidates who were there—Edward Kennedy, Walter Mondale, John Glenn, Gary Hart, Alan Cranston, Ernest Hollings, and Reubin Askew—were a self-selected group, and do not necessarily represent all the entrants in the 1984 race. Whatever the Philadelphia conference might mean in terms of 1984, it was a thing unto itself, which the candidates took with utmost seriousness, and their presence was on a major scale. Detailed schedules of their activities were solemnly printed and distributed. (Reporters were informed that at 11:40 A.M. on Friday "Senator and Mrs. Glenn walk to Logan Circle from Plaza Hotel." Photographers were invited to record the event.) Packets of biographical material and of the candidates' positions on issues were made available. The candidates threw receptions and circulated at receptions. The receptions thrown by Mondale and Kennedy were so large that the would-be candidates themselves were almost impossible to find. The crowd that landed on Philadelphia actually numbered several thousand: beyond the conferees and the press, there were the candidates' entourages, the fat cats, the lobbyists who figured they'd better be around, the hangers-on who turn up at every Democratic Convention. Substantial contributors were "Honored Guests" and were assured passes. Local Party officials or labor officers who wanted to come and were not delegates were invited as guests. For his reception, Mondale settled for the cheese cubes and raw vegetables that characterized receptions at the Bellevue Stratford, the headquarters hotel. Kennedy threw a clambake at an enclosed shopping mall. There were receptions and other gatherings for governors, for congressional candidates, and receptions and other gatherings given by state parties, the Black Caucus, the Hispanic Caucus, the Women's Caucus, the Party's Finance Council (large contributors), its Labor Council, and on and on, and the Presidential would-bes were under pressure, or took the opportunity, to show up. (Business interests were on the scene: Philip Morris gave receptions for Manatt and for the congressional leaders. The firm of Charls Walker, a Republican business lobbyist who makes it a point to have bipartisan access, maintained a "Hospitality Suite" for members of Congress at the Bellevue Stratford.) Five of the would-be candidates—Kennedy, Mondale, Glenn, Cranston, and Askew—maintained trailers on the underground level of the convention center where the conference was held. Gary Hart contented himself with a booth, where material about him was passed out. Hollings contented himself with just milling. The area resembled a cross between a trailer park and a carnival. The trailers were curtained off, which gave the impression that mysterious things were taking place within. Actually, they served as headquarters for the candidates' organizations and as places for the candidates to meet with key figures. In the area surrounding the trailers, a number of interest groups maintained booths and handed out propaganda.

Each candidate had to deal with the impressions of him before the conference, and with the setting and the challenge—and the wrong tests—that the conference provided. Political competitions often establish the wrong tests: just as an election should not be decided by a single debate, a nomination should not be settled by an oratorical contest. But that was the test that the Philadelphia conference established. Any of the candidates who chose to could address the conference—Askew chose not to—and the whole thing turned into a kind of television talent show: each singer performing, and the judges holding up a number to indicate the score. This time, the scoring would be by an imaginary applause meter.

Though Kennedy and Mondale were considered the two front-runners going into the conference, a number of Democrats were still shopping around. Moreover, Presidential campaigns have their own timing, and impressions can shift—sometimes suddenly and dramatically. In terms of the nomination calendar, it's still very early. Mondale came in with the larger challenge, and opportunity. He had been trailing Kennedy by substantial margins in the polls, and the assumption within what calls itself the "political community"—political activists and the press—was that, after all his efforts of the last year and a half, he should be doing better. (A Gallup poll taken in April showed Kennedy with forty-five per cent and Mondale with twelve per cent. A Harris poll taken slightly earlier showed Mondale doing substantially better but still behind Kennedy among Democrats, even with him among Democrats and Independents, and ahead of him among Independents. The Gallup poll has been all the talk, however.) As a result of the polls, and of word being spread that Mondale had fallen flat in some political meetings, he was in danger of being written off the form charts. His problem seemed to be twofold. First, several observers think, following the defeat of the Carter-Mondale ticket in 1980, Mondale might have made too much of a thing about spending a year or so "rethinking." The intention, obviously, was to indicate that he realized that some fresh thinking on the part of Democrats was in order; and there is also the real point that people in high-pressure government jobs do get little time to think, and have to live off their "intellectual capital." Mondale's problem was that by making so much of his "reëducation" he gave the impression of a man who had spent twenty years in public life and didn't know where he stood. Second, this had been enhanced by a certain caution that has crept into Mondale's political style. As a senator, he gave the clear impression of a man who cared deeply about a number of issues, and fought for what he believed in. And these days, in some private conversations, he expresses his indignations and concerns and thoughts with vigor. But he seems to have his ups and downs, and sometimes when he is called



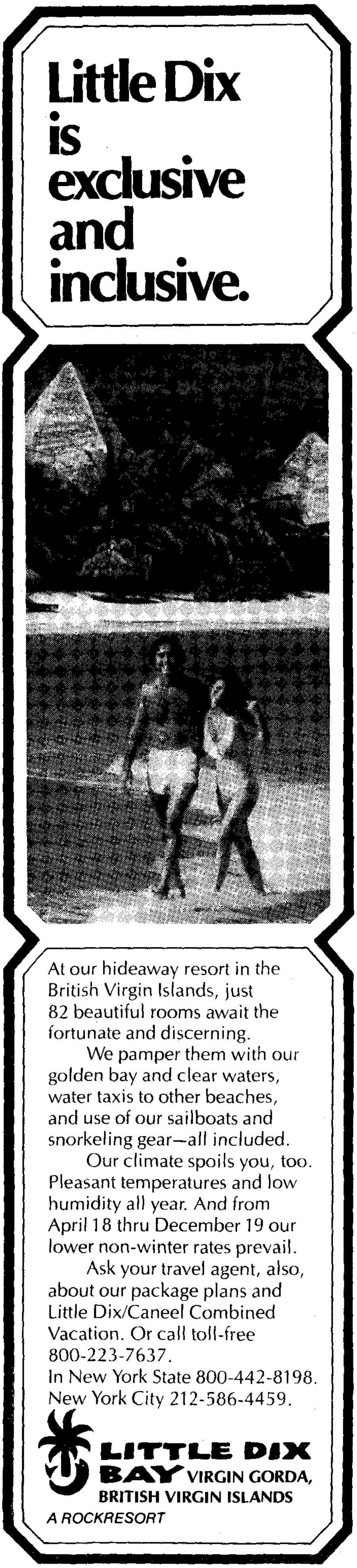
upon to impress a group of potential supporters he does fall flat. Having pulled out of the 1976 Presidential-nomination contest in 1974, saying that he didn't care enough for the job to live his life on the road, he is now trapped into having to appear to cheerfully endure the almost unendurable. He is an obviously intelligent and informed man, but his caution, and the desire to reach a wide spectrum of the Democratic Party, which in part dictates that caution, have kept him from conveying to the public at large that this is a man to follow. Presidential candidates are supposed to stir excitement. The analogy that is sometimes applied to Mondale is that he might be the Muskie of 1984: a man who appeals to the Party leaders and tries to straddle the center, and fails to capture the people. Political analogies rarely fit: each situation is new. Other candidates have successfully straddled the center. And the analogy fails on other grounds. Muskie was running when the Party was still Vietnam-torn, and he had little appreciation of what was involved in a Presidential campaign. However Mondale feels about it, he knows what's involved. Moreover, both Mondale and Kennedy have their roots in the liberal wing of the Party, and right now there are few substantive differences between them. The differences are mainly a matter of style. (For example, Kennedy listened to the experts and, despite the misgivings of some, went all out for the nuclear freeze. Mondale listened to the experts and was more tentative in his embrace of it.) Kennedy conveys an appetite for political engagement, a hell-for-leather "Let's go." Mondale's nature is more reflective and careful—sometimes to his political detriment. But Mondale was suffering from the circular pattern of "the word"—which tends to exaggerate impressions as it spreads them, and to overreact to polls—and he needed to change "the word" at the conference.

Mondale and Kennedy have different kinds of opportunities in this period. The Kennedy people have been somewhat concerned about Mondale's freedom to travel around the country, speaking for candidates for office, fraternizing with the interest groups, and raising money while Kennedy must remain close to the Senate and assure himself of a decisive reëlection this fall. But the Kennedy camp has turned liability into asset, making the Senate Kennedy's stage—one on which he performs well. Mondale can criticize, in a speech that may or may not be noticed, the Administration's record on civil rights; Kennedy can get a great deal of attention for playing a major role in saving the Voting Rights Act. Mondale can criticize Reagan's cuts in domestic programs; Kennedy can fight to save the programs. Kennedy is inclined to take chances on issues. This may not always be a good thing, but it does give him definition—and a following. The question that comes up about Kennedy wherever two or more people are gathered to talk about politics is what the current polls on the Democrats really mean. Even Kennedy supporters ask this. Everyone remembers that Kennedy stood very high in the polls before he got into the 1980 race. The question is how different things are this time. On the one hand, this time Kennedy isn't up against an incumbent President of his own Party; he isn't likely to flunk a network interview again on the eve of the race (the interview wasn't as bad as people thought, but what mattered was how bad people thought, or heard, that it was); he isn't likely to be the object of ads from a primary opponent who stresses his own stable marriage (although it can't be entirely ruled out). Kennedy's people take some satisfaction in the polls, figuring that, as one aide put it, "most people have made up their minds about Kennedy. If he stands that high now, it's a good sign." Moreover, the Kennedy camp has taken steps to avoid some of the mistakes it made in the 1980 campaign. In late 1979, Kennedy started from almost a dead stop. This time, an organization is being put in place, a pollster has been hired, and Kennedy has acquired a new media coach. The coach—Michael Kaye, from California—has helped him to improve his speaking style and to learn to crystallize issues. Senators often think—and talk—in terms of legislative details and numbers; national campaigns put a premium on conceptualizing and crystallizing. Kennedy's people are aware that his divorce is in the works, and that it may serve to remind people of their misgivings about his personal life. They know that, just as he stirs passionate support, he stirs vehement opposition. And they figure that while some interest groups may be pleased with his politics, they will be concerned about his "electability"—about the widely repeated view that Kennedy would be more acceptable to the Democratic Party than to the electorate at large. The Mondale people's strategy—or hope—is that the Democratic race quickly becomes a two-man one between Mondale and Kennedy. Their theory is that under those circumstances Kennedy will hold that part of the Party devoted to him—which the Mondale people assume to be less than a majority but still sizable—and they can gather up the rest, and be the alternative to Kennedy. In a several-man race, the theory goes, the anti-Kennedy vote would be divided, and it would be harder to amass majorities against him. The Kennedy people assume it will be a several-man race—and agree that that would be to Kennedy's advantage. Both sides concede that they don't have the slightest idea what the lineup will look like in a year and a half. What the Philadelphia contest was about was jockeying for position in that lineup.

The Mondale group's strategy for Philadelphia was to have Mondale get around to see a lot of people, campaign in Philadelphia the day before the conference opened (thus showing him to be the game campaigner), impress people with the size and professionalism of his organization (it had over a hundred people there), and demonstrate that he can be an effective spokesman against Reagan for the Party and is in tune with the times on the issues. And, of course, make a good speech. Some odd assumptions, based on collective short memories and fashions in reporting, get established in politics. Two years ago, because Kennedy bungled a television interview and got off to a rhetorically shaky start in his campaign, the assumption became that the man who had theretofore been acknowledged the most effective speaker in the Democratic Party couldn't make a speech. He began to make some good ones by early 1980, but when he got up to speak at the Democratic Convention, in Madison Square Garden, many people were still under the impression that he couldn't speak at all. Part of the drama of that speech, aside from the fact that it was a very good one—probably his best—was the fact that it exceeded general expectations. Mondale had also proved himself an effective speaker in the past. His speech at the 1980 Convention, while not as dramatic as Kennedy's, was a good one. He had given good ones before that, and he gave good ones afterward. But then the fact that the polls indicated that Mondale was not igniting the landscape, together with "the word," was translated into an assumption that he couldn't make a good speech. Therefore, the test that was set up for him in Philadelphia suited him well enough.

THE oratorical contest began on a Friday afternoon, after a few preliminaries. The conference planners had hoped that the speeches by others earlier that afternoon about Social Security, fairness, and the Equal Rights Amendment would make the evening news programs. Their pollsters had been telling them that fairness, women's issues, and Social Security would work very well for the Democrats this fall. (At a workshop that morning, the pollsters Patrick Caddell and Peter Hart gave the Democrats encouragement, saying, among other things, that Reagan had misread his mandate and gone too far, and that Democratic voters were "coming home." The once-fashionable talk of the 1980 election's marking a political "realignment" has disappeared about as suddenly as it arrived.) But the focus was likely to be on the candidates. And then the whole story was very nearly blown away by the sudden news, which rolled through the hall like a thunderclap, that Alexander Haig had resigned as Secretary of State. (One's first instinct was to assume it was another of those false rumors that some pranksters like to start at conventions. A second was to realize that the resignation was inevitable: Haig's personality had been a mismatch with the Reagan White House from the beginning—in off-the-record conversations, some White House aides would complain about him at great length. A fairly clumsy adapter of the techniques of his one-time boss Henry Kissinger to the end, he frequently threw little tantrums and threatened to resign. One day, he would be taken up on the offer.)

Alan Cranston, senator from California and the Senate Minority Whip, was the first speaker in the oratorical parade. (A great to-do had occurred over the order of the speakers. The Kennedy people had had the wit to pull out of the parade and have Kennedy speak on Sunday, when he could stand alone—and dominate the day's news. This was a bit of a relief to the others, who had not relished competing with him at such close range.) Every Presidential campaign has at least one "why not" candidate—someone who looks at the prospect of running, at the kinds of people who have become President, at the possible enhancement of one's stature even if unsuccessful, and says, "Why not?" Jimmy Carter was a why-not candidate. Alan Cranston is a why-not candidate. Cranston is respected in the Senate and liked by members of the press as a straightforward, unaffected, hardworking, intelligent man. He is not the sort of man who would seem to stir the masses, but he does have some solid victories in California (albeit against weak candidates) behind him, and he has reason to believe in his own political efficacy. His friends say that he is running because of that belief, because he is bored with being the Minority Whip and having less opportunity to affect national policy, because he has some things he wants to say, because he is unimpressed by the Presidents he has been dealing with in the past several years, and because his staff and his wife, who is said to be very influential, have urged him to. Cranston is largely written off by the "political community," but he has a doggedness about him. And he is clearly enjoying the attention his new role has already brought him. When I encountered him outside the Bellevue Stratford on Friday morning, Cranston, who is sixty-eight, was looking ruddy and was beaming. "It's going great," he said. "I got here first, I'm leaving last, and I have the most rugged schedule." His staff had invited each of the conference participants to meet Cranston in his trailer, and about three hundred accepted. Cranston was planning to hold meetings with all of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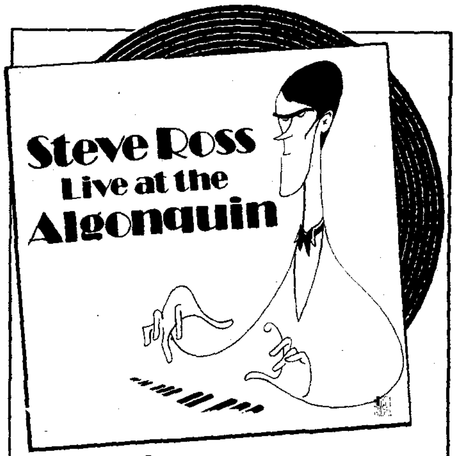
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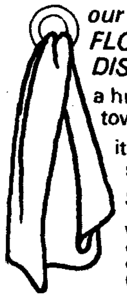
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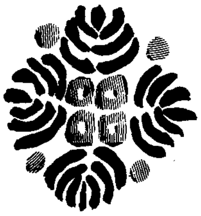
them. Despite the agonies and indignities of running for President, it does have its pluses, if you can stand the rest of it: more attention is paid you than ever before; people tell you what a great President you would be. "You get on a high doing something like this," Cranston said to me Friday morning. His job is to convince people that his candidacy is real and that he's serious about it; no one who knows Cranston can doubt that he is serious about anything he undertakes. Several people who have been prominent in others' campaigns in the past have signed up to help Cranston, in part because they believe in him, in part because his campaign, being less encumbered than those of candidates who have been in the field longer, can offer them a larger role. Cranston gave a brief, thoughtful speech to the conference—he attacked the Reagan program, and went on to call for a reform of international as well as national economics and financing, and talked about arms control—but he was paid scant attention.

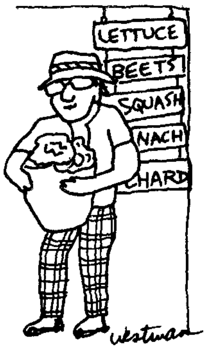
Mondale, the next up, showed that he could make the case against Reagan, suggest an agenda for the future, and stir the crowd. Earlier that day, he had made a limp appearance on the CBS Morning News and another at a luncheon of the N.E.A. (All the candidates took their bows before the N.E.A., and told it what it wanted to hear.) But when Mondale gave his speech that afternoon his voice seemed to grow in strength as he went along. He told the conference that "this is a recession that didn't need to happen," that the Reagan economic program "is radical and it is wrong." In an allusion to George Bush and Howard Baker, he said, "It *is* voodoo economics; it *is* a riverboat gamble." He lambasted Reagan for having seemed to suggest that if people would answer the help-wanted ads there wouldn't be unemployment. His voice rising in indignation, his face growing red, he slammed again and again at the "unfairness" of the Reagan program. By now, there is enough anecdotal material from the Reagan Administration for the Democrats to work with, and they are ready to use it. Mondale said, "If you're young, they call ketchup a vegetable; if you're poor, they fire your lawyer; if you're hungry, they make you wait in the cold for cheese." He was cheered again and again; he had captured the crowd. Then he went on to lay out the themes for the future. He embraced the development of high technology, which Democrats—particularly some of the younger ones—have become so keen on, but he also said that we must not choose between high technology and basic industries: "We must have them both." (The similarities in what many of the Democrats have been saying stem in part from the fact that they've all been talking to the same experts.) He talked about education as a resource and an investment. Fairness, education, high technology, and revival of basic industries—these, plus the environment, are emerging as the Democrats' domestic themes. The Reagan Administration's conduct of arms-control policy has developed as their main foreign-policy theme, and though Kennedy is most clearly identified with the nuclear-freeze movement, a number of other Democrats, but not all, have embraced it. Mondale cited Reagan's record of opposing arms-control agreements in the past, and endorsed the idea of a nuclear freeze, and pressed for ratification of SALT II, restoration of a policy of non-proliferation of nuclear weapons, and preservation of the anti-ballistic-missile treaty, which may be in jeopardy. Democrats have been divided between those who support the freeze and those who want to revive SALT—and there are some who support neither position. "What's at stake in 1982," Mondale said (the candidates were ostensibly addressing themselves to the 1982 elections), "is what kind of country we want to be." He described the simplicity of his own background—a human touch, delivered effectively to a still hall, and one that set him apart from the aura of wealth that surrounds Reagan—and showed that he, too, could talk about hard work and thrift and respect for religion. (His father was a minister.) He went through a litany of the kind of America "we want," and received a standing ovation when he said that the Constitution, drafted in Philadelphia, "doesn't say provide for the common defense *or* the general welfare; it says both." He offered himself as a Party unifier, making graceful references to the other candidates—and slipped in a mention of Jimmy Carter. He concluded by saying, "We're asking again not for two Americas but for one strong, caring United States of America." It was probably the best



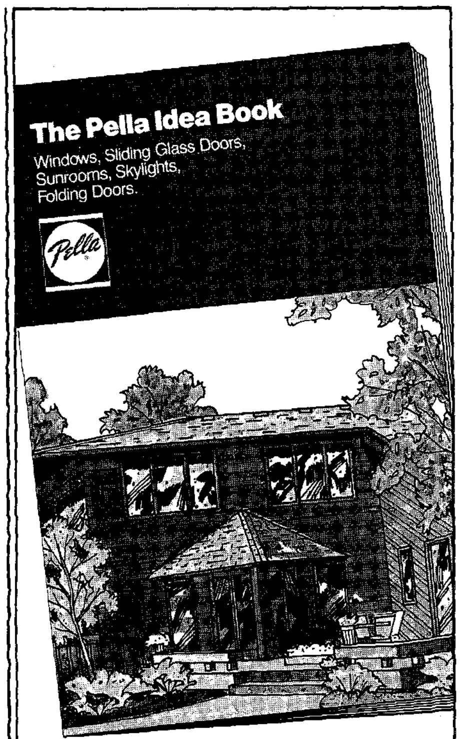
speech that Mondale had ever given, and he took over the hall with it. It was an important event for the Mondale campaign: it put to rest the thought that he could not stir people; it moved him back up on the form charts of the press, the other politicians, and the potential backers; and it provided a strong morale boost for his own campaign group and, probably, for him.

Ernest Hollings, senator from South Carolina, had the misfortune to follow Mondale. Moreover, it was getting late in the day. Hollings is a smart, tough senator—liberal on some issues, conservative on others—but his style seems more suited to the Senate than to the large arena. Silver-haired and handsome, he looks almost like a caricature of a senator, and his deep, honeyed voice with its heavy Southern accent seems to go downward from his throat rather than outward. Sometimes it was simply difficult to understand him. He spoke in generalities, but did ask what the Democrats' alternatives were, and said that "on the all-important issue of the economy, the people still shy from us." But he was barely listened to, and at the end he just seemed to give up—a speaker knows when an audience has been lost.

Gary Hart, senator from Colorado, who was next, has tried to set himself apart as an "issues" candidate, suggesting that he is more concerned with ideas and issues than the others. The exercise is a somewhat self-conscious one. All the candidates are thinking about the issues; it's part of basic training. Moreover, an "issues" candidate has to have some unusual things to say. But except for his emphasis on a more cost-effective defense—an issue he has identified himself with even if he did not invent it—Hart's issues are essentially the same as the others'. And Hart has tried to paint Mondale and Kennedy as the candidates of the sixties—out of touch with the times. But this will be difficult to pull off, because Kennedy and Mondale are too adept to let it happen. Hart's hopes lie in people's wanting "a new face." Hart, who can be interesting and pleasant in informal conversation, is aware that his public persona is of a man who is cool and remote, who doesn't like to go out and mix with the people the way a politician is supposed to. So in Philadelphia he resolutely went from reception to reception to try to belie that image. He is aware, too, that he cannot "work a room" or stir an audience the way Kennedy and Mondale can. Kennedy and Mondale, of course, have been at these things for years. Hart spoke of the Party's principles—thus trying to establish that he wasn't running away from them—and, in general terms, argued for a growing economy, a simple and fair tax system, equal rights for all, and the prevention of nuclear war. He did not hold the audience's attention throughout, could not capture the crowd. For all his emphasis on issues, he didn't, in this one big chance, really discuss them. Speaking to such a hall is a difficult thing if one is not accustomed to it: one is standing, as if out on the prow of a ship, all alone on a podium, some fourteen feet above the audience—which may or may not be paying attention. One can see the audience moving about, or leaving, and hear the buzz of its conversations, but must pretend not to notice. Speaking in that sort of setting is very different from speaking from a stage or a banquet table—it's much harder to connect with the audience. Experienced speakers like Mondale and Kennedy know how to reach out and make that connection; less experienced speakers stand up there and talk. Hart's own style made the forum in Philadelphia particularly difficult for him. He seemed to be holding some part of himself back.



Of all the candidates who are not the top two seeds at this point, John Glenn attracts the most interest and speculation as—well, material. The cliché of the day, that he may be "the Democrats' Eisenhower," conveys the point. He is an authentic hero with a pleasing face and a good smile, and without sharp edges—an unthreatening hero. He evokes steadiness, centrism, small-town Ohio virtues. He has been good to his wife, Annie, who only recently overcame painful stuttering, and the stories about this, which have been more prominent of late, are affecting. Glenn is a poor public speaker: he bombed as a keynoter at the 1976 Democratic Convention, and he didn't do very well in Philadelphia. But on Sunday on "Meet the Press"—a different setting—he looked good. And he has done very well in Ohio. The plain truth is that there is a cer-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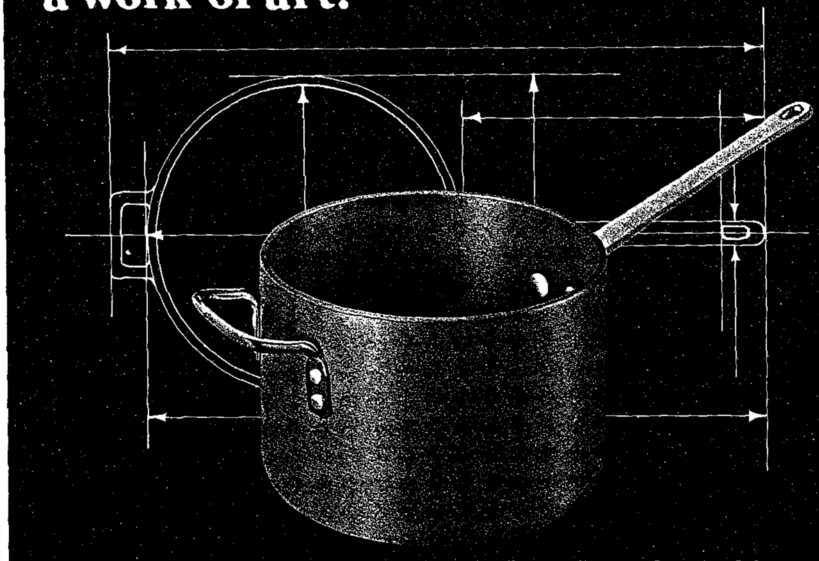
tain irrelevance to the oratorical contest, because large-hall oratory has little to do with the nominating process. Jimmy Carter, as the world knows, was not a good speaker; he got the 1976 nomination because he was lucky in the way his opponents were arrayed and because he had a shrewdly crafted message. Ronald Reagan doesn't have a large-hall voice. A candidate can get propelled along by a number of things other than oratorical skills: by his persona, his message, his political skills, his luck. People vote for a candidate according to a variety of criteria: his issues, his likability (including steadiness, character, and so on), the excitement he stirs. Yet whatever the irrelevance of large-hall oratory, the skilled politician turns the situation he is handed to advantage. The diagnoses of Glenn's chances range from the possibility that he will go very far indeed to the possibility that he will fold when the crunch comes—so much for diagnosis. The political savants point out that, whatever Glenn's star quality, he lacks any campaign organization to speak of, and time is growing short. He seems to be a loner, not receptive to advice. (The political world is full of would-be advisers. Some of the would-be investors in power are interested in Glenn because, unlike the better-organized candidates, he would need them. But they want to be a little more certain that he has staying power.) In his speech, Glenn said all the right things for the occasion but lost his audience. He criticized the Reagan program with some effective lines, and proposed support of new as well as basic industries, a fair tax code, more aid for research and education, and a nuclear freeze and arms reductions. Glenn's record is progressive on social issues and somewhat conservative on economic issues, but for the most part he has made no great impact on the Senate. One instance in which he did was when his publicly expressed doubts about the verifiability of the SALT II agreement—despite reassurances from a number of experts—helped prevent its approval. Now Glenn supports SALT II. He has sponsored legislation to prevent nuclear proliferation, which could be a good issue for him, but he has somehow not got this across.

GLENN was the last of the speakers on Friday, but not, even accounting for Kennedy, the last of the would-be candidates. Askew, though he chose not to speak, determinedly made the rounds of the conference. "I'm circulating, circulating, circulating," he told me when I encountered him one afternoon. Askew is well liked by the press, and is a good politician, with a tough core, but the assumption, for what it's worth, is that Carter has ruined it for Southerners for a while—particularly "non-Washington" Southerners. The irony is that Askew and Carter were among the crop of governors elected in 1970 who were dubbed as representing "the new South." (Askew, like most of Carter's other fellow-governors, had no great love for Carter.) But *Time* crowned Carter the prince of the pack, put him on its cover in 1971, and gave him a big boost. Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas, another of that crop, is now in the Senate, and would be the choice of a number of his colleagues and of political savants—he is respected for his political abilities, his intelligence, his commitment on issues, and his humanity—but he may not hunger after the job enough to run. (One political analyst says Bumpers is not seen as a Southerner in the way that Carter was.) Bumpers is on a number of people's Vice-Presidential lists. (So is Glenn; Ohio has a lot of electoral votes.) Other potential candidates are circling, waiting to see how the first group shakes out. Morris Udall, who ran well enough against Carter in 1976 to feel morally vindicated (and joke about it), was in Philadelphia, and a reception was held in his honor, and he is known to be toying with the idea of running again. Udall enjoys the affection of much of the press and many of his colleagues, but he is in poor health, and some of his friends hope to dissuade him from running. John Y. Brown, the former fried-chicken king who is now governor of Kentucky, is known to be interested, and was in circulation in Philadelphia. But Brown has a way of simply making noise when he makes a speech, and of putting people off. The assumption is that Bill Bradley, senator from New Jersey, will run some year or other. Still others are watching.

THE newfound willingness on the part of the Democrats and their interest groups to curb their appetites and work together, and to accept certain political realities, was evidenced in the workshops held on Saturday. The Democratic National Committee staff worked carefully with the offices of the would-be candidates, members of Congress, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the N.E.A., the Americans for Democratic Action, environmentalists, and others, and much negotiating took place before anyone went to Philadelphia. Ann Lewis, the political director of the D.N.C., told me, "There was a lot of moral pressure on the various groups not to break the unity, so most issues were worked out. No one wanted to be the first to cause trouble. Of course, several might have been willing to be second, third, or fourth." The conversations and negotiations with the interest groups and the elected officials or candidates for office continued in Philadelphia. Eugene Eidenberg said, "The goal has been to have maximum understanding about what is going on—to not exclude points of view, and to then try to move them toward consensus." The elected officials didn't want the conference to come out with proposals that would embarrass them and that might jeopardize their chances of reëlection, and the interest groups understood that it was more important to elect Democrats than to get everything they wanted. This was a breakthrough. The conference participants also seemed to show a new understanding that there are limits to how much should be asked of government. The conference came out with a welter of proposals, some general and some specific, covering a broad range of subjects—everything from crime to capital investment. In the workshop on Promoting Economic Growth and Opportunity, a jobs program costing about seven and a half billion dollars—a relatively modest amount by past standards—was approved. A proposal to hold spending cuts to last year's levels, offered by the Americans for Democratic Action—again, an indication of a certain acceptance of current realities—was approved. The funds for these additions would come from reductions in the tax cuts enacted last year: the conferees called for eliminating some of the tax breaks for businesses, such as the one permitting the buying and selling of tax benefits, and cutting back on the personal-income-tax cuts—for a total yield of about fifty billion dollars. The statement on defense had been largely arrived at in the issues papers prepared by the D.N.C. for the conference: that there could be growth in defense without the current levels of spending. This general position was affirmed in some amendments. Calls for the elimination of specific weapons systems and for budget reductions of a specific size were avoided—which was sensible enough



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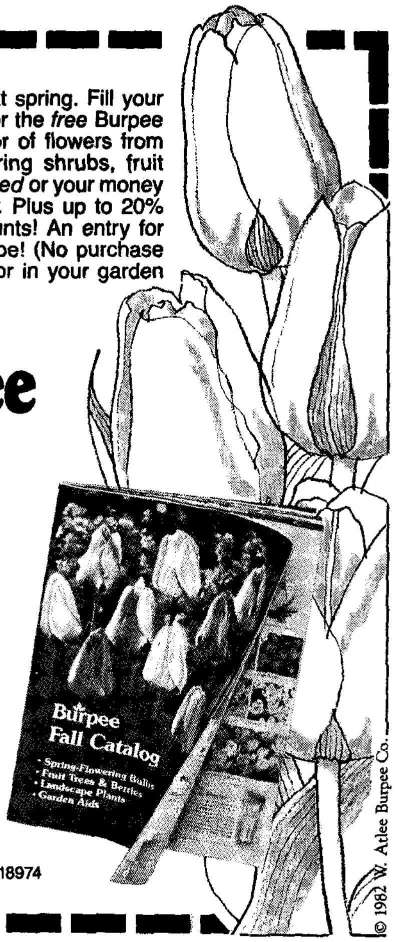

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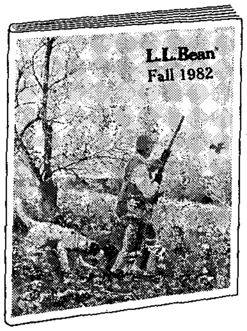

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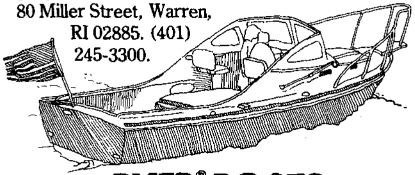

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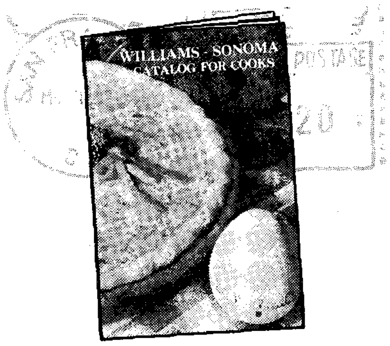
under the circumstances. There is a bit of a strain within the Party over the third year of the personal-income-tax cut. Some want it cancelled, but others do not—on the ground that the third year's cut is the one that begins to benefit the middle class, as opposed to the wealthy. Thus, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the A.D.A. offered a proposal to "cap" the third-year cut at seven hundred dollars (this would cover people earning up to forty thousand dollars). Some members of Congress did not want the specific number included; they felt the Party should not be precise about who would gain or lose. "Why should we drive away what fat cats we've got?" one House member remarked to me in the course of the economic workshop. But the cap was approved.

In all the earnest searching for "ideas" which has been taking place among Democrats, one has come along that wasn't much talked about a couple of months ago—a complete overhaul of the tax code. It is taking hold in that unplannable way that issues usually do—they cannot be cooked up in a vacuum or sprung from a seminar. They arise out of the process of trial and error—seeing what seems to hold up and catch on with audiences. (Sometimes an idea does the latter without necessarily doing the former.) The idea of a "flat tax" on personal income—that everyone would pay some basic, low rate, with few exemptions and deductions—has been around for some time. It has enjoyed a revival among conservatives because, among other things, it removes the *progressivity* of the income-tax rates. Gary Hart had put forward the idea of a "consumption tax," under which people would be taxed on what they spent, with certain deductions allowed. But while this has some support among academics, it has failed to catch on politically. Bill Bradley and Richard Gephardt, a Democratic congressman from Missouri, having considered the consumption tax, came up with what a Gephardt aide calls, for lack of a better term, "the nearly flat tax." It is a flat tax with a surtax imposed on incomes above certain levels (thus giving it the same progressivity as the current system), and a top tax rate of twenty-eight per cent. Most tax credits, exclusions, and deductions would be eliminated—except for those that are the most politically popular: charitable deductions, home-mortgage interest, some medical expenses, state and local income and property taxes, Social Security and veterans' benefits, and interest on state and municipal bonds. What this and similar proposals get at is resentment at the complexity of the tax code and the feeling that the better one's accountant or lawyer, the less one pays. Whether such a proposal would ever make it through the maze of special interests is a real question, but Bradley and Gephardt have found that it has political appeal, and it is gaining strength within the Party. Tax reform—taking on the tax code provision by provision and interest by interest—has usually ended up on the losing end. The new proposal is another way of getting at the issue and is simpler to explain. (Significantly, Kennedy, in his speech on Sunday, embraced the idea. Only a couple of weeks earlier, a Kennedy staff member had told me that the Kennedy office planned to stay with tax reform, as opposed to the flat tax or variations on it. Now the Kennedy people are working on a proposal that differs from the Bradley-Gephardt proposal in detail but is akin to it in concept. Kennedy's grabbing the issue indicates how appealing he considers it to be. And after the conference President Reagan expressed interest in a flat tax. Though he undoubtedly has in mind something other than what the Democrats have proposed, he and his aides obviously don't want to surrender what might be a good issue, and they might be looking for something new to say about the Administration's economic program.) An agreement had been reached that no single tax plan would be endorsed at the conference. And so the economic workshop approved a recommendation by Hart that the Party "lead the national debate" on several proposals to overhaul the tax code—including his own and the Bradley-Gephardt proposal. Hart also said he had never claimed that his proposal was the single best one. (This gives him an opportunity to back off the consumption tax, and to embrace his colleagues' idea.) Hart said that tax-reform proposals always lose, and that "we have to get outside the system and start all over again."

The N.E.A. and the American Federation of Teachers, working with Kennedy's and Mondale's staffs and with the D.N.C., drafted a proposal, which was approved, for more federal support for education and training. Because neither the A.F.T. nor the N.E.A. wanted the other to get credit for the proposal, arrangements were made for a third party to introduce it. A number of potential problems were worked out in other areas. One participant wanted to offer a proposal that would have condemned breeder reactors, and specifically the Clinch River reactor, which is to be built in Tennessee. Party officials realized that this might cause problems for Senator James Sasser, Democrat of Tennessee, who is up for reëlection this year. They persuaded the participant to offer a more general resolution that did not mention Clinch River, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which favors the reactor—it would create construction jobs—agreed not to fight that. A Kennedy associate helped the D.N.C. dissuade a Kennedy supporter from pressing a proposal to end the development of synthetic fuels; synfuels means jobs, and labor would swallow only so much. The A.D.A. and a labor union were dissuaded from pressing proposals to restructure the Federal Reserve Board—on the ground that they might trouble some conservative politicians, and that the proposals hadn't been given sufficient thought. They settled for denouncing high interest rates and calling for a "targeting," as opposed to an "allocating," of credit. In another example, one participant wanted the conference to come out for a constitutional amendment calling for a balanced budget—a proposal that a number of other participants would obviously consider a poor idea, and that labor opposed. But there was a feeling that the Party should say something favorable about a balanced budget. The upshot was that Christopher Dodd, senator from Connecticut and one of the Party's young talents, suggested that the economic workshop adopt a "pay as you go" proposal—requiring that the revenues be found to pay for each spending increase. There are problems with the proposal, which was originally offered in the House by George Miller, a Democratic representative from California, but at least it gives the Democrats something to say. Dodd told the group, "Ronald Reagan's balanced-budget amendment is going to come up in the Senate, and it will pass. In effect, what we're going to do is write algebra into the Constitution of the United States. We Democrats have to offer an alternative." Referring to the Administration's budget, Dodd said, "We can't let deficit spending pay for their priorities." He was cheered, and the proposal was adopted.

The Party's divisions over the idea of a nuclear freeze were worked out in a way that satisfied both the Kennedy wing and the Jackson wing (Henry Jackson) of the Party. Kennedy and Jackson have both proposed a freeze, but their proposals are philosophically antithetical, as are their ideas about arms control in general. Glenn and Hart, who are not supporters of a freeze, were also consulted, and wording was included to satisfy them, as well as the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which supports approval of the SALT II agreement but not a freeze. The final resolution supported a freeze but qualified it somewhat. It also called for "immediate ratification" of SALT II. A potential problem with a proposed resolution that might appear to give too much approval to Israel's actions in Lebanon was worked out in the course of the foreign-policy workshop. A potential division between blacks and women over hiring preferences was dealt with by prevailing on the sponsor of the troublesome resolution to withdraw it. The subjects of affirmative action, abortion, and gay rights were dealt with by restating past Party positions in the issues papers, and accepting a few amendments that stirred no water. This essentially satisfied the affected groups and nervous congressmen.

The success of all these labors was evident in the remarks of Martin Frost, a forty-year-old Democratic congressman from Dallas, whom I spoke with after the conference. Frost had made it clear to Party officials before the conference that he was concerned that it would focus too much on the nuclear freeze, which is not popular in his part of the country, and on gay rights. He did not mind if the conference endorsed a freeze, he had said, but he hoped the subject would not dominate the meeting. Afterward, Frost said to me, "The way it turned out was exactly the way I hoped. I had worried that if one or two issues—the



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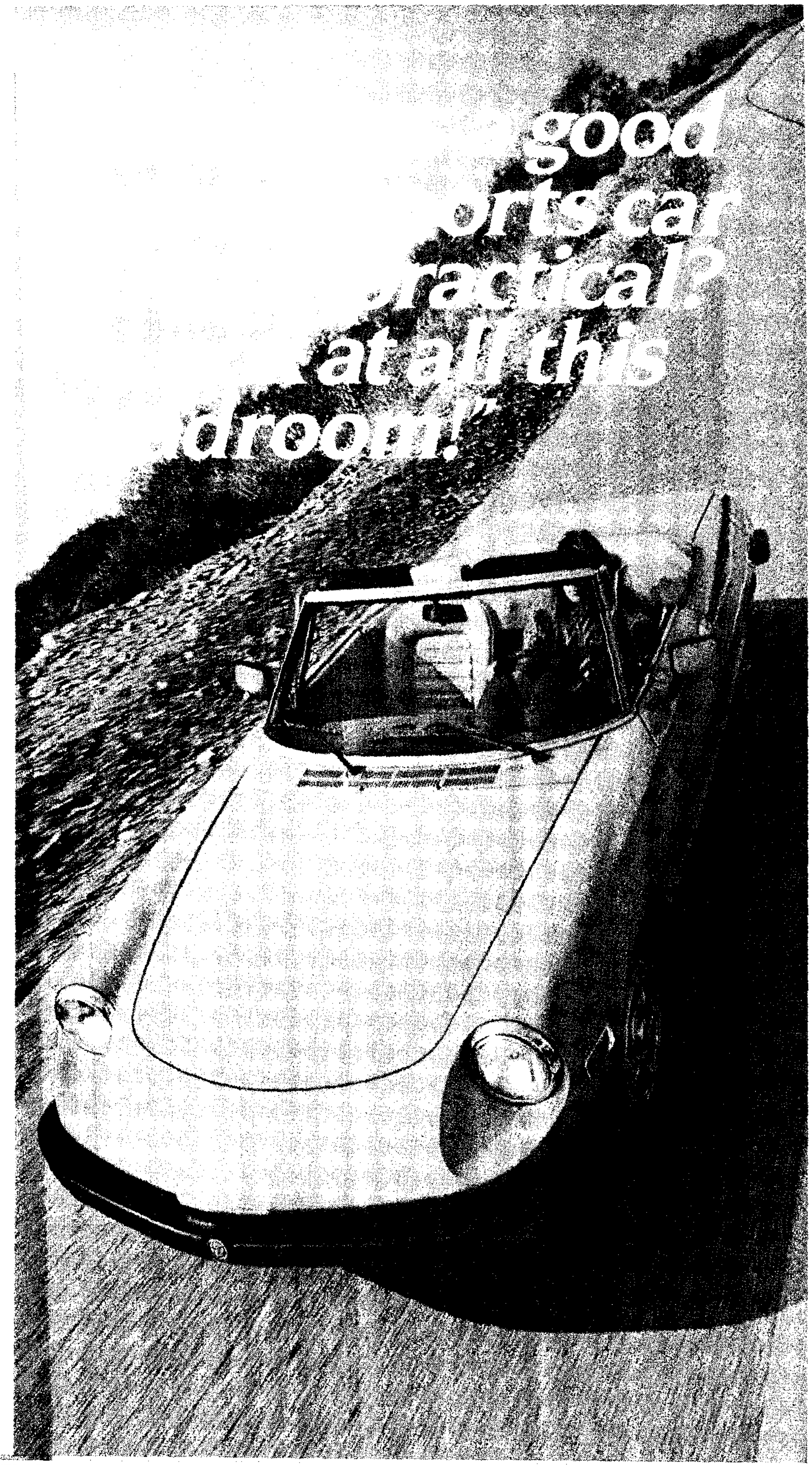
nuclear freeze or gay rights—dominated the conference, to the exclusion of a discussion of the economy, that wouldn't be in the interest of the Democratic Party. If I had written the script for that conference, I couldn't have done better." He added, "I think it's becoming more attractive for Southerners to be identified with the Democratic Party."

BY Sunday, it was clear that the conference therapy had worked. Charles Manatt, the Party chairman, does not win popularity contests, but he, along with the other Party officials, must be given a good bit of credit for what took place in Philadelphia. An ambitious forty-six-year-old lawyer and banker, Manatt campaigned hard for the job and spent a lot of money to get it. But he picked able people and began to rebuild the Party machinery (Carter, like Democratic Presidents before him, used the Democratic Party but did not build it), and in Philadelphia he steered the Democrats through a minefield and brought them out smiling. On Sunday, the conference participants cheered the speeches of Robert Byrd, the Senate Minority Leader—not a natural crowd-pleaser—and Robert Strauss, the former chairman of the D.N.C. Strauss jokingly made a suggestion that he had been thinking of announcing his candidacy. In fact, Strauss, like other mortals, has been attracted by the importunings of those who have told him he ought to be President. He, too, has seen enough of Presidents to figure that he would do at least as well; and he has held a number of important government jobs, and now seems a bit bored with practicing law and kibitzing from the sidelines. But, as a man with limited patience and a healthy regard for creature comforts, he also seems to understand that the campaign road is not for him. Like some others, he wouldn't mind being President; he just isn't inclined to put up with what it is necessary to do to become President. Besides, if he ran he would be one of the pack, surrendering his role as a Party mandarin.

The conferees' good mood on Sunday was also attributable to their anticipation of Kennedy's speech, and Kennedy did not disappoint them. Kennedy puts on a good show, and, just as was the case at Madison Square Garden, he can please and amuse and move with his oratory even people who cannot support him. Actually, Kennedy was being subjected to still another wrong test: the burning question of the day was whether his aria this time would be as good as the one in New York—though what that had to do with whether he should be President eludes explanation. Still, Kennedy felt the pressure to perform as well as before. The Kennedy people managed to pack the hall, and the waving of Kennedy signs and the tossing of confetti punctuated his appearance. But these logistical maneuvers weren't necessary; Kennedy had already shown that he can reach a Democratic audience. In his speech, he, like the other would-be candidates, paid his respects to the death of the Equal Rights Amendment. (The merits of the amendment aside, all the candidates are aware of the increasing political power of women, who in any event make up the majority of voters. Moreover, a Kennedy aide told me recently that Kennedy, for the first time, was doing better in the polls with women than with men; he attributed this to Kennedy's support for the nuclear freeze.) And Kennedy paid his respects to Hispanics—another growing political force. He pointed out that he was instrumental in beating Jesse Helms' filibuster against the Voting Rights Act. And he reminded the audience where he had been in the past year and a half: "Last year, we were advised to be cautious and callous and uncommitted. We were told to quiet our voices, to lower our vision, and to trim our convictions to fit the fashion of a reactionary time. . . . But that is not the kind of senator I have sought to be, or the kind of Democratic Party you and I have fought for." And he was cheered. He blended the themes of new ideas and old principles—an amalgam with which he will try to identify himself: "Let us insist that rethinking our ideas must never be an excuse for retreating from our ideals." He castigated the Reagan Administration and went harder at Reagan himself than his staff had been indicating in the past few weeks that he would. The common assumption among Democrats, which Kennedy shared, had been that it was fine to go after Reagan's program but not Reagan himself—that Reagan was still personally popular, that he still had a way with the people. Going on that assumption, and taking it easy on Reagan (and admiring his political techniques), they unconsciously colluded with him. In actual fact, despite all the talk about Reagan's popularity, his job-approval rating has for many



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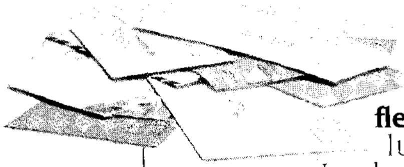

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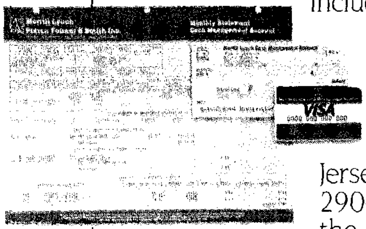

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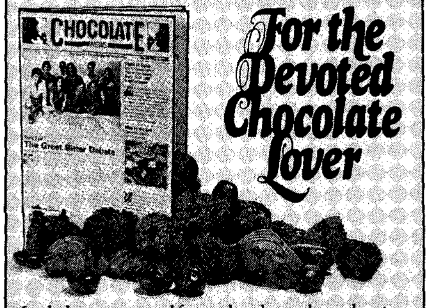
months of his Presidency been lower than Carter's was at the same point (and he is now only slightly ahead)—and he is the first President to be shown losing to an opposition candidate in his second year in office. That Kennedy has decided that it's time to "take the gloves off" is an important sign. "Ronald Reagan must love poor people," he said, "because he is creating so many more of them." And he made a joke playing on Edwin Meese's failure to wake Reagan up last summer to inform him of an aerial dogfight with Libya. ("And if Ronald Reagan does not know the facts about how this recession began, then Ed Meese ought to wake him up and tell him.") Humorists have been using that material for some time; Kennedy's using it will probably establish it in the political dialogue. He threw back at Reagan, as Democrats were bound to if they had the opportunity, the question "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" Specifically, Kennedy asked if the workers, the home buyers and home builders, the families who have suffered from budget cuts, the elderly were better off than they were two years ago. He took a swipe at some of his fellow-Democrats: "There have been suggestions that Democrats should compete for a grip on the anti-government line." Kennedy said, "We do not have to call ourselves neoliberals, or cozy up to neoconservatives." He talked of a Democratic Party that "at its best . . . has been both principled and pragmatic; we have cared both about what will work and about what is right." He made specific proposals for revising the tax laws (including the concept of a simplified, progressive tax), for revising last year's tax breaks for business and repealing the third-year personal tax cut, for targeting incentives instead of making "indiscriminate tax cuts;" he paid obeisance to the fashionable talk about investing in high technology and microchips; he talked about education and job training as "human investment." He thus absorbed and shared several of the issues of the "neoliberals" even as he took a swipe at them. (Actually, the term "neoliberals" had been applied by others to a group that includes Hart, Bradley, Gephardt, and Representative Timothy Wirth, of Colorado, and while they profess not to like it, they don't seem to be able to decide whether to abandon it.) What Kennedy was telling them—and the Democratic Party, and the watching press—was that it is not inconsistent to be a Democrat and to update one's ideas. He and Mondale are refusing to fall into the trap that some younger Democrats, who identify themselves less with the traditional issues of the Party and more with such matters as high technology, are trying to set for them. If the Atari Democrats have something worth saying, Kennedy and Mondale will say it, too. But they'll tie it to the Democratic traditions they represent. These politicians are arguing over tactics, not strategy. In one slightly odd passage—for a man who wants to be seen as liberal but modern, and not dangerous—Kennedy, echoing Roosevelt in 1936, said, "We must stand against the modern royalists who monopolize our finance." Kennedy went on, "And there is something else that must be said: We do not seek new ideas solely for the sake of their novelty. For us, the test of an idea is not whether it is new or old but whether it is right or wrong." And he defended some "old ideas": of protecting the environment (he got applause for pointing out that he voted against the confirmation of James Watt as Interior Secretary); of health insurance (though he did not explain how there could be such a program that is not cumbersome and expensive). He cleverly worked in a graceful reference to Carter by saying that Carter's human-rights policy had been right. (And he received a very big cheer.) He talked of his concern about nuclear war—ridiculing the Administration's civil-defense talk. Kennedy connects with an audience, and dominates a room. His physical presence is part of it, and so is his big voice. There was a self-righteous tone in Kennedy's speech—he alone had carried the torch—and some melodrama, and also manipulation. He knew every emotional chord to play—and played it shamelessly. Still, some of the most effective political orators have been melodramatic and manipulative—for good or for ill. He employs humor and passion, and sweeps an audience along with him, even if they are not certain they want to go.

The Democrats left Philadelphia with many unanswered questions. As for the Presidential race, some would-be candidates were helped and some weren't, and some went out just about where they came in. Many of the Democrats left as they had arrived: still shopping for a candidate. The vagaries of the nominating process are



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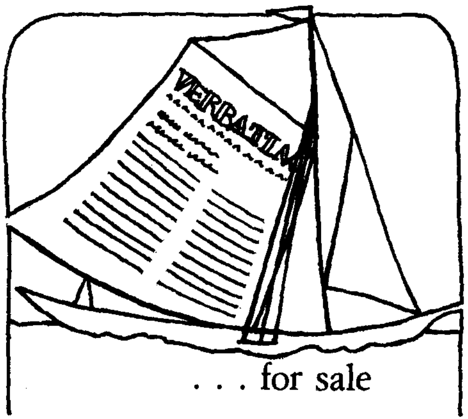

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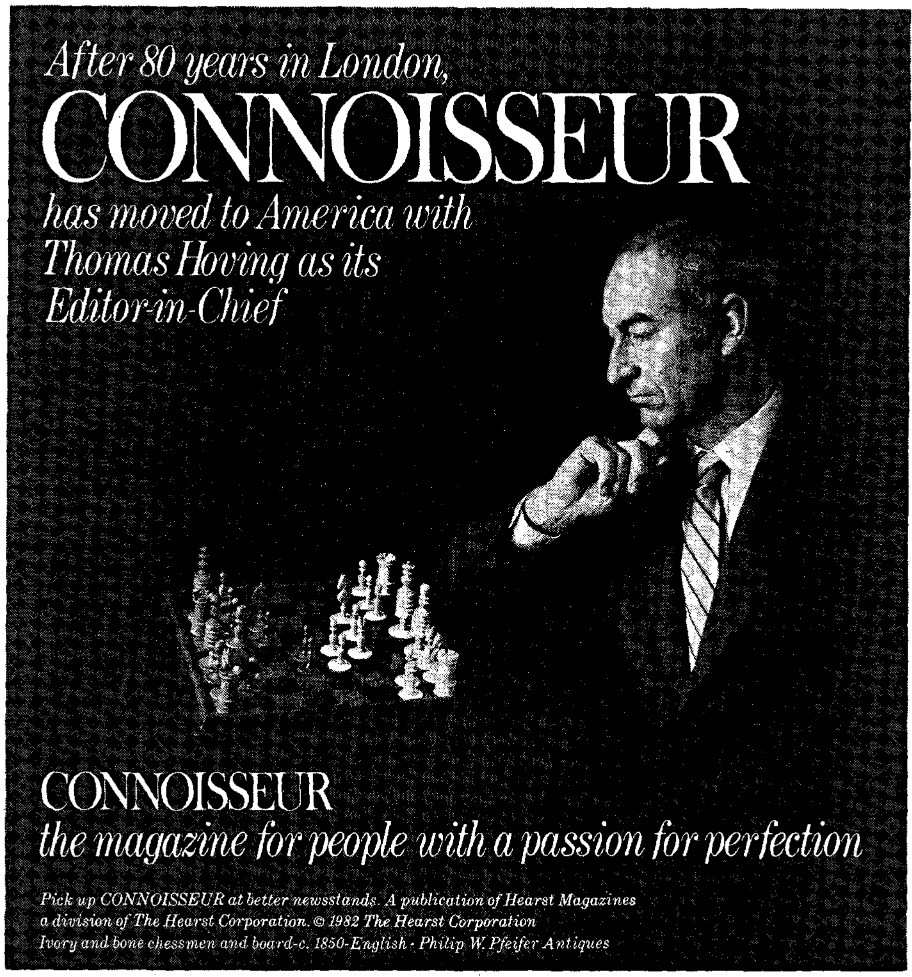
too great for the results of the Philadelphia conference to be applied to it with any certainty. Moreover, though it has been little noticed, the nominating rules have been changed in ways that could have an important impact on the process. The Kennedy and Mondale teams think that the changes will favor them, as opposed to the rest of the pack, and they may well be right. Each thinks the changes favor him over the other—and they can't both be right. And nominating rules have a history of unintended consequences. The effect of the conference on the 1982 elections is also uncertain. Elections are too circumstantial to warrant predictions—if not to discourage them. The Democrats' themes and issues are coming together, but the Republicans have an impressive Party machinery, and elections tend to turn, as Robert Strauss puts it, on "who dominates the agenda." Strauss, for one, believes that Reagan and the Republicans still have an effective message. Others suggest that the message is wearing thin and that, as Gephardt says, "what matters is results." Of course the Philadelphia conference was made up of carefully selected people, but these people were not automatically predisposed to agree. Of course there was some heavy guidance from the top, but a Party that has absorbed as much diversity as the Democrats is by nature on the brink of—and sometimes in—chaos. The Democrats had been drowning in democracy. A number of hard questions weren't faced up to, but parties out of power usually don't face up to hard questions—parties in power often don't, either. The special-interest state still beckons. What was most important about the conference in Philadelphia was that a number of big interests and several people with large egos and much at stake and a lot of people with little history of subordinating their particular goals to a common one managed to get together and consent to work for a larger purpose. In their so doing, the Party began to regain its morale and its bearings.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

He asked for the number and waited. When the call came through, he said only one sentence. "This is the general. I am flying to Switzerland tomorrow; meet me at Zurich Airport between six and seven. I need your help."—*"The Poellenberg Inheritance," by Evelyn Anthony.*

One of those fast-talking generals, probably.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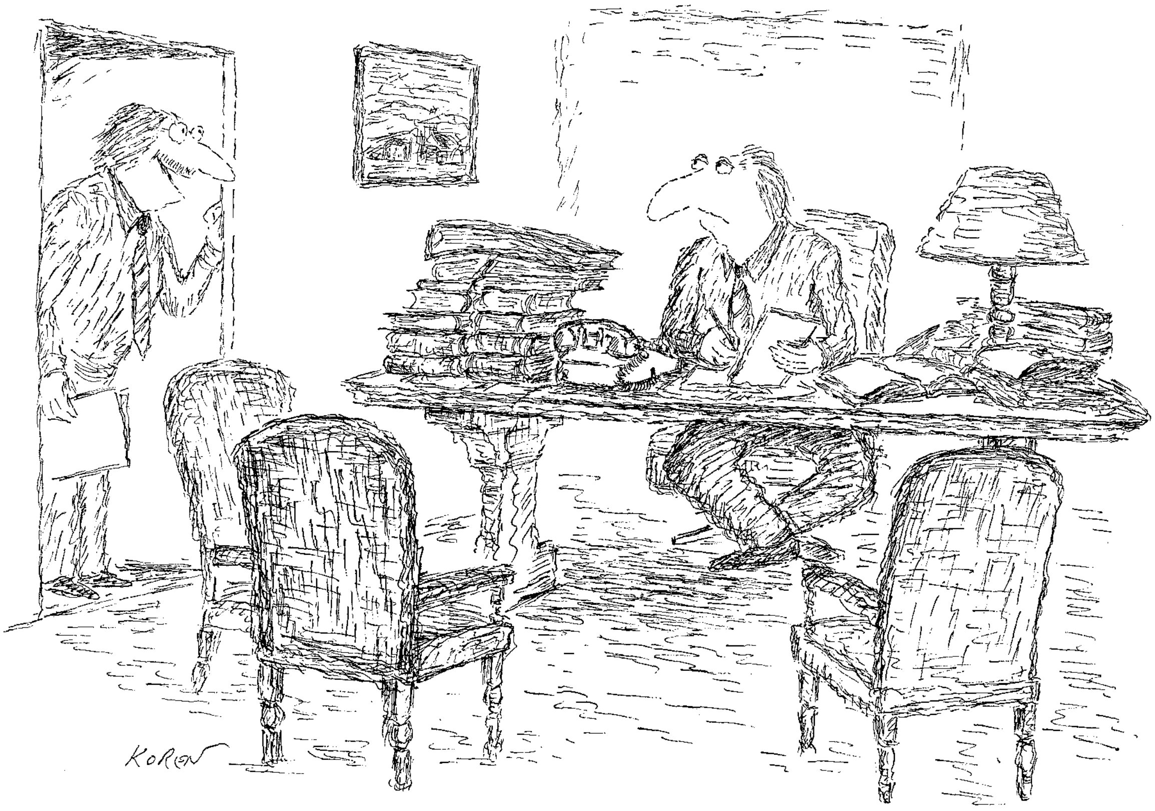
BOOKS

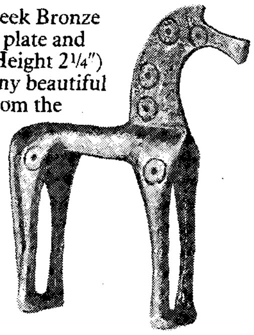
Rebecca West

TO be able to look back on 1900 is like making a return call on a dubious fortune-teller. For Rebecca West, in the essay "1900" (Viking; $19.95), there is the excitement of a new beginning and the rumble of unsuspected storms. She was seven at the time, and at that age a child becomes aware of an inexplicable heritage of burdens carried by ruminating parents and unloaded on one's fancies. For her, these public burdens became part of a mythology. Her parents talked with emotion of the frail old Queen driving by in the royal carriage, of the mess of the Boer War, of newly expanding empire and shrinking religion, of doubt, and—more happily—of literature and the arts. The elders had the detachment of educated people who did not quite belong to the moneyed London where they lived, and were, indeed, in a cheerful way, hard up. On the father's side, they were feckless Anglo-Irish, with the usual military past. Gambling was his weakness; he had turned to the precarious trade of journalism. On the mother's side, they were needy Edinburgh Scots, with that city's passion for learning and scruples of conscience. And back to Edinburgh the family of girls was sent to win scholarships and to be educated, as long as the money held out. From the Irish, the young Rebecca inherited vivacity and the gift of headlong attack and talk; from the Scots, the taste for argumentation and causes. It is not surprising that she took to wearing a feminist badge when she was fourteen. The girl who would become Dame Rebecca was already a beauty. At fifteen, she was one of those clever girls whose education was cut short. She had to earn her living—and very proud of that she has been for the rest of her life—and tried the stage, but is said to have been so deep in reading about evolution that she was careless of her cues. Where she made her mark at once, and with astonishing precocity, was in a suffragette weekly, *The Freewoman*, at the age of eighteen. She was a born propagandist. In a few years, she was being talked of as a "Bernard Shaw in petticoats," a feminist mistress of the forked-lightning effects of the unfair argument. I take these bare facts from "The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West 1911-1917," selected and edited by Jane Marcus (Viking/Virago; $25). The articles were published in *The Freewoman*, in Wyndham Lewis's *Blast*, and in Robert Blatchford's Socialist *Clarion*. This was in the heyday of those weekly reviews which multiplied in Edwardian times and were written for the critical mind. They suggest that, in its solid belief in the importance of literate written opinion, the nineteenth century did not really end until well into the twentieth.

Since those petticoat days when she took her pseudonym from Ibsen's rebel, Rebecca West has been a novelist, a serious literary critic, an eloquent traveller in the Balkans ("Black Lamb and Grey Falcon"), and, in "The Meaning of Treason," far and away the most accomplished psychologist and reporter of the notorious postwar trials, not only in her grasp of the graphic detail, of scene and character, but in the clarity of her prose. Her views left some moral questions on disaffection unanswered. She has never been afraid of her own wit and has always enjoyed a prejudice. Looking back on the early collected essays, we at once see that she was out, as Shaw was, to illuminate by the "attack" of her prose. (She once described Shaw as having the head of a "flirtatious Moses.") Ridicule was her strength when she dealt with anti-feminist politicians, and especially their Parliamentary remarks. One politician is described as being as "nimble as a pantechnicon" in his arguments. A hostile newspaper is said to have the "technical excellence and spiritual nauseousness of an efficiently managed sewage farm." There is a scathing account of the first defeat of the women's-franchise bill in the House of Commons, which polishes off one famous politician after another. Of the Speaker of the House of Commons, she



"You've got an irate client on 3, an impatient supplier on 1, an anxious child on 5, and an angry wife on 2."



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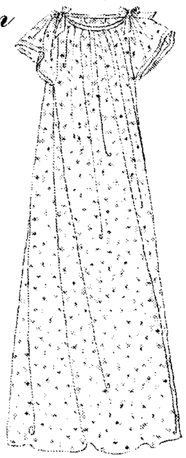

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says, "I dislike to think of him as a parrot pretending to doze on his perch, with his feathers ruffled round him and his eyes veiled with a film." The Prime Minister is "that hefty Machiavelli." An M.P. "with an unpleasant moist little smile . . . alluded to the 'physiological disabilities' of women" and made the mistake of dragging in Herbert Spencer's view that "women are morally and intellectually deficient"—thereby suggesting that "the honourable members . . . had one and all been born of the feeble-minded." He sounded, she says, like a tipsy eighteenth-century squire at a hunt supper. The young Churchill is described as "that pathetic figure whose lack of political success is an eternal warning to opportunists that there are some souls for which the devil does not care to pay a price." And the Government had "insulted Florence Nightingale for the sake of Nell Gwynne."

The practical difficulty of the feminists of her time was that educated women could be stirred but it was harder to rouse women of the working class, whose husbands were on disgracefully low wages. If wives found work outside the home, in schools or in industry, they were treated as cheap labor, and were therefore said to undermine the lot of men. Here was something far more effective than speculation about "the Angel in the house" and "the Lady with the Lamp." Yet Rebecca West was soon impatient of the intelligent Fabians, who were either too lofty in their intellectual fervor or given to grinding out lifeless statistics. Her eye was on the falling weekly wage. If a good deal of this is out-of-date social history, it is revived by a passionate imagination. And she was not simply orating to the crowd. She brought with her an exceptionally wide reading. She knew her Henry James, her Dostoevski, her Chekhov, her Pre-Raphaelites, her young D. H. Lawrence, and, of course, her Wells, Ford Madox Ford, and Arnold Bennett. She knew "Don Quixote," and even that Spanish masterpiece "The Celestina" of Fernando de Rojas, ordinarily known only to Spanish scholars. She was soon writing an extraordinary short story of her own for *Blast*—"Indissoluble Matrimony," a rhetorical evocation of sexual nightmare. The brilliant journalist was turning into an elaborate new-Jamesian novelist, travelling into the hidden world of private lives. She was—and still is—an often penetrating reviewer of novels, expert particularly in getting at the writer's essence, whether she approved or not. If she was quick to praise, she was thoughtful in her dismissals. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' style is "bleached, scentless." In "The Passionate Friends" she notices a "film of pretences that falls so surprisingly on the quality of Mr. Wells's prose." Again, "He ladles bread-and-milk into our angry adult mouths." Is she "unfair" to Bennett's "Hilda Lessways"? I think she is, but she redeems herself in my eyes by a phrase: the novel is "not so much a study of a woman based upon observation, but a rash deduction from a couple of hair-pins."

From the young Rebecca with the burning eyes and the quick seductive laugh, we jump to the alluring woman who, at eighty-nine, is still downright in opinions and engaging in the drift of her passing impression of what 1900 was brewing up in public life, manners, and technological change. Activity is what she responds to, and, in people, the contradictions, the adventures of character. The illustrated volume through which her almost sportive essay runs is individual, even eccentric, but always telling. "What tendencies were important?" and "Would they come to anything?" are the questions that carry the very personal commentary forward. How can she have seen and considered so much? How lucky she was to have grown up in the European sunset, and at a time when there was so much genius about. It enhanced her curiosity and armored her when the horrors began. When we are old enough, our minds are transposed by the double vision of past and present. So the book must be taken as the wayward conversation of a time traveller's mind. The volume is illustrated with exceptionally good photographs, but two colored reproductions fix the mood of the past for us best, as the art of painting always does: one, on the dust jacket, is the delightful balletlike comedy of a harem of cycling ladies, in their bloomers and mannish straw hats, practicing their sport in the park; the other, the frontispiece, is Pierre Bonnard's famous "Bourgeois Afternoon," an evocation of after-lunch drowsiness and pretty lethargy in the garden of a rich man's house, with a swarm of daughters and dogs of all ages idling in the boredom of the hour. This was what she was fighting: the graceful torpor of the domestic life of "the Angel in the house" now grown stout and masterful. The sun-shot air is filled with the sighs of the high-bourgeois family bemused by its own fecundity. Father looks on at his angels, struck dumb by the idleness that—the young Rebecca might be saying—so soothingly imprisons them and takes his mind off the stock market. The scene could be matched by others, across the Channel, where Father would have a willful hand in creating the Second British Empire and in appeasing his predatory instincts with the noble message of the white man's burden—one thinks of the energies of "unaccountable" men of action like Rhodes and Milner, in England, and Teddy Roosevelt, in America. In 1900, annexation was a religion. We may frown now, but we didn't when we were children. Looking back, Miss West herself is fascinated by the strange, half-unworldly character of these drastic self-made pursuers of fortune who were careless of personal wealth and erratic in career. They were, for their moment, a new species. But why were there so many millions of poor in the rich countries? Turn the page, and there is a picture of a trench full of dead Boers at Spion Kop—a name frightening to me as a child. Would there be war after war in my skinny suburban life? Yes, there would be—and more atrocious and more inventive. As she says, the idea of the reliable father gods was going. Alarmed, we heard our fathers say that Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Ruskin would not have allowed this; nor would Tolstoy, still alive and chatting with Chekhov on the porch of a chalet in the Crimea. Vesuvius would blow up, and a pillar of Stonehenge would be blown down, as if nature itself were warning the new century. Even prose would not please.

Turn to the good news: Renoir and the Impressionists were painting. Matisse, Picasso had started. Young Bertrand Russell published his study of Leibniz, and Freud published his "Interpretation of Dreams." Bergson was telling us why we laugh, and Max Planck was elaborating the quantum theory. Mendel's lines of genetics were rediscovered. The caterpillar tractor was invented, and underground railways had started in London, Paris, and New York. "Lord Jim" was published. Mahler and Ravel were composing, Sibelius had written "Finlandia," and Puccini had finished "Tosca." English children were deep

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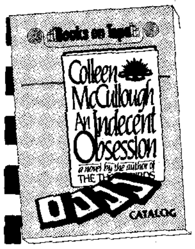

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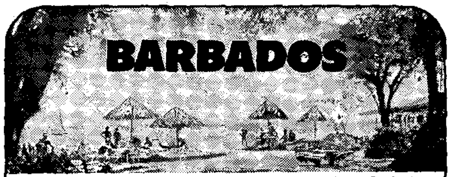

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in Mark Twain and the American humorists; Einstein was thinking and thinking. For fun, our mothers had the Gibson Girl, and Father had the Gaiety Girls. For the next fourteen years, empire was at the top of its form and far from static in mind; there was more self-criticism, more agonies of conscience. Whatever can be said against 1900, there *was* a new conviction: that poverty was wrong and curable, and that social conventions a hundred years old were quaint. All we had to do was "to recast our impression of the world as it had been altered by the work done by the last generation." That was all! It seemed, as Wells cheerfully believed, to be simple to grasp the possibility. He suffered, one sees now, from a simple belief in the widening of the view.

Fortunately, Miss West's essay is a collection of passing impressions, opinions, and news flashes of wit. There are old discoveries and new assertions. She is particularly good at thumbnail portraits of the undeservedly forgotten behind the scenes which pop up in the mind of an impulsive talker who does not stay for an answer. For my taste, there is rather too much of the Boer War and of the Dreyfus case, now so thoroughly documented, but there is some point in her puzzlement over Proust's treatment of Dreyfus as a matter of what society merely talked about. On the other hand, as an old admirer of Henry James and Sargent, she has some sharp remarks. For her, these two great artists were like the disguised family butlers of the grand houses, the custodians of the family secrets who were infatuated with their employers. James's infatuation allowed him to escape from the unmentionable homosexual tendency of his nature. Surely, she says, the male love of males has always been a well-known fact of life. Sargent, the other butler, saw people—perhaps with a touch of flattering cynicism—as the clothes that they adored and that reduced or exalted them. One of his pictures—the famous portrait of Sir Frank Swettenham, the gorgeous upstart who ruled Malaya and stopped banditry by building roads—catches that element of the "bounder" in that gentleman's character. But Miss West is drawn to bounders and to the practical skills of these soldiers of fortune, not only to their glamour. If there is a romantic in her, she has the intellectual's respect for the practical geniuses who are either forgotten or anonymous—the diligent brains among engineers and explorers. There is Sir Clements Markham, the botanist and traveller in India and South America and the friend of polar explorers; there is Sir Charles Hartley, the obscure figure who cleaned up the ancient morass of the Danube delta, who was called in to cure the Mississippi, and who had a profound influence on Marshal Lyautey in North Africa. As for the women of 1900, there is the sad Queen Alexandra, and the witty Alice Roosevelt; there is Alice Keppel, the clever mistress of Edward VII; there is Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer, who when introduced to the original Gibson Girl said, "The Gibson Girl? Ah, yes, ah, yes, I've heard of her but I can't remember what it was she did." And here Miss West the feminist remarks that the Gibson Girl was famous because she did nothing; she was pure identity, handling itself well—the ideal of the new period. Then, nearly at the end of the evocation, the old Queen dies, almost as obscurely as the poor die, and the always emotional British nation is upset, and our mothers could talk of nothing else. Soon the Wright brothers would be in the air, soon the Zeppelins. Et cetera and et cetera. "Aplomb" and "saltiness" are the words for Miss West's onrushing survey.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SHORT SHORTS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE SHORTEST STORIES, edited by Irving Howe and Ilana Wiener Howe, with an introduction by Mr. Howe (Godine; $12.95). Mr. Howe suggests that "the short short is to other kinds of fiction somewhat as the lyric is to other kinds of poetry," and offers into evidence thirty-eight stories by thirty-five writers; there are two each by three writers—Tolstoy, Kafka, and Sherwood Anderson. It is an unusual collection, but not so much for the brevity (or lyricism) of its parts as for their quality and unfamiliarity. Twenty-three of the contributors are neither English nor American: Russian, Mexican, Brazilian, Italian, Argentine, German, Japanese. Even those who write in English are agreeably unexpected: Paula Fox, Doris Lessing, William Carlos Williams, Grace Paley. And the better-known —Hemingway, Katherine Anne Porter, Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Stephen Crane—are represented by in-frequently anthologized stories. Two of the stories originally appeared in this magazine, and an odd couple they are: "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomattox," by James Thurber, and Jorge Luis Borges' "The Dead Man."

A CHAIN OF VOICES, by André Brink (Morrow; $15.50). It is not surprising that the twelve-page indictment presented by His Majesty's Fiscal at the Cape of Good Hope on March 10, 1825 (it prefaces this powerful novel), caught Mr. Brink's eye: its summary of a bloody, bungled uprising by about a dozen black slaves and Hottentot laborers and one "Christian" (i.e., white man) against their masters (two brothers and their wives, on neighboring farms) raises more questions than it answers; it seems to be the next-to-last chapter of a long and intricate saga. In the five hundred pages that follow that document, Mr. Brink (an Afrikaner, two of whose four previous novels have been banned in South Africa) has all the men and women involved in the uprising tell the interlocking, overlapping stories of their lives and, in some cases, of their deaths. At the heart of the novel is the bitterness of a slave who knew the brothers as friends—almost as equals—until he reached his teens, and whose child has been beaten to death by one of them. One book known by almost all the characters is the Old Testament; its majestic cadences unify their narratives. By the time the reader reaches the novel's last chapter, a thirteen-page verdict handed down eleven days after the indictment, it is clear that the whites of Cape Town in 1825—if they had imagined a fraction as much, and as well, as Mr. Brink has—must have feared that they were beginning to reap the whirlwind.

GENERAL

EDIE: AN AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, by Jean Stein, edited with George Plimpton (Knopf; $16.95). Edith (Edie) Sedgwick (1943-71) was wellborn, rich, beautiful, and an orchid child of the sixties. She never read a newspaper or any book but a comic book, she never paid her bills, she never kept an appointment on time, she never obeyed any rules, she never looked anybody in the eye, she never listened. She was strong on noblesse but weak on oblige. She told people her father had tried to

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seduce her, and she tried to seduce one of her brothers. She alternately stuffed and starved herself. She succeeded Baby Jane Holzer as the leading lady of Andy Warhol's movie menagerie, and was herself succeeded by Viva. She was, above all, one of those who took Timothy Leary seriously, and she died at the age of twenty-eight (after years of dependence on every known kind of drug), of acute barbiturate intoxication coupled with alcoholic intoxication. One of her friends in the Pop Art scene recalls, "Edie was very frail and vulnerable. She was just psychologically scattered: she never finished a sentence . . . she was never there." Jean Stein tells the story of Edie's sorry life through the recollections of a hundred or more people (John P. Marquand, Jr., Saucie Sedgwick, Chuck Wein, Truman Capote, Cherry Vanilla, Billy Name, Ondine, Paul America, Henry Geldzahler, Joel Schumacher) who knew her at some stage of her life. It is an effective, if somewhat jerky, technique, but the result is far from pleasurable, or even interesting. It chiefly leaves one depressed and with a bad taste in the mouth. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CINNAMON SKIN, by John D. MacDonald (Harper & Row; $13.95). Travis ("Call me Trav") McGee and his sidekick just plain Meyer find themselves involved in tracking down a very flaky killer of women whose umpteenth victim is Meyer's pretty niece Norma. Their backtracking of this deadly genius is wonderfully slick, wonderfully fascinating, and there are all the usual delights of sex and brutality, and, in even greater abundance than usual, the little nuggets of fact: the curious history of Cancún, in Yucatán; the condominium-apartment time-sharing scam; the "best" French restaurant between Miami and New Orleans.

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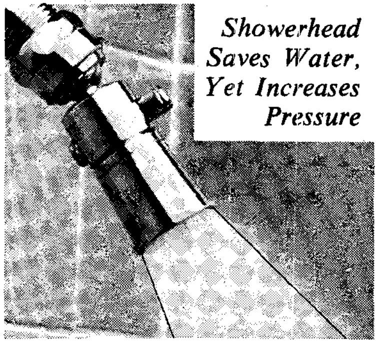

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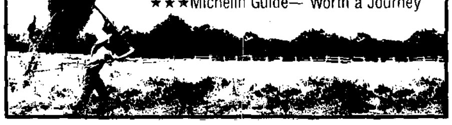

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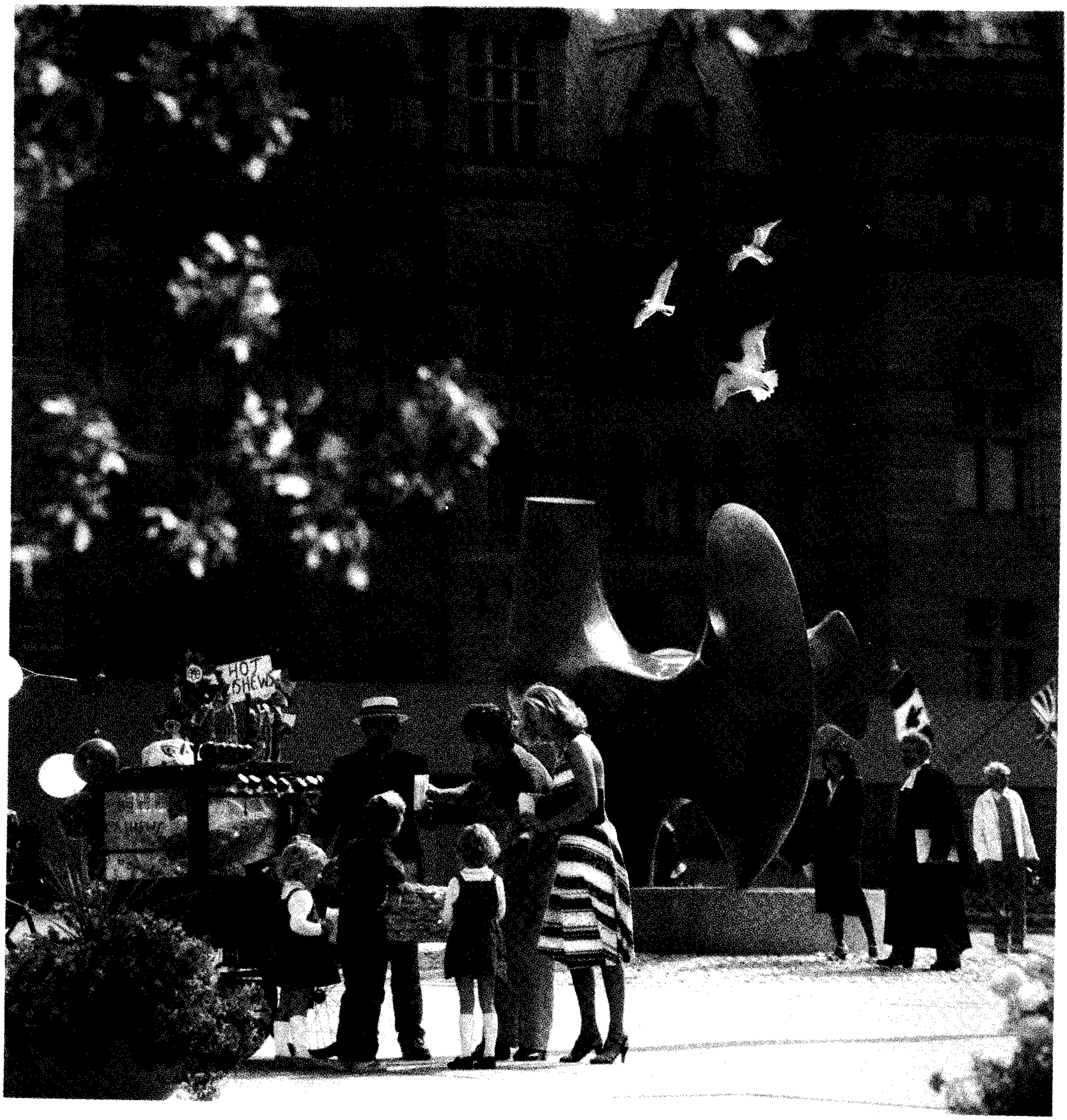

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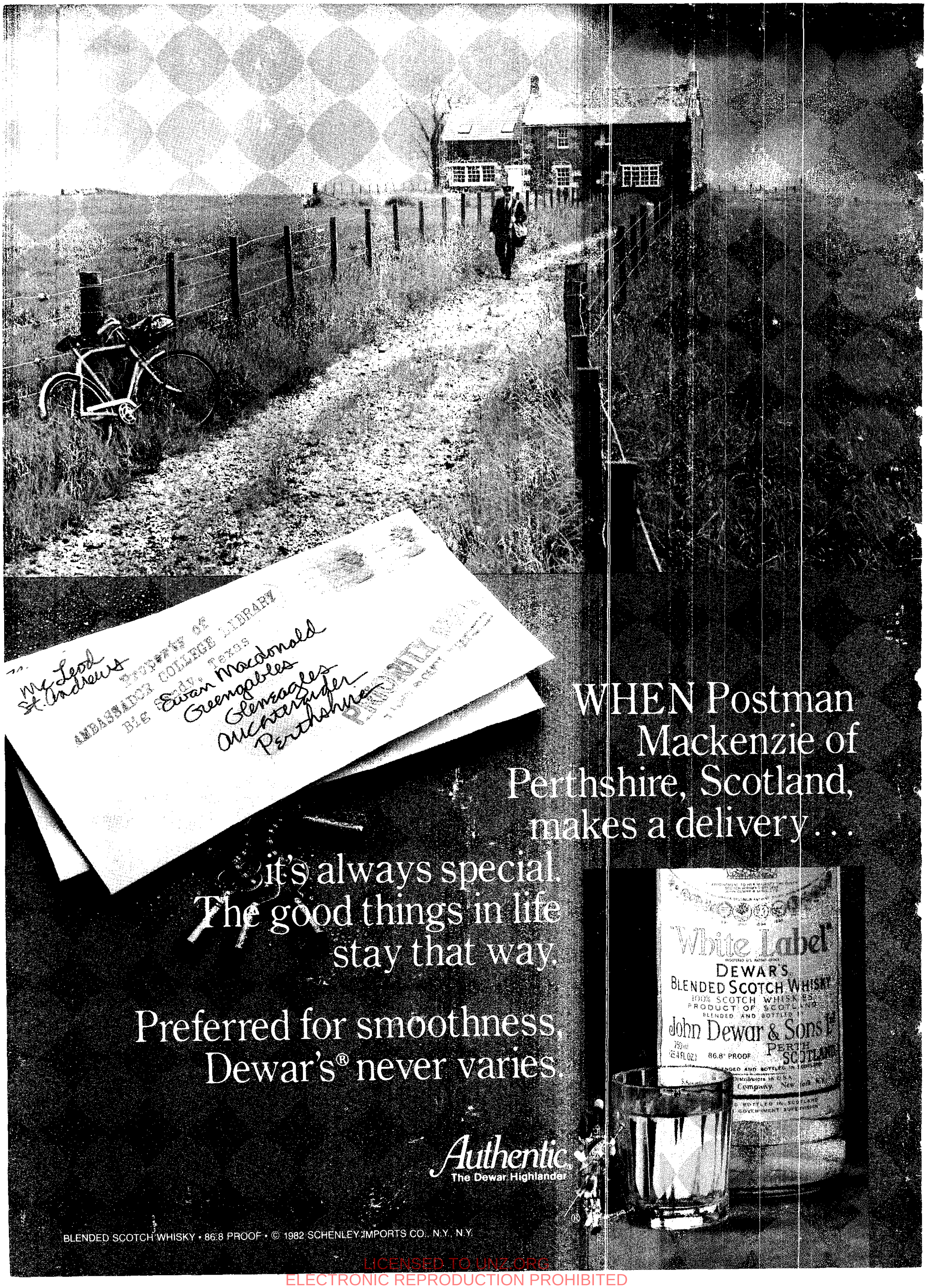
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